



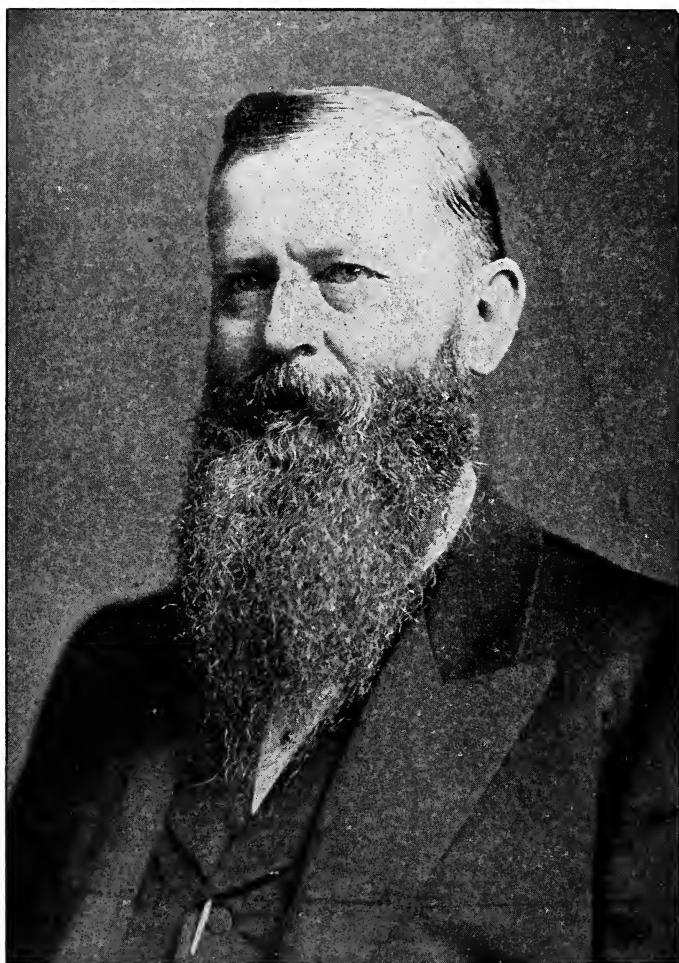
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GEORGE A. LOFTON, D.D.

Harp of Life,

Its Harmonies And
..Discords..



—BY—

GEO. A. LOFTON, D. D.

(Author of "Character Sketches.")



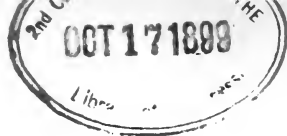
“Life like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.”



J. R. FLORIDA & COMPANY,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

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Preface.

Harp of Life: Its Harmonies and Discords, like "Character Sketches," its predecessor, is the result of odd moments and off-hand efforts in the thought and work of pastoral life. After the manner of "Character Sketches" this volume follows, not as a sequel, but as the continued development of Sunday afternoon lectures with chalk and charcoal illustrations during the years of the author's pastorate in the City of Nashville. Thousands came to hear these lectures; and after thousands had read the first volume published in "Character Sketches," there was a repeated demand for the publication of another volume along the same line of thought and caricature. The present volume is published in answer to this demand; and although it has sometimes proven dangerous to write a second book upon the same line it is hoped that this volume affords something new and fresh in the presentation of subjects which, though familiar to all, are dressed up in a new garb which may attract the attention and catch the interest of the reader, young and old, learned and unlearned, white and black and of every condition.

"Character Sketches" received many favorable and complimentary notices at the hands of the press—at the hands of the learned and the unlearned—but the author's greatest pleasure was aroused by the oft repeated criticism of the children, the young and, not infrequently, the colored people who read and re-read the book, and who claimed so much delight and edification. So of hundreds of ministers of all denominations who congratulated the author upon his work and blessed him for the pleasure and profit which his book had given. If only the "Harp of Life" may reach the circulation and do the good of "Character Sketches" the author will be grateful to God and satisfied with his humble effort. With confidence this volume is thus hopefully sent forth on its mission of good.

As in the former work, the pictures which illustrate this volume were drawn by the author in the use of chalk and charcoal; but, as heretofore, he wishes to disclaim any merit as an artist. He hereby disarms all criticism on this line by saying that he is

not an artist, and only draws pictures, such as they are, to illustrate his subjects and so help the eye to catch the thought which he speaks to the ear. Nor does he claim any great literary merit in the production of these sketches as printed and published. They were thrown out in the casual and off handed efforts to instruct and do good to those who came to hear and learn; and the hope of the author lies not in any fame he may gain as artist or writer, but in the good his work may do in the name of Christ and for the sake of humanity.

GEO. A. L.

Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 8, 1896.



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HARP OF THE SOUL.

Harp of the Soul.

THE soul is a harp of a thousand strings. It is strung with every chord of sense and sentiment, passion and principle, grace and attribute of our nature. It is tuned at will, swept by the inspiration of motive and purpose, thrummed by the fingers of thought. Different people differently play upon this harp. One is ever on the bass, another is ever on the tenor; while others sweep back and forth with the harmony of a thousand variations. There are those again who alternate between melody and medley, accord and discord, while others still, it is said, no music ever give upon the soul's immortal lyre. Of such the great poet drew the picture when he wrote these words:

“The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.”

At times we all play more or less rudely upon this harp of immortality; and it requires the same culture to play upon the internal as upon the external instrument. No untutored hand, without extraordinary or abnormal genius, can sweep the strings of the lyre with even the simplest strain of melody, and the masterpieces of composition can only be reproduced upon any instrument after years of study and

practice. The sublime harmonies and variations of Haydn and Händel are the effusions of genius and labor original to lofty spirits, and those who are alone able to copy, or follow along the airy flights where they soared, must first tread the path of diligence and toil attuned to the inspiration and ambition which develop the musical faculties and elements of our being. It is only when culture has reached its noblest pitch in the music of the soul that genius can bring out, with grandest effect, the otherwise undeveloped capacities of our lyrical nature. What is true of music in the physical and artistic sense is true of the spiritual and immortal; and that magnificent instrument which God has placed in these mortal bosoms must be strung and tuned and swept with a culture and a practice which alone can make the music of life melodious, harmonious, varied, lofty and effective for good. Without the drill and inspiration of such culture and practice man would play, at best, but a sorry piece upon God's exquisite harp of the soul, manufactured not only for use in time, but for the conservatory of heaven, where angels harp and where saints join in the everlasting hallelujahs of praise to God.

Everybody—everything in creation, subjective and objective—plays a part upon the harp of every soul. We are all musicians of some sort in accord or discord with God and nature; and not only in the realm of the true, the beautiful and the good, but in the sphere of the false, the hideous and the bad, everybody and everything touch the strings of our harp either to make or mar the melodies of life and immortality. The minstrel and the bard, the poet and

the philosopher, the painter and the sculptor, the architect and the builder, the philanthropist and the religionist—all who think and feel and live that which pleases and makes happy, which inspires and makes better, which exalts and makes purer the hopes and aspirations of mankind, which harmonizes us with God and conscience and record, set to music all the strings of the soul for good; and everybody and everything to the contrary only vibrate with the confusion and disharmony of discord and evil upon the harp of our being. The Bible is the great notebook from which the soul catches its noblest strains; and nature to the student and lover of the true, the beautiful and the good affords a thousand touches and variations to the immortal masterpiece of the saint who thrums his lyre with the symphonies of heaven. Every bird and beast and flower and tree and stream and vale and mountain and star and sunbeam that join in the chorus of the spheres to the praise of the glory of God, but swell the refrain of life's holiest measures, as the soul is purely touched by nature; and every idea and emotion and impulse which spring from the bosom of thought and inspiration are but the throbs of energy and the thrums of action by which this Harp of the Soul is swept with reason, or swayed with passion, good or bad, holy or unholy.

But never was there a harp so delicately and dangerously strung or adjusted! How often unstrung or out of tune! How easy to change its chords or sever its notes! Sometimes it plays from grave to gay, from sublime to ludicrous, from virtue to vice, from love to hate, from hope to despair; and often

madness takes the place of reason as the fingers of passion and appetite sweep the strings with rude and violent energy. To-day we may play softly and sweetly as the soul is attuned to God and good; to-morrow we may play harshly and madly as the heart may be touched by the afflation of Satan and evil. Now, Shakespeare and Byron and Pope and Moore write like angels; yet again, they sing like demons. The chords on the harp of the soul are double and reverse as it is strung with opposite emotions, passions and desires; and nothing short of the Divine Spirit can inspire and harmonize and keep consistent the music of the soul. Even with religion the chords of the flesh clash with the chords of the Spirit; and sometimes the discord of hell drowns the accord of heaven. Sometimes love turns to lust, magnanimity to meanness, liberality to covetousness, virtue to vice, equanimity to depression; and the soul that benignly praises to-day, may forget and curse to-morrow—as did Peter when he pledged fidelity and then denied his Lord. Hate and love can only be in accord when we love that alone which should be loved and *vice versa* hate that alone which should be hated; and so of all the other opposing passions which have been placed in our bosom, not to be in conflict, but in equipoise and for the maintenance of our moral equilibrium amid all the clash and contest of the soul with the difficulties and duties of life.

The importance of training the soul to the consistency of the music of its own lyre is seen in the force of habit. By way of illustration: We have been told that the nerves are the tracks of habit which, through the senses, convey fixed impressions

upon the brain; and hence the nerves have been beautifully and significantly called the "harp of the senses." Drunkenness and lust and avarice and pride and ambition and hate and envy and jealousy and the like can be indulged along these lines to the brain and the heart until they become ruts so deep and long-worn that they can never be changed; and therefore the possibility of that fixedness of character and destiny by habit which can never be reversed when once formed. Hence, let us remember as we play on our harp of a thousand strings, so shall we continue to play hereafter and forever. The melody we sweep on the soul's great lyre at the grave will be the one we shall everlastingly play in hell or heaven. Beware of the "nerve tracks" in the development of every physical indulgence through the senses; and beware of the long-strung chord in the harp of the soul upon which you have thrummed the music of life. Let the time be perfect and let the melody be divine; and as you play for time, let your instrument be strung for eternity. In the hereafter it will be too late to change your song or tune your harp to any other lay than that of your minstrelsy in this present world.

There are those who seem to play upon a single string in life. The avaricious or miserly soul never touches any note save that of the ring of the "almighty dollar." The libertine never hears any strain but the syren song of lechery or lust; and the notes of this song quiver and vibrate upon the chords of his harp until every twang of virtue and twinge of conscience are hushed and dead. The drunkard sees no beauty save in the glow of the wine cup and hears

no melody save in the bacchanalian revel; and all the harmonies of home and honor and hope are lost in the awful and discordant gurgle and swirl of debauchery and ruin. So of the man whose harp clangs alone with the harsher thrum of hate or envy or despondency or pride or ambition, which drives out or encompasses all the accordant and sweeter elements of a better and loftier nature. He plays chiefly upon one of the thousand strings of his splendid harp, and instead of varying and harmonizing the music of life to the whole, he tunes and bends the whole grand combination to the dull and monotonous and baneful twang of a single string diverted and opposed to the consistency and purpose of his instrument.

So also of some who play to the strain of the true, the beautiful and the good. They seek to create the melody of life upon a single chord, and either neglect the other strings or tune them all to harmonize with his single lay. This is the one-ideal man, perhaps the crank, who is always singing the same old song, or playing the same old tune, until everybody tires of his performance. None but a Paganini can play upon a single string and vary his tune. The music of life is not a single piece, nor a medley of pieces, strung together when we live to a great purpose. It is, or ought to be, a grand variation in harmony—a magnificent diversity in unity; and the harp of the soul should be so strung and tuned as to fit the magnificent combination. Whatever the part we play as preacher, lawyer, doctor, merchant, mechanic, farmer or tradesman, it should be in touch with every other man's minstrelsy; and not only so,

but our harp should be so tuned and played as to join in every good and perfect part played in the world's concert, according to the capacity and compass of the instrument upon which we play.

Finally, let us remember that life is the music of the soul whatever part we play in the great concert. This life when transferred to heaven will be the perfection of music where angels and saints are represented, above all, as praising and glorifying God. All that life will be love; and love is the highest and holiest expression of the soul's music. That is the chief chord and keynote of music hereafter; and he who plays to that note and upon that chord here will be best fitted to join in the everlasting chorus of the skies. He who never played on that chord here will never play in heaven.

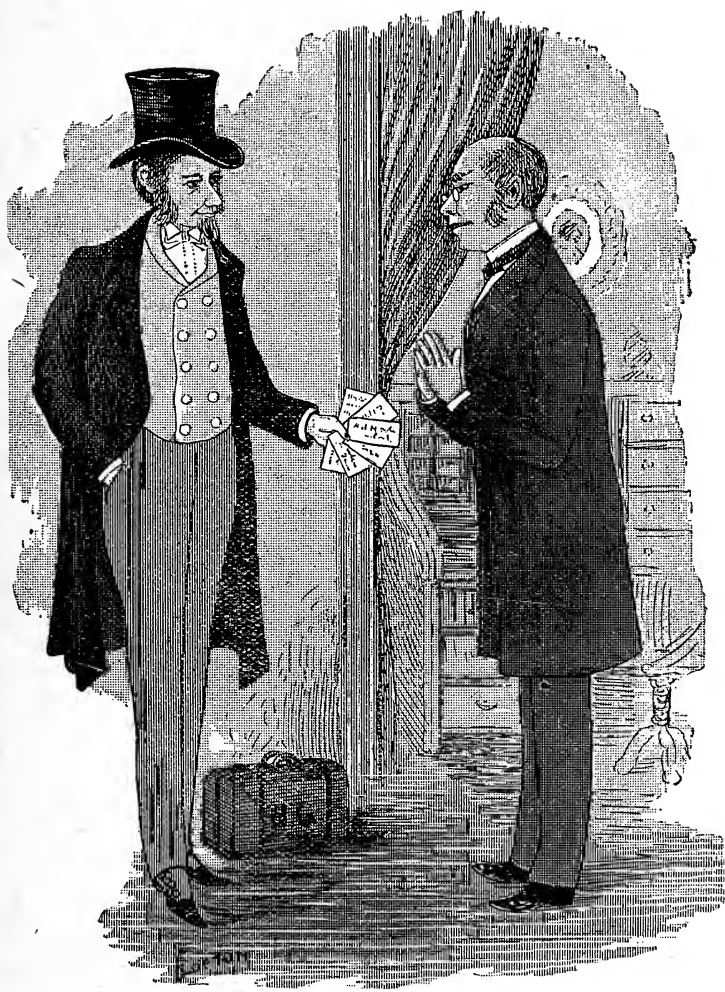
A harp once hung upon the walls of an old castle. The strings were broken and rusted; no one knew to whom it belonged or for what purpose it hung there. One day a stranger entered the hall, took down the harp, dusted the instrument and reset the broken strings. Then were hearts thrilled by his magic touch as he swept the chords. It was, the legend says, the long absent master who had returned to his castle. So, many a Christian has long ceased to play on "The Harp of the Soul." It has grown dusty; its strings are broken or out of tune; but Christ can come in again and tune the strings and touch them with the melodies of heaven. Reader, how is it with the harp of your soul?

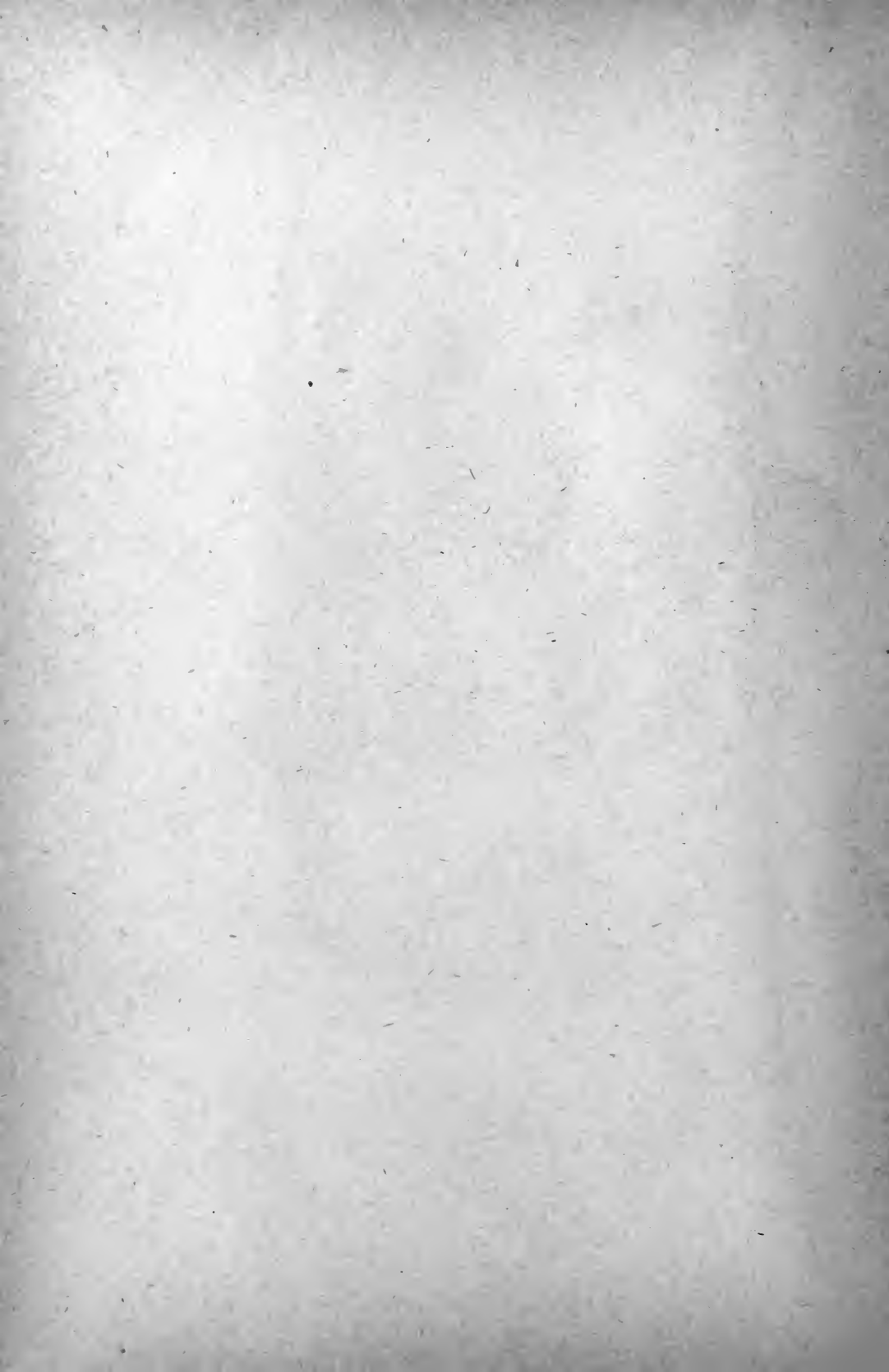
No Good.

66 WHO is that well-dressed, fine-looking fellow standing in front of the hotel?" "That is Col. Thos. Jefferson Mills—he's no good." "What's the matter with him?" "Why, he's a dead beat, the biggest liar in the community, and you can't depend upon him for anything. I tell you he's no good"—and so my informant goes on to the end of the chapter in "doing up" the elegant looking colonel.

I had an introduction one day to a robust, rosy-cheeked gentleman in good attire, with a clerical coat, and full of good manners, fine address and splendid conversation. He passed the compliments of the season and retired. "Who and what is he?" I asked of my friend when he was gone. "Why, don't you know the Rev. Dr. B. Franklin Swanson? He's no good, however, though a clever-hearted and accomplished fellow. Unfortunately he drinks whiskey, is very fond of ladies, and is always beating about on his cheek and letters of introduction, of which he has a hat full from most of the leading clergy of the country. He preaches well, but he jumps the boarding houses and dodges his tailor's bill, and a man who preaches one thing and practices another is no good, you know."

"That is rather a hard-looking case," I remarked one day, as a stout, burly looking man in seedy clothes and tangled beard passed down on the other





side of the street. "Oh, that's Bill Adkins, he's no good. He won't work nor take care of his family, although he is a fine mechanic and can get good wages. He is always begging and borrowing around town; and about all he does is to press brick—with his feet—to no purpose."

I don't know how often I hear it said of men and women, boys and girls, black and white, "NO GOOD!" Sometimes the "N. G." placard is tied upon the back of an individual in a *bad*, as well as an *indifferent* sense, implying a *bad body* as well as a *nobody*, but the expression has become very common and characteristically cutting in its application. It is about one of the most significant and keen-edged criticisms which can be passed upon a man's or a woman's character; and although exceedingly terse and laconic, it is "enough said" when somebody says of you, "No Good!" So severe and comprehensive is the characterization that when one man says, "No Good" of another, you ask no further questions but hurry about your business; and this little critical short-cut is but an illustration of the rapid and practical age in which we live. We have no time to circumlocute or perambulate about anything or anybody; and the most modern method of disposing of a bad or indifferent thing is to cry, "No Good," and move on. Even if the expression should be slanderous it is too new in its coinage for legal vernacular; and hence there is no statute covering the case at present.

It is a most irritating thing to have one say, "No Good" of you, because, while the significance of the expression is pungent and vigorous, yet it is lacerat-

ingly indefinite and intangible. You know what the fellow means who says it, but you could never reach him in a court of justice unless he should define himself, the very thing which "N. G." was invented to obviate. "No Good"—that's enough! You needn't say a man is a thief, a liar, a dead beat, or a vagrant, or a hypocrite, or any other sort of a villain. The "No Good" appellation leaves you to infer anything you please out of a dozen things of which a man may be guilty; and it is provided in a general and quick way to dispose of a man's character without further particulars—and you can just imagine whatever suits you, since you know that something is wrong. It means this when said of a man: "Let him alone—don't touch him with a forty-foot pole—he won't do—and don't ask me any further questions;" and if there is any other method or designation by which to more effectually annihilate a fellow-being in the estimation of another, I know nothing of it. If you stigmatize your neighbor by the name of some vice or crime, he will be apt to hear of it, and he may defend himself; but he never hears the "N. G." that is whispered of him. It is stuck upon his back and he never sees it, while everybody else is reading it.

Of all the stigmas by which a human being is marked, in general, I think this is the most contemptible. Even from the standpoint of indifference I should despise to be called "No Good." I had about as soon do something for which to get into the penitentiary as to have that appellation. Call me almost anything, but don't call me "N. G." It is the stigma of infamous negation, the blight of nothingness and

nobody labeled and placarded with human contempt, if it is not something positively bad and vaguely denominated by a leprous advertisement to the world which makes all men beware of you and cry, "Unclean! unclean!" Oh, if I am a good-for-nothing do-nothing, a dead beat or bummer, a scoundrel or a moral lazar, call me by name, but please don't tack upon my back the loathsome and abhorrent initials of character called "N. G." for everybody to read but myself. I heard a man speak of a minister, one day, as a good man. "Yes," said another, "he is good for nothing." "Good Lord have mercy," I thought to myself, "did anybody ever say that of me?" and I have always felt that I wanted to die when I reached the "N. G." department of human life.

The truth is that the world, whether it practices it or not, has a very acute conception of the article we call "GOOD;" and I have been so impressed of late years with the idea that I have fallen into the habit of asking my brethren and friends when I meet them: "Are you doing any good?" *Cui bono?* What good? Aye, that is the question of all questions; and it is not to be wondered at when the quality of good is wanting, or lost, in a man that the world pins upon his back the worthless designation, "No Good." The truth is, the man who is doing no good is, by negation, doing harm; and when you say "No Good" of him you are stigmatizing him with evil, whether he is doing positive wrong or not. Truly did Christ say: "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." There is no neutral nor negative ground

upon which human responsibility can place its foot; and he that serves not God and his fellow man with the best he can do is a robber, as much so as if he took by violence what did not belong to him.

When we look abroad into the world, what a multitude of people, both negatively and positively, of whom it may be said, "They are no good!" Of course everybody says of the criminal and vicious classes, "No Good;" but, heavens alive, what about the so-called good people? There is a preacher in the pulpit who, with all his high position and opportunities, does but little or no good; and there are whole churches with every talent of wealth, intelligence and social position upon which, preacher, deacons, members and all, you might tack the placard of everlasting contempt: "No Good!" In the pews of our churches sit millions of professors—hoping to escape hell and get to heaven—who do no good for missions, education or for a single denominational enterprise; and often in these pews sit wealth, genius and distinction, actually prostituted to avarice, lust, ambition, pride, and to every other baser passion and appetite of depraved and degraded human nature. Over half, by far, of our church membership is the fruitless fig tree which Jesus Christ cursed and withered and damned as leafless and figless forever, because it was "No Good." Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves! Oh, when I stand before the judgment seat of Christ, let me not stand there with a hand full of withered leaves. I had rather make a thousand mistakes and blunder and stumble all the way to heaven, trying to do all the

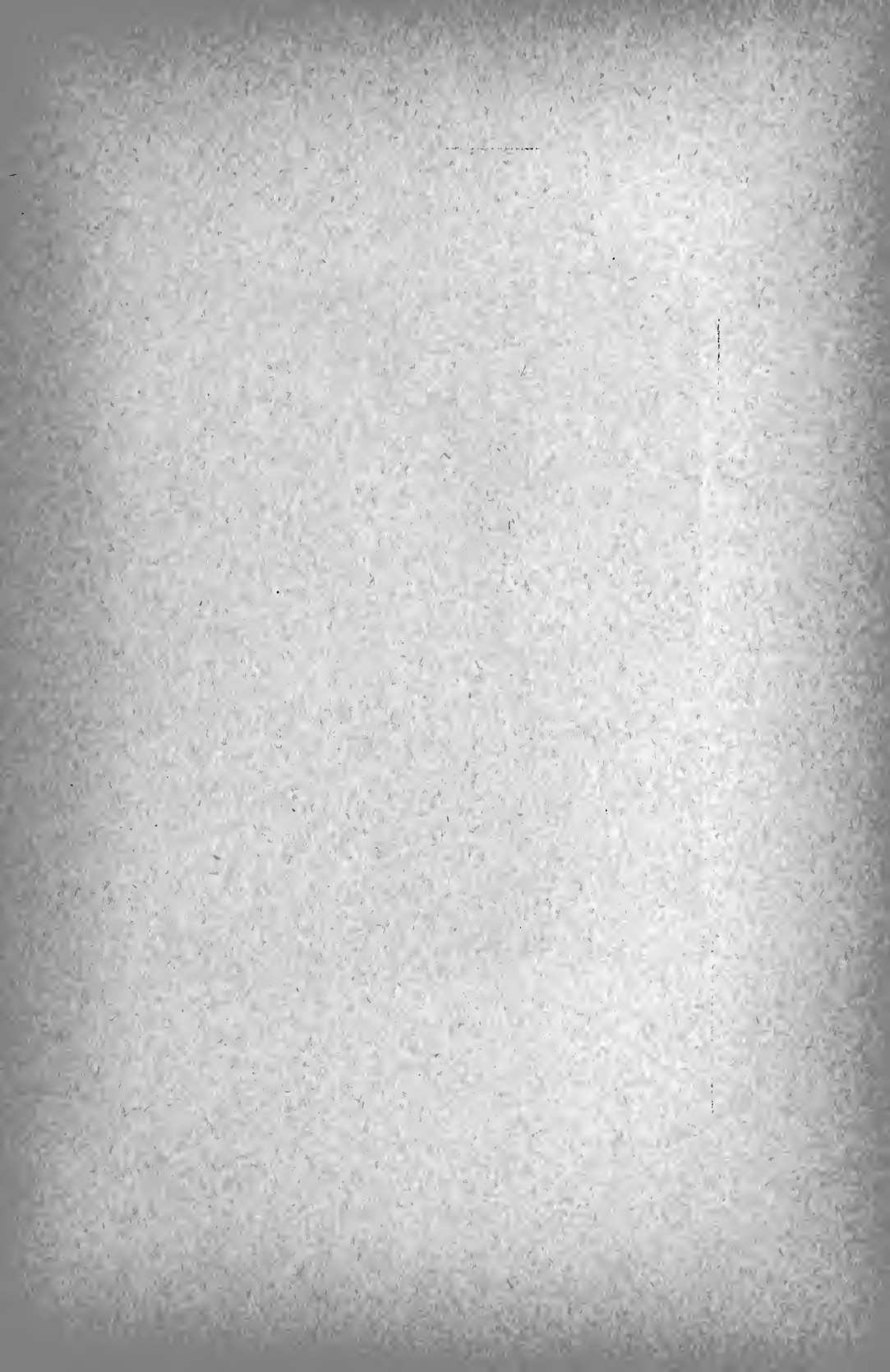
good I could, than to carry nothing to the feet of Jesus Christ.

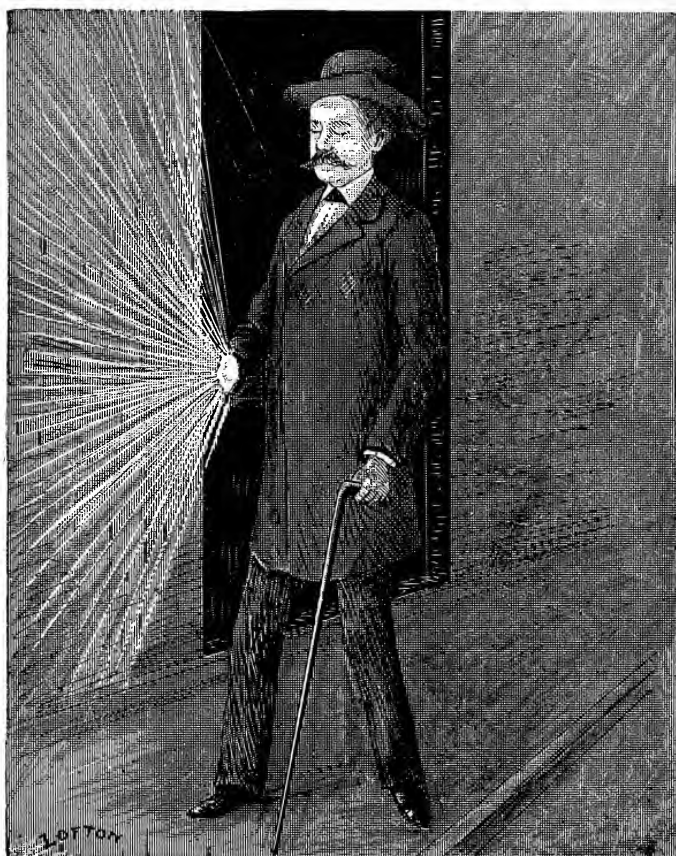
All that a man's life and record will be worth in eternity will be the good he has done for God's glory, and for Christ's sake, and for the unselfish benefit of his fellow man; and, if it were possible, the most contemptible appearance we can imagine at the bar of God will be the presentation of a redeemed saint who had never given or done anything for the glory of God or the good of his fellow beings. I had almost as soon go to the devil as to go to heaven with "N. G." pinned upon my back—if such a thing were possible; and yet I do not see how some church members can ever escape such a record and designation, if they ever get to glory. I know that all are saved by grace, through faith, and that not of ourselves, not of works, lest any man should boast; but if works are the fruit and evidence of a living and saving faith, what claim have some people to Christianity, and what hope have they of ever reaching heaven? What good are they in this world, and what good have they done? It can only be said of multitudes of them: "No Good;" and if they ever reach the glory of God in eternity, it will be simply and solely upon the ground of being "saved so as by fire"—a kind of salvation I would not presumptuously risk nor surely covet.

I thank God for the incidental and accidental good a great many do who are otherwise no good to the world. There is no reward for such a good hereafter, but God not only overrules evil for good, but he utilizes the selfishness of some people for good when they would otherwise do no good at all. The world prints

papers, publishes books, builds cities, extends railroads and telegraph lines, carries on commerce and makes money and in a thousand ways works into the hands of God for the evangelization and education of mankind; and it is often true that the worldling does, in his way, more liberally and abundantly for Christ than the church members. Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness. God will get his work in whether his people do the good they should or not; and alas, many of us will let some other man take our crown when we refuse or fail to press for the prize of eternal honors. God forbid that I should live and die and go to the judgment NO GOOD.







LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Let Your Light Shine.

IT IS said that one night in a village where there were no lamps, a gentleman met a blind man with a lantern in his hand. Happening to know him, he asked the man why he, being blind, carried a lantern. "To keep others from stumbling over me," he replied.

I have always thought of this illustration as being most applicable to the Christian. If for no other reason in the world, he should let his light shine to keep the world from stumbling over him into perdition. There is a better and a more positive reason than this: We should let our light shine—keep our lamp trimmed and burning in order to light the footsteps of a lost world to Christ; but even negatively it is a good thing if nothing more through this dark world to let our light shine in order that no sinner shall stumble over us into an endless hell. We are not blind, as the man in the picture is, but we are traveling to eternity through the benighted valley of sin and death. All around us are blinded multitudes groping their way in darkness at midday; and among them are false lights, *ignes fatui* of a thousand delusions, leading them to destruction. The glare of Satan's lurid lamps only blinds the eye to the horrible pit beneath and to the sunlit sky of God above; and if ever there was a solemn and awful reponsi-

bility upon the Christian more weighty and fearful than another, it is that he let his light shine.

Jesus Christ, who was "*the* light of the world," and in the glow of whose lamp we become illuminated, emphasized this duty to his disciples when he said, "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel (nor under a bed), but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." He first said that the Christian is the "salt of the earth"—the saving and preserving power of Christianity—but He says more when He symbolizes His disciples as the illuminating force of His religion. The truth is that the world reads the Bible and interprets Christianity only in the light of our example and life—our conduct and character; and it is true to-day that without Christian influence, Christian effort, at winning the world would be fruitless. "Heal thyself, physician," is always the reply of mankind to hypocrisy and inefficiency in us.

About the darkest thing in the world is a Christian who does not let his light shine. Jesus says: "The light of the body is the eye: if, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. Therefore if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" If you put out a man's eyes you close up the windows of the body and all the world is black to him. So long as he sees singly and straight every object

is clear and he enjoys the infinite satisfaction of a good eye. Just so with the eyes of the soul, which are reason and conscience. Obscure these or put them out, and you have a soul all in darkness. The Christian who sees things doubly, or sees things mixed, or who sees through the medium of selfishness, pride, ambition, avarice or prejudice, fails in simplicity and singleness of heart to see Christ and his truth; and he not only becomes dark within himself, but he becomes opaque to everybody else that knows him. He is like the sun or the moon in an eclipse—a most startling and awful phenomenon to a sensitive and imaginative nature. The cows low, the sheep bleat and the chickens cackle when the sun goes into an eclipse: and it is no wonder that the world blasphemes and cavils and croaks when a Christian gets eclipsed, gets the eyes of his reason and conscience dim or out, and gets to looking at things just as worldlings or sinners do. An evil eye in a Christian, a bad eye, produces the same effect within and without as in the darkest sinner in the world.

Worse than all, it is a very easy matter for a Christian to extinguish his light by bad conduct or by some misstep in his career. Alas! for a poor eagle with his wings clipped, or for a lion with his teeth and claws pulled out! What useless and helpless power! How many glorious men of God have been shorn of their influence by an indiscretion or by the indulgence of a vice, or perhaps a crime, as did David and Peter and Samson and Solomon and a host of others who have gone down ingloriously in history! They put out their light and the world has been stumbling over them into hell ever since. It is a dangerous

thing to climb to lofty heights, or to write golden pages, or to do prodigies of work and valor for Christ, and then fail or fall. But for the power of God to overrule evil and avert consequences it were better that such men had never entered the arena of the ministry or of signal service for Jesus Christ; and often for the sake of the cause and of personal and family reputation it had been better for some that they had never been known—that is to say, from all human standpoints of consideration. How sadly often we look upon disappointed, discouraged, broken-hearted men who have extinguished their lamp! They should be pitied more than despised; and to the extent possible they should be helped and not kicked lower down. None of us know what we might have been or done under like circumstances; and I have always noticed that those who were the most uncharitable to the lampless or fallen were either hypocrites or else cold-hearted, mean and selfish in their professions of religion and in their possession of influence and character among men.

Again, there is another class of Christians who, while they do not extinguish their light, put their lamp under the bushel of business, or under the bed of indolence. Good men and women some of them are, too, in many respects. When they were poor and had to hustle for a living they were humble and active in the service of Christ. They did not mind wearing jeans or calico, once, to church; and they came with their little ones to the prayer meeting and Sunday school. Yea, they used to read the Bible and pray in their families; and though, as yet, obscurity and poverty kept them from great influence

in the world, still they let their little torch shine brightly wherever they went and in whatsoever they did. But business enlarged and money increased; and as better circumstances developed, pride, ambition and vanity crept in. After awhile the once fine gold seemed to go to dross; and as prosperity developed, the candle got under the bushel of business, or shined only under the bed of indolence and indifference. Mother and father grew tired of the old church and the children got too proud to attend it. Spiritually the family religion went to seed; and the outcome of it all was that the church and the Sunday school liberality and devotion were either abandoned or else they sought quarters in some formal or fashionable church where congeniality and non-interference with the conscience could be more easily paid for and enjoyed. Oh! I do not know how many Christians, young and old, I have seen start off beautifully, "run well for awhile," shine with a blazing torch for a season and then put their light at last under the bushel of selfishness or under the bed of laziness. God forbid, and yet it is so with thousands.

I have often been struck with the reply of the lighthouse keeper of Calais when asked the question: "Suppose some night your light should go out?" He started with horror and exclaimed: "Impossible for the light to go out in the lighthouse of Calais!" He detailed then the awful consequences if his light should be extinguished for one night. Ships, from every country beneath the sun, wrecked upon the inhospitable rocks of the English Channel or the Straits of Dover! "Impossible!" What a sense of awful re-

sponsibility! And this is the sense that should thrill and pulse through every Christian heart. "Let the lower lights be burning" is the cry of humanity and of religion in view of a lost world continually shipwrecked upon the merciless rocks of temptation, disaster and death. We never know who will be stranded and ruined upon the shores of death and eternity when our light goes out or is hid under the bushel or the bed. God help us to let our light shine and so shine that others seeing our good works shall glorify our God in Heaven. Let me close in the language of a poem I have written on this line and applicable to this sketch:

The light of the world are the children of God,
The salt of the earth and the strength of his rod;
But Christ is the glory refulgent in grace,
That a Christian reflects in the light of his face;
As stars of the night that burn in the sun,
And keep in the courses they steadily run.

This world is all dark and the sinner is blind,
Nor can he the way out alone ever find;
And Christians are lamps on the Broadway of gloom,
The sinner to turn from his ill-fated doom;
The light of the Christian is the glint of the sword,
The Spirit inflashes, the might of his word.

But few can discover the beauties of grace
Untraced in the lines of the heaven-lit face;
The child of the night cannot follow the way,
Except by the star with its sun given ray;
And few the immortals who shine in the skies,
But lighted their torches in the lamp of the wise.

Arise then, ye Christians, and shine with your light,
The way is so rugged—and black is the night;
For thousands are stumbling o'er virgins asleep,
Unlighted their lamps, to the bottomless deep;
And many their torches no signal have given
To light a lost world to the haven of heaven.

"So shine" with your light that the worldling may try
Your works that are good, and your God glorify,
Nor hide the bright lamp under bushel nor bed,
Where luminous, useless its luster is shed;
Extinguish it not by your lives nor your lips,
For blackest of darkness is the Christian's eclipse.

O Character sacred! thy banner unfurled!
The robe of the Saviour, the light of the world!
The Christian's example, the badge of his life,
That points us to heaven through struggle and strife!
But faded or blackened by failure or fall,
The shroud of the convert, th' impenitent's pall!

Alas! for the salt when the savor is gone!
Though Christ and the Christian may ever be one:
Alas! for the light when it ceases to shine!
Though grace in the Christian may never decline:
But devils will mock us, and worldlings blaspheme,
And trample our efforts the world to redeem.

The soul of the Christian no death ever knows,
The dust of his body re-animate grows;
But thoughts are eternal, whatever they've breathed,
Our deeds are undying, with good or ill wreathed;
And character parted no time can restore,
Nor heaven reverse it—the record we bore.

The wise are to shine as the firmament bright;
And they that the many have turned to the light
"Forever and ever," as stars shall they glow
With jewels of glory they've gathered below;
And high on His forehead, with clustering gem,
Their treasures will circle the King's diadem.

Then walk in the light with the garments of day,
And arm with the light for the battle array;
For Satan with light as an angel is garbed,
To pierce with the arrows our errors have barbed;
And Failure and Evil and Death in the night,
Are strung with the trophies of Satan's dread fight.

Oh! why should we falter, if robed in the light
And panoplied strong in the armor of right,
When one can a thousand with righteousness chase,

And two put to flight with the light of their face,
The hosts of the night, like the sun at the dawn,
When darkness retreats at the glow of the morn?

Immanuel's our Captain and triumph is sure,
When Zion is clothed in habiliments pure;
He spoiled the Black Prince as he rose from the dead,
And broke on the tomb his scepter so dread;
And high o'er the ages His banner will wave,
Till earth to His glory His power shall save.





DUST.

Dust.

ONE thing peculiar to city life is the nuisance of dust. We often get tired of rain and mud, but anything is preferable to dust. It is said, after all, to be a factor in health as an absorbent of malaria and other atmospheric poisons; but it seems to me that slacked lime, carbolic acid, copperas and other disinfectants, from hygienic standpoints, would answer a better purpose than dust. Nevertheless many of our cities, and most of our people who live in them, prefer dust. At least they never sprinkle before their premises, nor will they pay you to do it for them. Some cities have instituted the plan of sprinkling by taxation, as in St. Louis, Nashville and other places; and it is unquestionably the most economical method which can be adopted for the preservation of health, wealth and comfort to the people. Not only is dust an annoyance, and in some respects an unhealthy ingredient in lung troubles, but it is the most costly of many of our evils. It literally eats up clothing, shoes, hats, the paint on our houses and despoils beauty by tanning the skin and injuring the eyes. The roofs of our buildings are rotted or rusted by it to no inconsiderable degree; and throughout our parlors, bed rooms and churches, it finds its way in large quantities. While its destruction is going on outside, its ravages are but little less on the inside; and the expense of the brushes

is untold—the clothes brush, the paint brush, the broom and all the cleaning apparatus employed by men.

But aside from the merely material question of injury and expense there are many moral suggestions which dust presents for serious consideration. We are made of dust and unto dust must we return; and every time we see it rise, or get into its cloud, we are reminded that, sooner or later, some minister will be pronouncing at our grave: "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Of course, we are also reminded by Longfellow's beautiful Psalm of Life that

"Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul;"

yet the admonition is one of the unpleasant reflections to most people in the world. It should not be so to the Christian who believes in the blessed doctrine of the Resurrection; for one of the sublimest truths of Christianity lies in the fact that this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruptible shall put on incorruption. Thank God for that beautiful country where there is no dust. Along the golden streets of that city "which hath foundations and whose builder and maker is God," no storm of dust shall ever rise to soil the feet and the spotless robe of Christ, or to stifle the soul in a struggle for breath and existence.

In heaven alone no dust is found,
And there'll be no sweeping there.

Again we are reminded that people sometimes cast and throw mud at us in this life when we do wrong or get into trouble—and even sometimes when we do

not. It is almost impossible to escape the dust of scandal and slander by the best men and women in the world, if indeed it is ever possible. Joseph and Paul and Christ did not escape being soiled by the dust-casters; and what man or woman in history—whom do you know in all the realm of observation—who was ever anybody, or did anything good or great, that was not spotted by somebody who knew how to throw mud, or kick up a dust? When boys can't find anything else to do they go out into the streets and throw dust at each other. Their native element is dirt and dust; and they are not unlike many men and women, morally speaking, whose very life is dirt—dusty, dirty, muddy work. They belong to the "I told you so" fraternity; and they live on the perpetual outlook for their neighbor's failure or fall. Jealous and envious of everything good or great above them, or cherishing revenge for every little slight or wrong done them, they gloat over the opportunity to "raise a dust" upon the slightest occasion which offers for their gratification in your trouble or disgrace; and there is no escape from the dust of enmity or obloquy in this world. Thank God, dear reader, that one day you will be where there is no dust to raise, or fly; and remember that here below, whether the dust rises with the wind or not, there will always be somebody who will stir it up for you.

Moreover, remember that the dust is an infallible developer of "grease spots" upon your character as well as upon your clothes. It is almost impossible to keep these spots off our garments, no matter how clean we keep, or how carefully we watch. Some-

times they are on your broadcloth before you know it; and you did not discover their presence till one day you came in out of the dust. You remember how you dusted, and washed them out with alcohol and ammonia, or other remedies for grease spots; and you would scarcely have known of their existence but for the dust. Herein, therefore, dust sometimes does good, if we will only betake ourselves to soap and water; but a man is in a bad way who, when the dust develops his grease spots, will not resort immediately to the remedy of removal. This fact in the science of dust reminds us, too, that when we have grease spots upon our character we cannot afford to kick up a dust ourselves. We had better be quiet until we get rid of them. Alas! how often it is true that a poor fellow is forbidden to do many good things he would do if it were not for the spots upon him—likely to be shown up by raising even the dust of effort; alas! too, when we are grease-spotted we dare not come in conflict with the world in doing even good, because the world will then kick up a dust for us.

One precious truth we learn is that when we get dust or mud upon us, so soon as we get into company, our *friends* will always come up and brush it off. Our enemies will not. The same is true when our character is soiled. The only being who will try to brush off the dust then is your friend; and by this you may always know who your friends are.

There is another lesson, too, we may learn about dust. You can't go out into the world, or have any contact with the streets, without getting your hands and faces soiled. When we come back home at noon,

or at night, or get up in the morning, we have to wash our faces and hands; and this exercise has to be kept up as long as we live. Live how, or where we may, this fact is always true; and what is true physically is true morally. We come in contact every day with the world, and in spite of our purity and religion we will more or less get soiled with the dust of sin; and as we wash our faces and hands and bodies daily in water, so we have to wash our souls daily in that fountain filled with blood and drawn from Immanuel's veins. Some people claim exemption from this curse of contact; they claim on this point that they have no use for the Lord's Prayer, which pleads for daily forgiveness as for daily bread, but this is not the record of Bible saints, nor of the greatest, best and most effective Christians in history. It was not true of Job, David, Daniel, Peter, John, or Paul; and it was not true of such men as Luther, Carey, Judson, Bunyan, Knox and a host of the grandest men and women of God who have done most for God and the world. We ought not to sin, but I thank God for that Advocate with the Father, whose blood can daily cleanse us from the dust of iniquity.

Not only do we come in contact with worldly dust, and have to wash daily from sin without, but the dust of sin comes from within. However clean swept our parlor, a ray of light will disclose a line of dust which shows that in every inch of space a thousand motes are in the air; and you may sweep the parlor every hour of the day, and the particles will still remain. If there were no dust without at all to get upon our faces and hands, there exudes

from every pore of the skin the native dirt of our being and constitution; and the water in which we wash indicates that every day we should have to indulge in an ablution to be clean from the internal filth. So with the soul. There is a perpetual warfare going on within between the members and the Spirit, and sometimes the flesh gets the mastery. Like Paul, when we would do good, often, evil is present with us and within us; and like the apostle we have often exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" After the inward man we delight in God's law; but the "carnal mind is enmity against God, not subject to his law, and neither indeed can be." There is no good thing in us; that is to say in our flesh; and though we lived in the perfect atmosphere of external purity, with no dust from the outside at all, we should have to wash in the blood every day to cleanse away the dust that exudes from the soul within.

The only remedy for dust is sanctification. We grow in grace and knowledge and wisdom and righteousness and power every day; and, though we can never outgrow the dust, we can subdue it and keep it down more and more unto the perfect day when, both soul and body, we shall be redeemed from every touch of dust. We can keep on washing and sweeping, doing the best we can to keep out of the dust and to keep down the dust, and when we keep up this process of improvement and growth to the best of our ability, this is sanctification. So long as we live in this world, so long as we tabernacle in this old dusty, dirty body, we shall not be free from some taint of sin in our members; but the perpetual cul-

ture of grace and knowledge will certainly, with age and experience, continue to decrease our tendency to sin and curtail the miseries of evil. The surrender of the will to God, the control of thought and passion, the devotion of all we are and have to the cause of Christ, will finally so far conquer the world, the flesh and the devil as to give us Paul's shout of victory: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;" and this will be enough for any of God's children who forget the things behind them and press for the future and the prize before them.



Saw Wood and Say Nothing.

THE importance of keeping your counsel and of driving away at your own business is the object of this sketch. "A still tongue makes a wise head," is an old and true adage; and where coupled with a vigorous and skillful hand it makes a successful life. To be sure, some people have still tongues without brains and without any disposition to saw wood. The Sphinx on the Nile has never said anything, and has never done anything, except in silence to speak of the departed glory of a dead nation, and to stand as a monument to the folly of human pride and ambition. I am not talking about the silence of the Sphinx, or of the numbskull, or of the indolent, whose still tongue may take shape in a still hand. I speak of the man who is wise enough to keep his mouth shut when he ought to, and who, at the same time, puts his wisdom and his counsel to good account in the successful operations of life. There are times when we ought to speak out and when silence would be criminal; but, in matters of importance, there are not many who know just when and how and where to speak. The old admonition is a good one which says, "Beware of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how and when and where." Especially is this true when you have a job of sawing wood to do which depends upon wisdom and prudence.



SAW WOOD, SAY NOTHING.

One of the biggest fools in the world is the man who says everything he thinks. You often hear people rather boast of their transparent honesty (or idiocy) in always bleating out whatever comes to mind. They rattle away upon all occasions, tell everything they know, and not infrequently make themselves ridiculous in the presence of common-sense people, or people of learning and wisdom, by the too free expression of their ignorance. A very good rule, indeed, is to say nothing and saw the wood of close attention and observation, where silence may learn and where a babbling tongue may betray the want of sense and information. It doesn't hurt to ask questions under all circumstances; but it is ludicrously assinine in a young "Smart Alek," for instance, to play the role of a philosopher or a theologian in the presence of a scholar when he hasn't brains enough to form an opinion, or if he has he hasn't the information. And yet how often we are called upon to witness this exhibition of impudence and presumption between the ages of seventeen and twenty! Balaam's saddle horse should never speak unless the Lord opens his mouth by a miracle. A sixteen-year old girl or an eighteen year old boy often knows more than their grandfather did when he died at the age of ninety; and as to father and mother, school master or preacher, why, many of the youth of our day and generation regard them as old fogysm gone to seed upon all the vital questions of social etiquette, or moral or religious economy.

It is simply marvelous how many people frame and express opinions upon all subjects and upon all occasions, who know nothing about what they be-

lieve, or else get their opinions at second hand; and yet they draw nigh with their mouths where angels would tremble to tread, in the assumption of dogmas at the claim of which the profoundest wisdom would blush with modesty. Yet these people, with a stringency and tenacity born only of ignorance and prejudice, are loudest and most blantant often in religion, politics, business and other questions which involve the wisdom and study of the greatest minds. It all comes of not listening in silence to all sides of a question, and of not sawing the wood of inquiry and observation. One secret of power is mystery, as in God so in man. There must be a reserve force in the character and ability of every man which impresses the world with as much or greater effect than the forces exerted in what we say or do; and this reserve force is the mystery behind the throne of every man's power over others. He who seems to exhaust himself in any effort of mind or body, however strong or great, leaves the impression of weakness and of being without any reserve of energy behind his attributes; and when you rob a man of the mystery of something left within, you rob him of that projectile force of character and ability which gives him greatest power over men. Take the man of a still tongue and who saws away at his wood—who keeps his counsel and does something all the while—and you will find a man about whom is this air of mystery which is born of reserve force. He doesn't speak everything he knows and he never exhausts his energies in effort; but he invariably carries weight in what he says and does which the exhaustive chatterer and worker never has. Like

Napoleon he sits "in the solitude of his own originality;" and with him to plan is to execute. The world is never impressed with, nor admires nor follows the man it knows all about, or who, when he seems to have done his best, could not have done a great deal more.

Again, to best achieve the ends of life there is much a man must do in the silence of his tongue and in the solitude of his thoughts. To accomplish much in our conflict with all the forces around us we must often saw wood and say nothing. Every man should play an honest game upon the chess-board of life with his fellows; but he dare not tell beforehand what moves he will make to checkmate the world, the flesh and the devil in the contest for success.

It takes wisdom, caution, patience and perseverance to the end of every honest effort to succeed, where all the forces of cunning and evil are arrayed against you. You must think and plan, watch and pray, and say nothing in much you do; and when you do have to speak, know the how, the when and the where. The politician knows how to saw wood and say nothing save when the time comes to say something. The shrewd speculator lays his plans, watches his opportunities and projects his enterprises without publishing what he is *going* to do in the newspapers. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer in the midst of competition has his private marks and signals which none but he can read. The minister of the gospel dares not reveal all his secrets—"shoot off his mouth"—so to speak, on all subjects and all occasions, without purpose or plan, yet succeed. The

general of an army cannot expect to write to his enemy what his plans of battle are, or the forces he will employ, and still hope to win the battle.

Some people cannot keep a secret. There are some wives—though not mine—to whom, in some things, you do not dare to open your heart; and I want to say that whoever cannot keep another's secret cannot keep his own. I want further to say that whoever cannot keep a secret can never succeed against competition or antagonism. No man, in all things, can play an open hand against enmity and opposition where a result of importance is to be achieved and when wisdom and counsel must be brought into play; and in such a contest the man who cannot keep his own or the secrets of others, is at the mercy of every artful and wily foe. Jesus told his disciples to be as harmless as doves, but as wise as serpents. David would never have defeated Absalom if he had not managed to defeat the counsel of Hushai. Many a soul would have been lost if Paul had not been "all things to all men," and caught some of them by "guile." Sagacity and tact must take thousands of men upon the blind side of prejudice and passion, in order to convert them to religion or utilize them in the achievements of business or professional life. In a multitude of things we have to saw wood and say nothing.

Take the men in Congress and there are two classes: those who do all the planning and working and those who do all the talking. Those who saw the wood and say nothing do most of the good the country enjoys at the hands of legislation; and yet the brilliant and ornamental orator is not

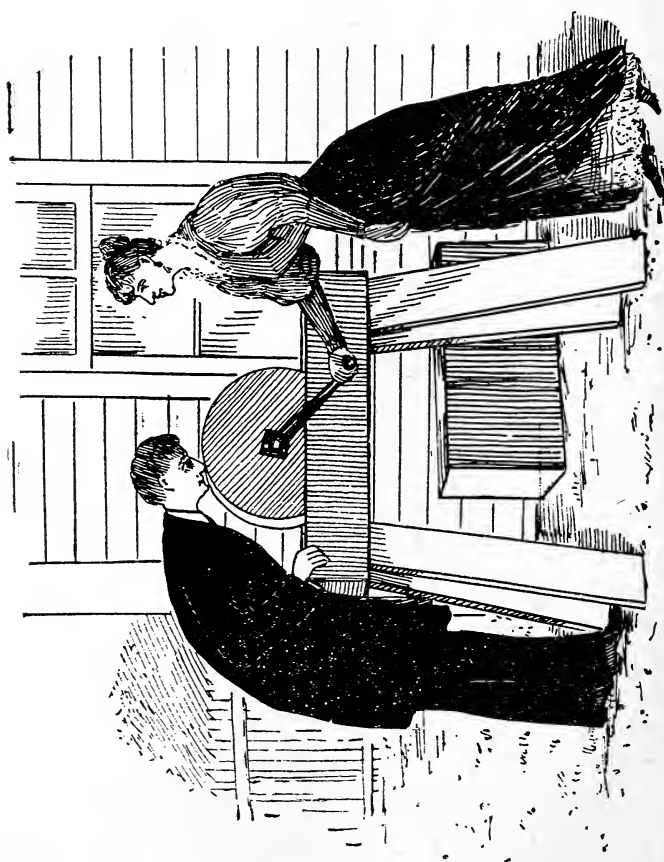
without his mission. He is the cracker upon the end of the congressional whip by which a question makes a noise and impresses itself upon those who hear and read, and it is but a means to an end, planned and projected, generally, by some man who says but little and keeps on at his work behind the dramatic scenes which are enacted upon the floor and before the country. Talking is very essential when it become necessary; but you must get the wood in the jack and saw away before and after the talking begins. Preaching is absolutely essential to the proclamation of the gospel and to the conversion of sinners; but the preacher in the church which makes the most converts is the one which saws the most wood before and while the preaching goes on. Faith without works is dead, being alone, and so is preaching. Wherever you find the most private prayer and study, there you will find the most effective speaking and the most gracious results.

The maxim, Saw Wood and Say Nothing, does not mean to teach that you are never to say anything, or to do nothing but saw wood. It means, however, to saw wood all the time, and only speak when speaking is necessary; and never to speak everything you think or know, essential to the silence of wisdom, prudence and plan. Right words fitly and timely spoken are pictures of gold in frames of silver. For instance, a soft answer turneth away wrath. An opportune admonition may save a soul. Words are the signs of our ideas—our ideas are the signs of the soul within—but that soul should never speak except through the windows of common sense, goodness and prudence. What a waste of words there

is! and how often are they but idle wind! and, worse than all, how often do they prove but the destructive whirlwind! Saw wood and say nothing means this: Do your best with all your might; and when God and reason open your mouth, speak as of the oracles of God and of common sense. In religion attend to God's business as your own, with the golden silence of good example, and never let your tongue fly except for good. It would be good for some people in the world if they never said anything. Those who never saw any wood, generally, never say anything to any purpose. An idle tongue and an idle hand almost always go together. Words to no profit usually accompany a business to no profit; but it is often said that even a good wood-sawyer spoils his job with an unfortunate mouth. Let it not be so, dear reader, with you. Otherwise it had been better that you had been born dumb. It is, perhaps, unfortunate for some that they were born dumb; it seems unfortunate that some who can speak were not born so.







NOSH TO THE GRINDSTONE.

Nose to the Grindstone.

THERE are a great many men in this world with their noses to the grindstone. Some are always in the money press, and trodden like grapes under the feet of the wine squeezers. One man does his business at loose ends—doesn't keep his books straight nor doesn't watch the income or outgo of the "littles," which are essential to the economy of close and legitimate business. Another is generous and trustful of everybody, cannot say "NO" to the "dead-beat," and his accounts and collections keep a hiatus betwixt them as wide and impassable as the gulf between Dives and Lazarus. Still there are those, no matter how close they shave or how vigilant they watch their affairs, who are always "in a tight" for money. They just can't get along successfully in business. In other words, no matter however hopeful or promising their prospects, no matter how industrious or active their lives, no matter how near they seem to get to success, they never "get there." Again, there are poor fellows with fair ability and good resources who are always bound down by the burden of large and growing families, and it takes all that can be made to support them; and their noses are perpetually to the grindstone because they are burdened through life with more than they can successfully bear. A man sometimes marries the whole family of his wife and then joins all of his own in

the same holy bans of matrimony; nothing but a self-made millionaire can stand that.

The most pitiable object, however, is the poor young fellow in business with his nose to the grindstone and his darling wife with her hand on the crank. George is a self-made young man, with ability and culture, just started in business and doing well. The first thing in his imagination was to capture Fannie, the society belle of the city; and Fannie's folks and Fannie herself conclude that George, who knows how to make and save money, is a better catch than the wealthy dudes whose only qualification is to know how to spend and never make or keep a dollar. Fannie and her folks have sense, whether George has any or not; and when they are married George sets her up in the best style according to her, not his, circumstances. George adores his accomplished and beautiful Fannie, and Fannie admires and loves her noble George—but of course she expects him to rent the stone front, keep a spanking turnout and servants in livery, and run abreast of all the "swell blowouts" of her old circle in the social world. Fannie knows nothing about anything else; and she looks upon business as simply a means to the end of her butterfly existence. She did go to college, but she "quituated;" she did join the church, but she seldom goes there except on wedding occasions; and she never learned how to do anything or have anything done in the way of housekeeping or of a useful kind.

Well now George is in for a nose-to-the-grindstone life. He never can save a dollar, no matter how energetic his life or prosperous his business. In order

to keep Fannie and the home establishment in fashionable shape he toils and sweats and aches and rolls upon his bed at night; gets up early and comes late, and if it should almost kill him he would not say anything to Fannie about it. If he did she could not appreciate it, nor could she counsel with him in the stress of his affairs, much less could she afford to retrench in the luxuries and refinements of her high life, to which George's circumstances are so disproportioned. As yet he would not for the world hint his troubles to his splendid wife. It would crush her pride, disappoint her ambition and lower her confidence in her husband. "Oh, no," says George, "I'll press onward and bear this burden of love," which after all is nothing more than a weak and unmanly sacrifice, based upon a foolish and cowardly fear of circumstances. He gets in close places and borrows money, and soon he gets to borrowing from Peter to pay Paul; and after awhile he gets to speculating or gambling in the "bucket shop," and one day George goes to the wall, his nose ground off on the grindstone of fashionable tyranny, turned by the hand of a wife who never had the slightest conception of responsibility in the relationships of married life.

Good-bye, George; good-bye, Fannie, unless both of them can learn some sense and begin life at the little end of the horn, where George started, and not try to get into the big end without the normal course of experience and development toward the gradual swell of success. Sometimes such couples turn around, right about face, and redeem a life of folly; and yet sometimes, in spite of experience, George's

nose is kept to the grindstone even in the effort to keep up the old "has been" appearances in poverty. I have seen people who, if they could, would borrow twenty dollars to give a supper and make a little social display, when in private they lived on corn-bread and turnip greens, and eked out a miserable existence of bumming and beating in the business world. I met a well-dressed gentleman and his wife in New York City once—an F. F. V. couple—who with tears in their eyes, begged me for ten dollars, to help them in a board bill. They had gone, in former years, to the great metropolis of this country to shine in society and starve in business, and beggary was the outcome. Of all the poor, pitiful objects of charity upon earth, it is impecunious and shiftless aristocracy, or nobility, or blood that lives and dies with its nose to the grindstone in order to keep up appearances. It generally ends in that poverty and mendicancy which tries to put other people's noses to the grindstone in order to still bolster up that pauperized vanity in some people who think this world owes them a living, anyhow, for what they have been, if not for what they are.

There are two classes of people in the world whose noses are always and of necessity to the grindstone—the miser and the prodigal. The one hoards for self, the other spends for self, and both are animated by a covetous and avaricious "love of money, the root of all evil." Both can say with Jonson:

"Get money; still get money, my boy;
No matter by what means;"

and again with Horace as translated by Pope:

"Get place and wealth; if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

The miser is the poorest man on earth, though surrounded by plenty, and he bends all his energies, with the patience and suffering of the martyr, in order to lay up treasure on earth, with his nose ever to the grindstone of privation and sacrifice for self. The prodigal toils for money often with the same devotion and zeal, upon the same principle and for the same purpose and end, only in a different way. Neither knows the value of money for its legitimate uses, and hence neither, except accidentally or incidentally, ever benefits the world. The prodigal scatters his money as fast as he gets it, the miser leaves it when he dies. Neither is ever useful or happy while he lives, and both live and die under the curse of selfishness—with their noses to the grindstone of life-wasting and soul-starving selfishness—lost and doomed and damned to the perpetual and eternal bondage of selfishness.

It is perfectly legitimate for a man to make and save money, honestly, and for the legitimate purposes of his money. We can't get along in this world without the "almighty dollar;" and the "almighty dollar" consecrated to the useful ends of life is not only one of our best friends, but one of the most beneficial instrumentalities for good. Money for its purpose is one of God's gifts and blessings; and whosoever makes it and keeps it and spends it for this purpose never loves it for itself but only for its uses. Such a man, all other things being equal, never has his nose to the grindstone, except for God and for good; and when you find such a man you may sing aloud:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

I have seen some who recognized that God was the Lord of their pocketbook, and who gave all they made, or had, to his service. I have known them to deny themselves the luxuries of life, sometimes do without a new suit of clothes, sometimes to pinch from the plenty of the table and the pantry in order to have more to give to God; and although the nose was to God's grindstone, so to speak, it was never ground off, but only ground the more shapely and beautiful and divinely classical. No man will ever be ashamed of his nose in heaven for having been ground on God's grindstone.

The great difficulty here below is that the vast majority of men who love and make money have their nose to the Devil's grindstone; and instead of the wife turning the handle, just imagine the Devil with his hand on the crank. No wonder Jesus called money "the unrighteous mammon." It is the god of this world; and millions of people, many of them in the churches, are going down to hell under the awful curse of idolatry with their noses to the grindstone of slavish devotion to money. Multitudes of God's own people have their noses to the grindstone of poverty or misfortune or hard times, because they are perpetually robbing God in the churches. No wonder the caterpillar, and the grasshopper, and the cyclone and the drought, and the frost, and the pestilence, and all sorts of disasters scourge us every year. Many of us are thieves and robbers sitting upon the front pews or in the amen benches of God's house. We heed not the call of missions, the cry of Macedonia, "Come over and help us;" and lay more stress upon any other Scripture than the great com-

mission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Very few have ever conceived the truth of Christ when he said, "Seek ye first (make paramount, make number one) the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Christian who understands the above two passages of Scripture and puts them in practice, will never have his nose put to the grindstone of poverty in this nor the world to come, all other things being equal.



Spades are Trumps.

WHEN I was a boy I learned to play cards; and the first and only game I ever knew anything much about was "Seven Up," or "Old Sledge," as they called it. I never gambled in my life—that is to say, played for money—and I trust my example, at that time, never led others either to play or to gamble. It is nothing to my credit that I only played cards; and I want to say that it is the most dangerous and deadly game any one ever learned to play. Even to know how to play cards is a temptation to gamble; and many a man would never have been a gambler if he hadn't known how to play. Of all the games in the world with which the Devil and Death have the most to do, it is the game with cards. The man who invented cards must have come from Hades. He certainly went there. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, above all things, keep the pack of cards off your parlor table. You never know whom you are going to ruin by your example.

My early knowledge of this game suggested the picture before you—the lost sinner playing "Old Sledge," or "Seven Up," with Death—and I might have put it, with the Devil, who is the father of Sin and Death. Spades are trumps—the spade being the symbol of the game—and the last card in the grave being thrown by Death is the ace of spades, the highest card in the pack and a trump besides. The poor



SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

fellow sitting before him has no card which can beat that trump. Live, however, as we may, shift as we will, deal as we can, play whatever hand for life we shall, yet death will hold the winning trump against the best of us at last. Christian or sinner, this will be the end of us all. The struggle to play beyond our time will be useless; and the only thing left us is to be prepared for the loss of this life by not hazarding in the game the loss of the life to come. We play hard for existence even here against the grim monster; but if the stake of the immortal soul is not put up in the game, even the trump of Death at last—the ace of spades—is but thrown upon our coffin and buried with the green sod which blooms with the flowers of immortality. Even Death but plays a friendly game to the hopeful child of God.

But there is another and a sadder side to this picture; it is when Death is playing into the hands of the Devil against the sinner. From any moral or eternal point of view the Christian never plays the game of life against the grave. Our destiny is fixed if we trust in Christ against all the hazards of life or death; and existence is not a matter of chance or lottery with the Christian. The hairs of our head are numbered; our footsteps are directed even when our hearts devise our way; and to the bound of life we are accompanied by the angels who are helping spirits to the heirs of salvation. It is not simply all is well that may end well with us, but all is well because we begin well and end as we begin; and there is no matter of chance or lottery with him who, in Christ Jesus, is faithful unto death. Not so with the lost sinner who lives and dies in the waste of all

God's opportunities for life, and who wins all the Devil's opportunities for death. In the midst of a thousand conflicting doubts and fears he takes the chance for eternity; and he throws every card of fortune upon the Devil's pile to be trumped at last with the ace of spades in the skeleton hand of Death. The Devil is a great gambler. Not the shrewdest human being can successfully play the game of life with Satan; and none but God can break for us the spell and the charm of the fascinating play into which he draws every unbelieving soul.

There are a great many cards which Satan tempts us to throw for our pleasure or profit here below, which are for his gain and our eternal loss. The old Destroyer sometimes lets us win, yet he holds the final trump which will cover every card the sinner throws. He holds the ace of spades, the symbol of death here and of death eternal; for, after all, "the wages of sin is death" everlasting, the awful sum the lost soul wins to lose eternal life. See that man who plays all for money, the "almighty dollar," the "unrighteous mammon." How he throws his cards to win this stake, for which millions, forgetful of God and eternity perpetually play! Every device and trick of skill, every drop of sweat and stroke of toil, every moment of day and dream of night is flung upon the table that counts his silver and gold; and there the Devil plays into the hand of Avarice until, sooner or later, God stands by his side and says: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Death casts upon his coffin the winning trump at last; covetousness lifts the only monument which marks his grave upon earth, while the Devil has won his soul

for eternity. Alas! it is a terrible thing for him that "layeth up treasure on earth for himself, and is not rich towards God." The Devil will catch thousands of church members in the game of covetousness, to say nothing of the Goulds, the Stewarts, and the like outside, who never played for life any other than the card of money.

Again, there is the game of Infidelity, in which the Devil stocks the cards upon the blinded fool who plays his very soul for the intoxication of a fatal delusion. In some things, as in money, lust, drunkenness, lies, profanity and "such like," the old Deceiver plays a straight hand with those who knowingly and willfully hazard all for the gratification of passion and appetite in the grosser debaucheries which blunt the mind, harden the heart, and destroy the body. Ambition, pride and fancy, however, the pursuit of fame and honor and glory, the chase after the bubbles of fashion, pleasure and the fictions of the imagination—these involve the games of life which are always being won and lost in a varying play which follows the gambler's instinct never to stop, even upon a losing hand. With many the game never closes until life is exhausted or death comes, and the soul, deceived of the Devil by a thousand glittering cheats, goes down at the close under the last winning trump of damnation. Defeat, disappointment and disaster never prove a warning in such a game to most people, and in their hopeless contest with the world, the flesh and the devil, they play on for a satisfaction which is never satisfied, and which ends in the delusive loss of the soul by a game in which Satan plays with a stocked hand.

Let us never forget that every life of sin is but a game of chance played with Death and the Devil, who holds the winning trump in the end. You never beat the Devil, as you never escape death, no matter how often you seem to win; and God never defeats the game until you quit playing your soul into the hands of the great Deceiver. Occasionally God's special providences and judgments alarm you and turn you, for a time, from your hazardous play; but often, in spite of God's interposition, you return to the vicious and fatal crime of gambling your soul to perdition. You get up from the sick bed or come out of sorrow and misfortune, or wake up by revival admonitions and warnings to better resolutions and promises; but soon you are before the stage play, or waltzing in the dance hall, or ogling before the saloon counter, or swearing and lusting and coveting as before. You return to the card table of Death, and there with the Devil you resume the play for the gratification of the flesh and for the ruin of the soul. Sometimes, as in the case of the gambler, your case assumes the phase of desperation. The disappointed man plunges the dagger into his heart. The ruined woman leaps into the river. The conscience-stricken debauchee blows out his brains. The last trump of Death is prematurely courted in the dread game of destruction, and a laughing Devil hustles you off to hell.

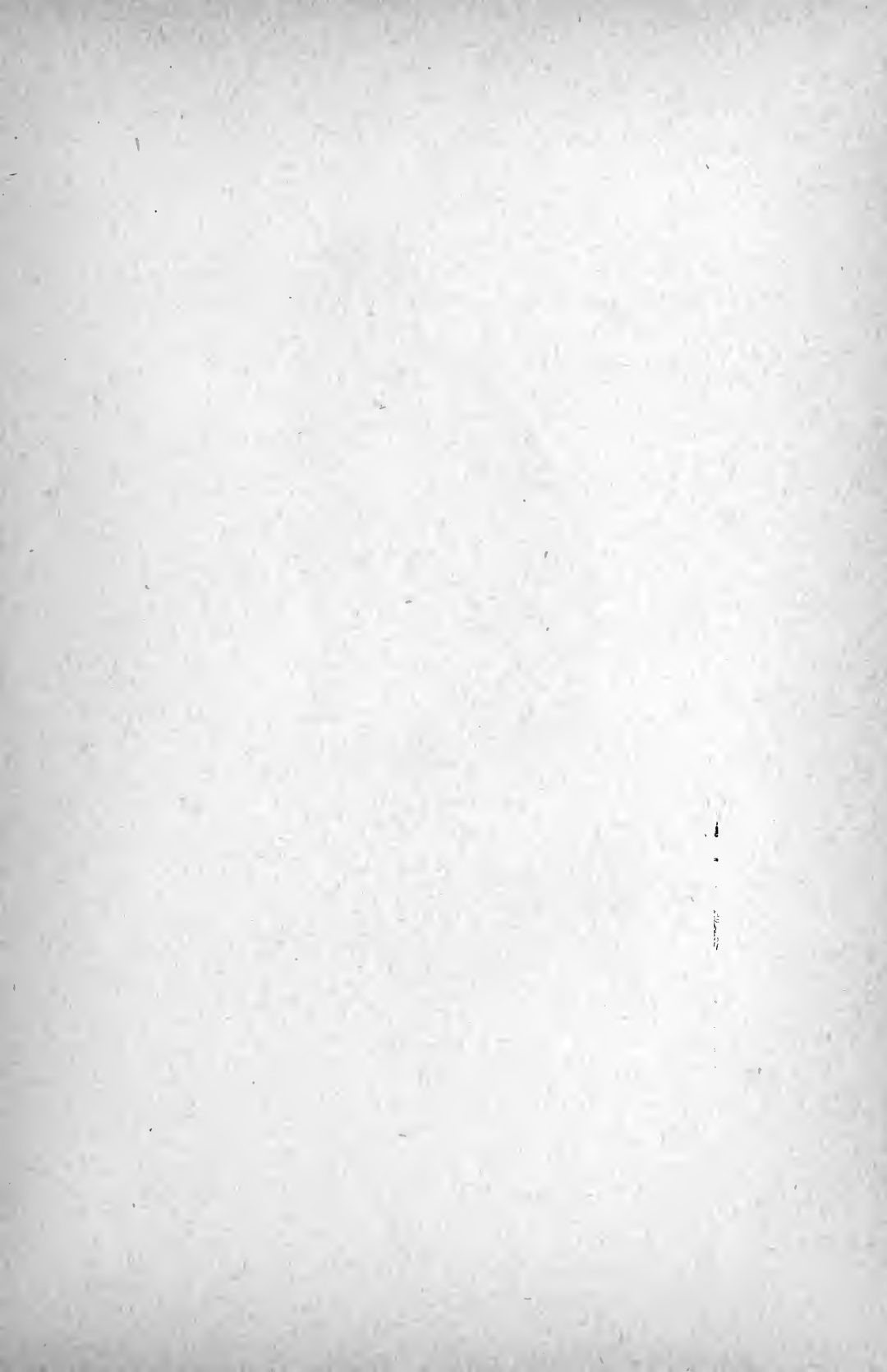
Gambling is the natural and universal sin of mankind under some form or other. Our boys begin it with marbles on the streets. Our young people learn it in the parlor. It is developed in the billiard hall, on the race track, with the cock fight and buck-

et shop, speculation in futures, the corner lot boom, and in what are called various legitimate ways, as well as in the gambling hell. Much of our business is gambling, and what is normal to us in social life is natural to us in the spiritual world. We play with our souls as we do with our pocketbooks, and the Devil has millions of people at his card table all the time and everywhere. Nothing is so fascinating and delusive as gambling, and just as we see men pursue it to ruin with each other physically, so do they with the Devil morally. In the game of death they madly and wildly risk all upon the craps shooter's die or the card player's trump. Young man, don't gamble, for all gambling is of the Devil and with the Devil and for the Devil in the end. Beware of the ace of spades in the hands of Death, and remember always it is the Devil's last trump with which to win your soul if you die in sin.

An evangelist once went into a saloon where some men were seated around a table gambling with cards. He threw a tract upon the table entitled "The Precious Blood of Christ," and as he threw it he said: "Gentlemen, that is the best card that was ever thrown." It was the King of hearts, not the ace of spades. One of the men laid down his cards, picked up the tract and read it; and after a few minutes of solemn thought he left the saloon, never to return to the play. He was converted and began to preach the gospel to his fallen comrades and to such as inhabited the saloons and gambling hells; and in the course of his life, he has been the means of leading many to Christ. That is the card to throw, if I might use

such an expression; and that is the only card which ever won a soul from death and gained life and immortality. God save the boys and save our country from the doom of the gambler's hell.







MONKEYING.

Monkeying.

THE monkey is said to be our ancestral prototype or progenitor. I am not a Darwinian, but I must confess there is much of the monkey in our nature; and I think that the probability of descending to it is greater than that of ascending from this somewhat human little monstrosity. Man seems to be psychologically the sum of all animals—lion, tiger, hyena, bear, wolf, fox, dog, hog and so on—but we are practically akin to the monkey in that one trait of character called meddling, or tampering, or tinkering, with what does not belong to us, or with what we have no business. By way of caricature, or ludicrous characterization, this trait is called *monkeying*, and this is the subject before us.

Primarily we notice this characteristic trait among children, especially the boys. His curiosity, his irrepressible tendency for seeing into and handling everything, even if he has to tear it all to pieces or destroy the object of his investigation, shows him to be the veritable monkey we have seen a thousand times. He sticks his finger in the fire, into boiling water or molten lead, when he knows it will burn; and if he discovers a dynamite shell, and could not get into it otherwise, he would try a hammer on its cap if it blew him into fragments. He would stick a match into a hay stack to see if it would burn or into a barrel of gunpowder to see if it would ex-

plode; and but for God's providence most of the boys in the world would be killed before they were grown. They will ruin your watch, displace your machinery, or tear up your wardrobe simply in order to satisfy curiosity, perpetrate mischief, or gratify an inordinate desire to meddle with what does not concern or belong to them. The more dangerous a thing is to tamper with, the more valuable a thing is to damage, the more impossible a thing is to do, all the better for a boy's tinkering and venture. Edged tools, kicking horses, biting dogs, hooking cows, snakes, spiders and centipedes, these are the things he must fool with. That which he cannot, or should not do, that which he cannot understand, the place where he should not go, this is the sphere of his most cherished operations; and when his curiosity or desires are satisfied it is herein he wants not to do, nor know, nor go, any more. Every man has the scars, never outgrown, of his boyhood's monkeying on his hands, if not all over his body.

But men are but boys grown up and grown old in the monkeying business. They but too often tamper and tinker with what they should not; and I have tried to study the following analysis of monkeying on the part of older people:

1. People monkey with what does not belong to them. This is especially true of money, the love of which is the root of all evil. The young clerk gets to be a thief by tinkering with the nickels, and then the dimes, and then the quarters, and then the half dollars, and then the dollars of his employer. He first handles and then takes and puts back without permission, and then takes out without putting back; and

by degrees the tendency to tamper with the temptation hardens into the loss of honest sensibility which forgets the difference between *meum et teum*, mine and thine. So the cashier monkeys with the bank funds, so the man elected to public trust tampers with the people's money; and the semi-thieving propensity which first takes and then puts back deepens into the bolder spirit of robbery and concealment until exposure ruins the man and his family. Thus originates the downfall of the administrator, the trustee and the guardian; and the many calamities which befall the business interests of every community may be traced to the original tendency of monkeying with other people's money.

2. People monkey with what does not concern them. It is as much as any man can afford to attend to his own business, but there are many who must have a mouth or a finger in the business of everybody else. Rancy Sniffle is everywhere to widen the differences between his quarreling neighbors and to get up a fight if possible; and the tale-bearer and the scandal-monger are ever on the alert to find something which will create sensation or keep the hell-broth of disturbance boiling by interfering in other people's affairs. "The busybody in other men's matters," the social meddler, the devil's monkey, is a figure most exquisitely drawn by the apostle Paul; and every page of history goes to show that human nature in this regard has always and universally been the same. We all have the sad experience and observation of this monkeying trait in human nature, having either suffered by interfering ourselves with things which did not concern us, or else

having so been interfered with. I judge that nobody has ever escaped at this point.

3. People monkey with that which is most precious. There are those who handle your reputation, or good name, your character, as lightly as if these precious gifts were a handful of feathers, to be scattered to the four winds and blown about upon every breeze. Like idle or vicious children, they make a plaything or a mock of that which is more valuable to us than fine gold; and having, perhaps, no character of their own to lose, they have no appreciation of that which is dearer than life to others. As the dog they have no conception of that which is holy, as the hog they trample your diamonds under foot, and then turn and rend *you*.

Under this head you will find thousands of people monkeying with theology and religion. They lightly blaspheme the name of Jesus; and they talk about the great doctrines of the Bible, its great characters, its splendid historical events as they would the pictures and stories of Mother Goose. The pious and godly Christian, the noble minister of Christ, the holy mother who prayed for them and shed a bushel of tears over them, have no sacredness in their eyes from any religious standpoint. The young "smart Alek," the dabbler in science and philosophy, yea the vicious ignoramus who knows nothing so much as impiety, walks about the streets and spurts infidelity, or otherwise handles deceitfully and profanely the Word and name of God. Without reverence for sacred person, thing, or place, they tinker with holy truths and doctrines as children play with toys, and nothing in the dignity of consecrated schol-

arship, piety or practice, nothing from the standpoint of Christian character, example, or result, affords any argument to the blinded prejudice and the daring presumption with which ignorance and iniquity ridicule or oppose theology and religion.

4. Again there are those who monkey with the purity and virtue of their fellows, both in the private and public relations of life. They tamper especially with the morals of our youth who set up or promote institutions of vice, such as the saloon, the brothel and the gambling hell; and they do it recklessly and without the slightest regard to society, church or state. There are young men, and older men, too, who play with female chastity as the cat plays with its victim which it intends to devour, or as with dice upon a checker board in the game of seduction and infamy. They study the art and pursue it with relentlessness, cunning and energy to the destruction of a once innocent life and spotless character; and then with the trivial lightness of soap-bubbles they blow about the blighted reputation of those they have ruined. No punishment on earth is too severe, no place in hell is too hot for such men. It is marvelous with what reckless flippancy and indifference these fiends of debauchery can tamper with and mock at virtue, the most priceless jewel man or woman ever wore. Ignorance or mental imbecility is a fertile source of the monkeying spirit in many precious things; but moral insensibility alone can give birth to that tinkering tendency which can touch and taint and poison and then make havock of modesty, purity, chastity, and virtue in man or woman without the slightest compunction of conscience, without

the slightest regard to consequences and without the slightest fear of God, man or hell. The brute alone can break into your garden and destroy your flowers. The wolf alone can seize and devour your lamb. The Devil alone can ruin your life and character and then laugh and dance over the wreck of his villainy.

5. Finally, people can monkey, not only with that which is precious, but that which is dangerous to tamper or experiment with. We discover this fact especially illustrated in the politics of our country. What a country, and what a government, and what an age is ours! Think of the religious and political freedom vouchsafed to us! Think of the sovereign privilege of the ballot box, trial by jury, the right of popular representation in the administration of public affairs, equality at the bar of justice and the like blessing of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience! America epitomizes the progress and glory of all the centuries. Yet the politician recklessly and madly tampers with every sublime principle upon which our free institutions and our heritage are founded. They play with the ballot box as boys play with a football; and they make merchandise out of the public trusts of the government. The lyncher's rope usurps the prerogatives of the courthouse, because in the mad administration of justice, the corrupted judge, the shyster lawyer and the professional juror toy with the life and the rights of the people. So the lobbyist and the boodler and the pie hunter control the halls of legislation; and the politician to-day does not hesitate to tinker with a foreign religion and a foreign policy which

are totally alien to every idea of American institutions. They have monkeyed the Bible out of our public schools to suit alike the pleasure of the anti-religious anarchist and the over religious absolutist; and the next great step of innovation will be to grant privileges which will tend to the organic union of church and state, or else to alienate church and state from even a moral unity, according to which idea shall dominate in the politics of our country. The politician has monkeyed the saloon into power as a political factor; and no doubt the politician would monkey with the Devil in government if it would inure to profit, place or position.

Men monkey with almost everything precious or dangerous. The quack doctor monkeys with his sick and dying patient, the jackleg lawyer monkeys with his client, and the humbug preacher monkeys with the immortal soul when he preaches false doctrine or pursues a misleading life. What a dreadful thing above all else to tamper or experiment with the souls of men! Every Christian even is doing that, when he fails to teach or exemplify the whole counsel of God, or when he walks disorderly before the wicked. In fact, we are monkeying with the business of God's Kingdom when we but half do or ineffectually do our duty in keeping His house and in spreading the gospel to a perishing world. Much of so-called Christian life and activity is nothing more than inefficient, if not intentional, monkeying with God's business; and alas! for the record of those who go to eternity with the reputation and reward of a religious tinker! Fifty cents a year for missions and ten dollars a year for tobacco is simply monkeying with God. It is

worse than child's play with edged tools or tarantulas. It is trifling with the Christian profession, and it were better for a man to have a millstone tied about his neck and be cast into the sea.







No God.

II PRESENT with this sketch the symbolic picture of Atheism. A world shrouded in the gloom of chaos affords the only proper footing of the "FOOL" of fools, who says there is no God. His only companion in the solitude of his own self-wrought isolation and darkness is the amused Devil at his elbow who laughs at his egregious stupidity. "The fool hath said in his heart: "NO GOD!" If indeed there is a being on earth upon whom the Devil can look with mingled contempt and amazement it must be the prince of fools whom he has persuaded to believe there is no God in this universe.

It took the Devil a long while to make an atheist. Such a development was not an early possibility. It was a latter day evolution of diabolic subtilty. Eve could be persuaded that God was a deceiver and a liar by the Devil, but he did not attempt to prove to her that there was no God. From the womb of unbelief every other sin was first brought forth in due course of time, but it took the education of ages to bring forth the crowning sin of Atheism. In the course of centuries the philosopher discovered that the world resulted from the fortuitous concourse of atoms or by chance; and along the further reach of the ages the Materialist developed the universe from the womb of the same all-wise, all-powerful and everywhere atom as the evolution of force! Behind

the atom he saw no God; and of course there could be no immortal soul in man since what is called soul, or mind, or spirit was but the result of physical organism and must die when the body dies. Life is simply the result of molecular action inherent in carbonic acid, water and ammonia! Mind is the effect of chemical change in the nervous elements of the brain! A man is only a higher order of animal, and he is no more than a dog when he dies! This is atheistic Materialism.

To be sure, for a different class of educated Atheists the Devil has left several more accommodating theories of God and the universe. Pantheism makes all things God; and the Hylozoist makes God the soul of the world. Man, like everything else we see, is but an external phenomenon of God; and he is so honored when he dies as to be absorbed back into the invisible substance of God from whence he emanated as a visible manifestation. There might be some sort of consolation in this sort of a God if a dead man could be conscious of his absorption, but such is not the case. He is forever lost as to his identity; and hence Pantheism or Hylozoism is nothing but a more palatable form of Atheism after all. I had just as soon have the atom God of the Materialist as the substance God of the Pantheist. One is the philosophy of dirt and the other is the theology of dirt; and the moral effect of both is the same. Good and evil are alike the result of fatality; and evil is just as essential to our being and condition as good. In neither can there be any conscious existence hereafter, and hence there can be no future accountability based upon present responsibility.

Old Nick has still another more palatable form of Atheism. He originated for tenderer consciences the know-nothing fad of our day called Agnosticism. There may or may not be a God, there may or may not be a hereafter, the soul may or may not be immortal—we don't know! Hence God is said to be unknowable, unthinkable, unbelievable! The effect of such philosophy is the same as Materialism or Pantheism. It is Atheism. If a man does not know whether to believe in a God or not, it is just the same as if there were no God to him at all; and his life will be but an atheistic conformation to his know-nothing creed. The know-nothing will believe nothing and do nothing; and the Agnostic is just as big a fool, in effect, as the Pantheist or the Atheist. He effectually says there is no God.

Last in the scale of Atheism is the doctrine of impersonal deity which, like Agnosticism, makes God intangible, unthinkable and without any spiritual or moral relationship to man. So far as any effect upon the present life, or so far as any conceivable existence in the life to come is concerned, we had just as well believe in no God at all. To man God is personal or nothing. Man himself is a person. All his acts and attributes are personal; and as a rational and moral being man must be in the likeness and image of his Creator. All creation must bear the stamp of its original in the light of causation and design; and as in revelation, so in nature, our God is personally manifested in all the phenomena which declares Him. Especially in Christ, the crowning work of His personal exhibition, was God made manifest; and he who believes in an impersonal God, or

God apart from Christ, is practically an atheist. He that has no God manifest, has no personal God. Even the Polytheist who yields to the universal intuition of a personal God in some tangible form, to be God at all, is wiser than he. The impersonal Deist, in fact the personal Deist, who cannot see God in Christ as in creation, simply says in effect, "There is no God."

But leaving the Devil's educational theories aside, there is a large amount of practical Atheism in the world exemplified, if not orally inculcated, by those who profess to believe in God and yet who practice contrary to their profession. The blindness and deadness of sin are such that in spite of our intentions and judgments, we often demonstrate that we do not practically believe in the existence and presence of God. In other words, in spite of our intellectual belief, we show often that we have no conscious realization that God is, or that He has any relation to us, or that He is the rewarder of righteousness and the punisher of wickedness. It is the practical Atheism of the fool who says in his head there is a God and in his heart there is no God. For instance, the man who steals will hide from his fellows, but without scruple he will commit his deed in the sight of the God he professes to believe in. Even if he should have compunction of conscience, he will still go on in his crime until conscience is dead; and hence the belief of a God that produces no effect upon the heart and life of an individual is practical Atheism. So men blaspheme, murder, commit adultery, break the Sabbath, defraud, cheat, swindle, drink and revel out their lives in debauchery

and idleness, in spite of their theory that there is a God; and so far as any effect of their belief is concerned they had as well have never heard of a God, and better too. They say in their hearts and lives and characters, "NO GOD!"

It must be said also that this same gross and awful form of unbelief characterizes much of our Christianity. Do we believe in God as we profess? Are not many of us often practically, if not experimentally atheists? We are doctrinally all right; but when it comes to experience and practice, what is the effect in general of our belief that God is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him? Many a Christian does wrong, I know, and as often as he errs he repents and returns to God who abundantly pardons; but what about that vast number of professors in the churches who are at ease in Zion, or who are doing wickedly and that continually? Tell me, ye who can, how is it that a man born of God refuses to help send the gospel to the heathen in the face of Christ's great commission? Tell us again, if you will, how it is that a Christian can refuse to give his substance to God as God prospers him? Tell me if you dare, how can he who believes in God and His Christ, habitually absent himself from God's house and God's people? How can a Christian be covetous, idle and absolutely heartless in the service of Him who died to redeem him? and how can he love the theatre and the ball room and the race track and the saloon and bad company and bad business better than he loves the prayer meeting and the Sunday school and the church service, as seen in thousands?

In conclusion, let me say that Atheism, pure and genuine, is a rare production, and dwells only in the heart of the fool of fools. "Thank heaven," said Horace Mann, "the female heart is untenable by Atheism;" and let me say that the man who believes it is either miseducated and reformable, or else so grossly corrupt as to be beyond redemption. As a theory or a system, by whosoever held, Atheism is, in the language of Robert Hall, "inhuman, bloody, ferocious, equally hostile to every useful restraint and to every virtuous affection; that leaving nothing above us to excite awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness, it wages war with heaven and earth; its first object is to dethrone God, its next to destroy man." The only signal or great event that Atheism ever produced was the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution when a nude woman was enthroned as God; and from this single chip from the characteristic block of the most blasphemous and deadly doctrine ever inculcated, we may draw a picture of a world in chaos and destroying itself, if such a theory could prevail among men. The negation of God is the destruction of all things mortal; and if God and immortality be not true, evolution has wrought upon the intelligence and morality of the human race the shrewdest and most fatal swindle that the imagination can conceive. How is it that man always and everywhere has universally believed in God?

All this is a form of practical Atheism in the churches which makes the world say that we do not believe in the God we preach. How often have I heard people say: "If I believed what you all teach, I would never sleep while there was a sinner unconverted."

and as often have I heard others exclaim of our religion: "If this be Christianity, I want none of it." Bacon has well said that "Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man;" and it is exceedingly unfortunate that the world should discover in the life of the professed Christian that he believes not in the God he confesses. Truly did Bacon say again: "The great Atheists are, indeed, the hypocrites which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling;" and this is the most dangerous form of Atheism. The poor educated fool who seeks to prove that there is no God, and who professes there is no religion, can accomplish but little evil upon others in general; but, alas! alas! the fearful and awful ruin which the atheistic life of the professor of religion inflicts upon the world! One church member in a community can do more harm than a dozen Ingersolls, "and don't you forget it!" When Deacon Thomas Hinton bets on the horse race, or Col. Elliot Anderson, the Superintendent of the Sunday school, deals in futures, or Edgar Allen Poe Winston, the prominent and popular young member of a fashionable city church, embezzles the funds of the bank of which he is cashier, it creates more unbelief in a community than all the works of Renan, Strauss and Spencer put together.

Pie.

ONE of the popular fads of the day is the figurative use of the word "pie" as applied to those who are ever on the hunt for office at the hands of those who have the distribution of such official honors. Everybody, of course, knows that pie means something good to eat—a standing New England dessert—whether peach, apple, pumpkin or chicken pie; and who is it that doesn't hanker after the luxury? What a delicacy when it comes in the form of official pie to the faithful henchman who has legged for his master! and what a noble position is that of a paid political understrapper! log-roller! and, if need be, shoulder-hitter, or ballot box stuffer!

It seems to be now understood that almost every man elected to office must have his pirouette (or pirooter), or pie hunter to help him. Whenever you see an ardent advocate, as a rule, candidating for another candidate, you may be sure that he is working for political pie! Presidents, Governors, Senators, Congressmen, all who win influential positions, are the self-made victims of the pie hunter. They have to pay the price and penalty of pie; and, in the nature of things, it must be so, since politics have degenerated into a regular profession on the one hand and into a pie hunting business on the other, and if the pie hunter does not find a victim in one man, he has no scruples in finding another. In fact, there is



PIE.



what is called the "Pie Brigade, as well organized, drilled and desperate in its charges for place as the immortal "Six Hundred." If drawn up in line, about the time of the Presidential inauguration and in front of the Capitol at Washington, it would stretch out to Baltimore or Richmond and the incoming Executive couldn't see from one end to the other of it. The battle-scarred veterans of a thousand political battlefields would be there, and oh! the horrors of a regular siege of hungry, voracious pie hunters! It is worse than war, pestilence or famine when the "Pie Brigade" opens the campaign upon the new government. Think, too, of the internal strife of a multitude of pie workers in conflict with each other for the same pie claimed for a thousand different pie hunters. To know how to get and give this same pie to the right one, of a howling pack, must tax the brain and brawn, of the mightiest man, to nervous exhaustion.

It was said of a certain President under these excruciating circumstances, upon a certain occasion, that he arose from his chair shaking like an aspen, and exclaimed: "Every nerve in my body quivers as with the vibrations of the tenor catgut upon a highly strung banjo!" or words to that effect. The pie business has often played havoc with the health, wealth and political prospects of the greatest men of our country; and what would become of some men in position but for the sterner stuff out of which some of them are made? It would lead to sepulchral conjecture.

Now there are all kinds and sizes of pie hunters, from a host of big bugs down to a swarm of mos-

quitoes that suck the lifeblood from our national, state and municipal treasuries. Sometimes these pie hunters are only boodlers for business or position on the outside, yet they make the pie giver sweat, while the government exchequer grows lean. Generally the pie hunter is an unscrupulous trickster who not only practices a lucrative jobbery on the Government, or who works his man for all he is worth, but he is the vilest corrupter of politics and legislation in the land. Nor are they always individual jobbers or office seekers for pelf. Sometimes they are monopolies and corporations, organized traders dealing in the liberties and welfare of our country at the price of treason and corruption. They swap boodle as well as influence for pie; and under the protecting ægis of the Government they run the stupendous machinery of oppression to the masses and of perpetual fraud in politics and legislation. Oh pie! pie! pie! How many crimes are committed for thy sake, and under the voracious grasp of thine appetizing inspiration! There is no menace so great to the freedom and glory of American institutions as the reign of the pie hunter and the demagogue. He often poses as a great and ardent patriot; but partisanism and pie are all that his patriotism ever signifies.

Characteristically the pie hunter is a peculiar animal. He is a small politician within a big one, and sometimes a big one behind a little one. Socially he is extravagantly clever to everybody. Politically he is Democrat, Republican, Populist, Prohibitionist, or what not, according to where the pie is going to materialize; and when he is either, he is altogether

what he wouldn't be if it were not for the pie. No matter to what church he belongs, he belongs to all or none as well as any. He is like the chameleon, which always takes the color of his surroundings; and he is all things to all men that he may get pie. He is never in controversy with anything upon earth except for pie. He favors any and all evils among men which are popular; and he would leg and vote for the Devil in politics if it would give him pie. If there was pie in it he would favor the license of the saloon, the gambling hell and the brothel; and if there was a probability of abolishing these he would as zealously seek for prohibition pie—a pie, however, which has never yet had time to bake, but is in the oven and on the fire, all the same.

The pie hunter is as the dog to his master, the most obsequious sycophant, or the most insidious traitor which society ever conceived or bred. To his master he stands or falls, but always falls from under. He would be a boot-black or lick-spittle when pie is in sight; but he would cut your throat if he saw the pie in the hands of another. The under-strapper is always the meanest of demagogues. He only hopes for reward for dirty work done for another; and in the nature of things the man who does such work for another who cannot afford to do it himself must be the basest and lowest of mankind. He is the scoundrel in whose hands you put the campaign fund with which to bribe the voter; and he is never too good to eat the boodle pudding before he gets the office pie. He it is who stuffs the ballot box for his own party or counts out the other party as seemeth most convenient. Like all other subordinates in

servile villainy, he will out-Herod Herod for his master and his party, so long as the pie is in view. The slave paid for his perfidy will always do even worse for his master than for himself. It is the base instinct of understrapping pride and ambition. The principal, to be sure, is responsible for the culpability of his agent in having done what he himself would not stoop to do; but such agency rewarded in politics is what creates the pie hunter and makes him the most despicable wretch that ever cheated the gallows or the penitentiary out of a characteristic and Devil-deserving villain.

The effect of the business is the degradation of politics and the maladministration of law and government. The worst form of our administrative debauchery in government consists in peculation and fraud; and it is largely the result of rewarding bad men for political service. Not only are such men likely to practice thievery and corruption in office, but they are the hardest to displace when in office, no matter what their character or villainy. They are backed up by the obligations of their masters to their party, since they are the means by which men and parties get into power and keep in power; and, thank God, in the end their corruptions and scandals result in the downfall of all parties having too long a lease of supremacy in bad government. What party or government can defend itself against the Pie Brigade intrenched behind the obligations of party or party leaders, however bad in office? What master can dare to attack the servant he has hired to do his dirty work? How often in the history of our Government have we seen high officials and political par-

ties handicapped and disgraced in the attempt to punish bad men put into position under pie obligations? Who does not remember the famous and laconic order: "Let no guilty man escape" and who does not remember, however, that no guilty man under that order was ever brought to justice?

There is no harm in rewarding disinterested service and honorable character in politics; but the shame and the scandal of the pie hunting business is enough to make the American people blush and tremble. "To the victor belongs the spoils" is a plausible and popular maxim; but it has degenerated from all honorable significance, if it ever had any, into a low, pie hunting motto which has turned politics and legislation into iniquity and fraud. The result of such condition has been to force civil service reform enacted against partisan hate and opposition and almost impossible of execution. "Public office a public trust," the magnificent maxim of Cleveland, is heralded but winked at by an army of political leeches who hold in contempt the slightest principle of honor in the prostitution of every Governmental position acquired under the pie hunting and purchasing scheme; and under the spoils system free institutions are not far away from the barter and sale of treason and usurpation at the hands of despotic ambition.

The Constitution of the United States is next to an inspired document. The Government of these United States is the sacred heritage of God and Christianity, of political and religious liberty. In its delicate construction, in its tender balance and checkmate of powers, in its conservation of so many vast and conflicting interests, no government was

ever so dependent upon the wisdom, virtue and honest livelihood of the masses and upon the political integrity of its official servants. One of our greatest dangers lies in the scramble for office, in the doctrine of spoils and in the merchandise of Governmental positions, all of which has resulted in the decay of patriotism and in the degeneration of statesmanship. The pie business is one of the most monstrous curses of our country. Too many rings, monopolies, boodlers and place hunters are tampering with our politics and legislation and handling our money; and our political parties are in the grasp of these organized and unorganized cormorants of greed and corruption. I speak as a citizen, a patriot, a Christian. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Finally, let me say that pie is of the Devil. The pie business began in the Garden of Eden when the Devil gave taffy to Eve and tempted her to eat of the forbidden fruit which she gave to Adam, and Adam to the human race, as the paltry price of her treason to God. This was pie—apple pie—a good thing in its place, but in its figurative application to bad politics and bad religion, is full of woe. God and Christ never gave taffy to mortal or angel; and they never offered pie as the base reward of place and honor. God saves by grace and crowns with glory the honest sweat and the sacrificial tear which win his rewards. To gain the crown we must bear the cross; to sit upon the throne we must tread the narrow way. Mr. Ingalls holds that the golden rule has no application to politics, and hence no place in government, but in such a government as ours,

under such a constitution, surely moral honesty is the only palladium of our free institutions. Church and state, religion and politics in this country have no organic relation. They are constitutionally separate and apart; but morally there is or ought to be a mutual interdependence by which they, inorganically, support and protect each other. God forbid that God and religion, in the sense of moral relationship, should be cast out of American politics and legislated out of office.

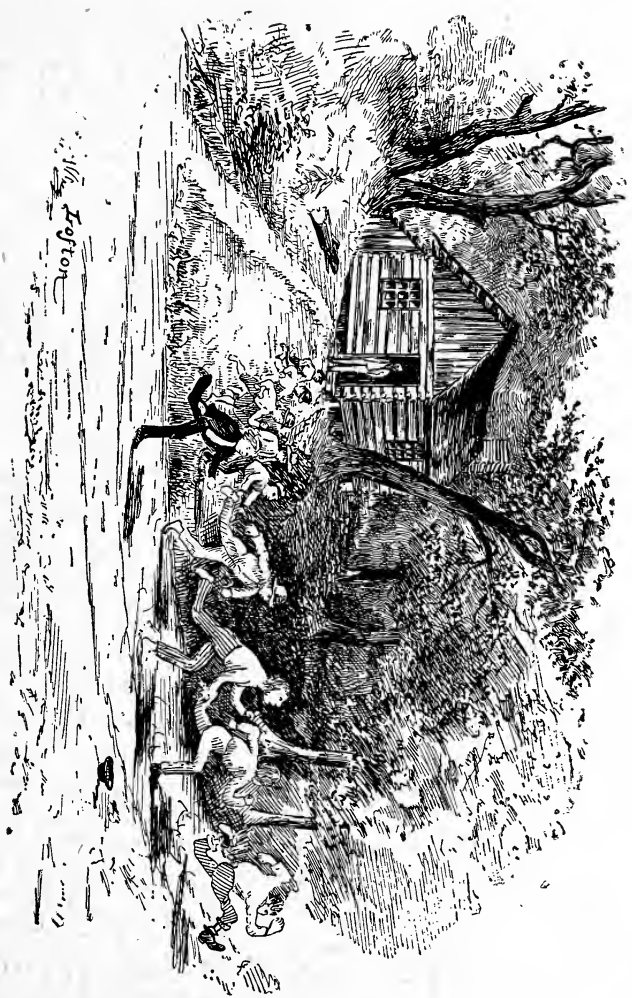
The Devil, so to speak, offered big pie to Christ on the mountain top—he offered him a world that did not, however, belong to him—but the pie was refused. Let Christian men and women especially take notice and keep out of the pie business in this world.



The Old Field School.

THE "Old Field School" was a pioneer institution. The teacher then was like the preacher—he didn't know much, but what sense he had was good sense; and with all his limited qualifications, he did a vast amount of good, according to opportunity and the material he had to work with. Country places were then rude and uncultivated, the people were poor, or if well-to-do, didn't care much for education; and it was a long time in the early settlements of this country before the academy got a higher foothold. In those days the country people relied largely upon their judgment, memory and mother wit; and their surroundings and conditions did not demand the education and culture of the present day. The "Old Field School" teacher was in keeping and touch with his time and place; and he was held in considerable esteem and veneration, especially by the boys and girls who came under the sway of his rod and scepter. I well remember being often and very much *struck* by him as well as with him.

It is remarkable, too, that from the Old Field School sprang up in the world many mighty spirits. Its limited education often gave inspiration to native talent and struggling genius; and hundreds of our greatest men never had anything but an Old Field School education. The halls of Congress, the pulpit, the highest positions of trust and honor have been



SCHOOL, BUTTER.

ably filled by such men as the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," "Old Hickory," Andrew Johnson, Patrick Henry and others who never went to an academy, or never saw inside of a college. Thousands of business men, lawyers, doctors, preachers, jurists, politicians and statesmen never had any other literary start in the world than the Old Field School curriculum?

We are disposed to laugh, sometimes, at the crude institutions and the rude characters which were at the beginning and the bottom of our civilization; but after all it was from them that we inherited all the national brawn and brain and virtue we have. Alas! it is too true to-day that "broad culture" and "big money" unsanctified tend to run our civilization to seed, or "into the sand." The world has never been corrupter or weaker than at the climax of its grandest civilizations; and if our civilization proves an exception to the rule it will be due only to the maintenance of a pure and primitive Christianity. Broad culture and big money, however, corrupt even our simple religion; and if from the acme of national glory every other civilization began to decay, who can say that even Christianity loosened by refinement and fattened by luxury shall be able to subsist in purity and power, or save us from the stall-fed and the purple-robed dropsy which has bloated and stagnated every other civilization in the history of the world?

Every nation has been wiser and more virtuous, if not so progressive, in the primitive stages of its development. Integrity and religion shone brighter in the earlier struggles of social and national life.

Broad culture generally becomes too liberal, big-money always too licentious. The old field school, the old-time church, the old-fashioned social circle, would not fit the gorgeous day in which we now live; but it would be a good thing if our goodness and greatness had more of the spirit and virtue of primitive times and institutions.

But I am off the track. Let me now enter into some of the details and workings of the Old Field School.

1. Its *Faculty*. It consisted in one man who was president, chancellor, dean, secretary, treasurer, and professor—fully equal to the situation. He may be described as about six feet and two inches high, broad-shouldered, heavy-handed and of about two hundred pounds avoirdupois. His head was bald and ran high into the bump of firmness and self-esteem, cheek bones prominent, face long and “wapper-jawed,” eyes grey and set deep with overhanging brows. This was the faculty without any assistants. Squire Simpson did not need any help. He had no classes, except the spelling class, and there were no grades in the school. Every scholar was his own class and his own grade and recited his own lesson, from the A B C to the class in arithmetic.

2. The Building and its Equipments. It was a log house with but one door and no windows, except one long crack cut between two logs. Below this crack was fastened a long desk where all wrote when writing time came. The seats were made of slabs fixed on pegs, without any backs whatever, and you had to sit up straight on them. The only other piece of furniture in the house was the teacher’s chair

with a split or rawhide bottom. The fireplace was nearly as broad as the end of the house, and the boys took it time about in making fires and bringing water, the girls sweeping the floor. Such a thing as a janitor was unheard of.

3. The curriculum of the school was Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic—the three R's and nothing more. Grammar and geography came in at a later day and were the stepping-stone to higher education in the early country districts. The people saw no use for grammar or geography, and Webster's Spelling Book, McGuffy's Reader, Smiley's Arithmetic and a quire of foolscap paper constituted all the equipments needed in the course of study for the most advanced scholarship.

4. The government of the school was an absolute despotism subject to modification, only by the tender mercies of the despot. The will of Squire Simpson was sole law, and the six-foot hickory switches by his side were the penalty for every infraction. Nobody in the neighborhood objected, though he sometimes cut to the blood, and when a boy got a licking at school and went home complaining he got another—that is to say, that was the case with me. If anybody violated the law he got a thrashing; and a thrashing in those days did the boys good and afterwards made men of them.

5. The mode of study was singular. Each one got and recited his own lesson without reference to class or gradation, and without much instruction, if any, by the teacher, who only heard the lesson, but seldom taught it. You had to follow the book and work it out by the synthetic rule, "DO IT," and as

singular as it may appear, that old rule made many a man and scholar without the aid of so many analytical helps as we have in this day. The teacher himself understood how to "do it," but he made you follow his rule without chewing your intellectual food for you to swallow. Chewing is a great help to digestion, and if you were a *chewing* scholar you could go out and study under a tree where you had to work out your "sum" if it took all summer. When you got through arithmetic you could work anything in it whether you understood it all or not, and often the Old Field School arithmetician, who seldom ever forgot his learning, could put a college graduate to shame in "figures." When the hour for writing came we all wrote, and when the hour for spelling came we all spelled—spelled aloud for half an hour all over the place until we recited. Once a month the boys declaimed speeches memorized from the "Columbian Orator," and the girls wrote compositions on "birds," "flowers," "spring," and other familiar themes. Of course they wrote and spoke without reference to any grammatical construction or rhetorical emphasis. "My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills." "I am for war gods," was just as good as to say: "My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills," etc. "I am for war! gods!" etc.

6. The session consisted of the entire year, except perhaps a month or a couple of weeks at the close, with no vacation between times; and every day the school opened and closed about an hour by sun, with about an hour for dinner and play and with no recess before or after noon. When it came time to take in school, the teacher blew a horn or cried: "Books!"

Such a thing as a school bell would have been an innovation; but when "Books!" was called out everything was dropped and we went to the schoolhouse, perhaps in disorder but always in a hurry.

7. Peculiarities. There was one thing no stranger or passer-by could do without a ducking and that was to halloo "school butter!" Often "at play time" I have seen the fellow on horseback that had the temerity to pass this banter, but he had to gallop as for life. If he was on foot the boys would run him a mile or catch him, and even when the school was "in" it was considered legitimate for the boys to run out and run down the foolhardy wretch that dared to give the "school butter" insult. I never knew what it meant unless it implied bad or rancid butter, such as was found in a schoolboy's bucket, and hence was applied to the schoolboy as a sorry epithet; but whether the subject is susceptible of the definition of Mr. Longstreet in Georgia Scenes, or not, it became, when applied, the challenge for a race and a ducking too if the offender was caught, even though they had to take him a mile to a creek.

The boys sometimes played all sorts of tricks upon the teacher, as well as upon each other, such for instance as the pin trick; but if ever the Squire sat down on a pin when school took in, he got up not only in a hurry, but with a seasoned hickory in hand, and in all likelihood every boy in the house caught fire, unless some one should tell who the scape-grace was that placed the pin in the bottom of his chair. If two boys had a fight both got whipped, no matter who was right or wrong, and this rule generally kept the tale bearer silent, no matter how badly he

had been handled or treated. The boys and girls were often allowed to play together at recess or play time, but in those primitive days you never heard of a scandal in a school. There were never any religious exercises in the Old Field School, such as reading the Bible and prayer; but morality and principle and manhood were held high and severely maintained under the heavy hand of Squire Simpson, who was an old-time Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian, and who was the soul of simple honor and honesty.

On the last day of the school it was the custom of the big scholars to "turn the teacher out." It was understood that he would resist—try to knock the door down when they barred him out—but when resistance proved vain, he surrendered and the scholars demanded a "treat." For the sake of formality and fun, he refused, whereupon the boys gathered him and made for the spring with the view of ducking him, and when he had scuffled long enough, or when it was likely they were about to effect their purpose, he yielded to the demand. A basket of ginger cakes was sent for which he had left with a boy in the woods, and amid a general jollification they ate the cakes and took the balance of the day for a holiday. If any of the students had old grudges they could fight it out now; but usually all was forgotten and each went home happy and ready to go to work next day on the farm, where the entire vacation was spent at labor until school began again.

Good old primitive days, you fled with our childhood! Your simplicity and purity and joy still cling to us in life; and sweetened by recollections that will never die, we shall carry your lessons and bene-

dictions upon our hearts to the grave and to heaven. You didn't have many and great things of value to treasure, but what you did give us was good and precious as the pure unalloyed gold of childhood education and bliss.



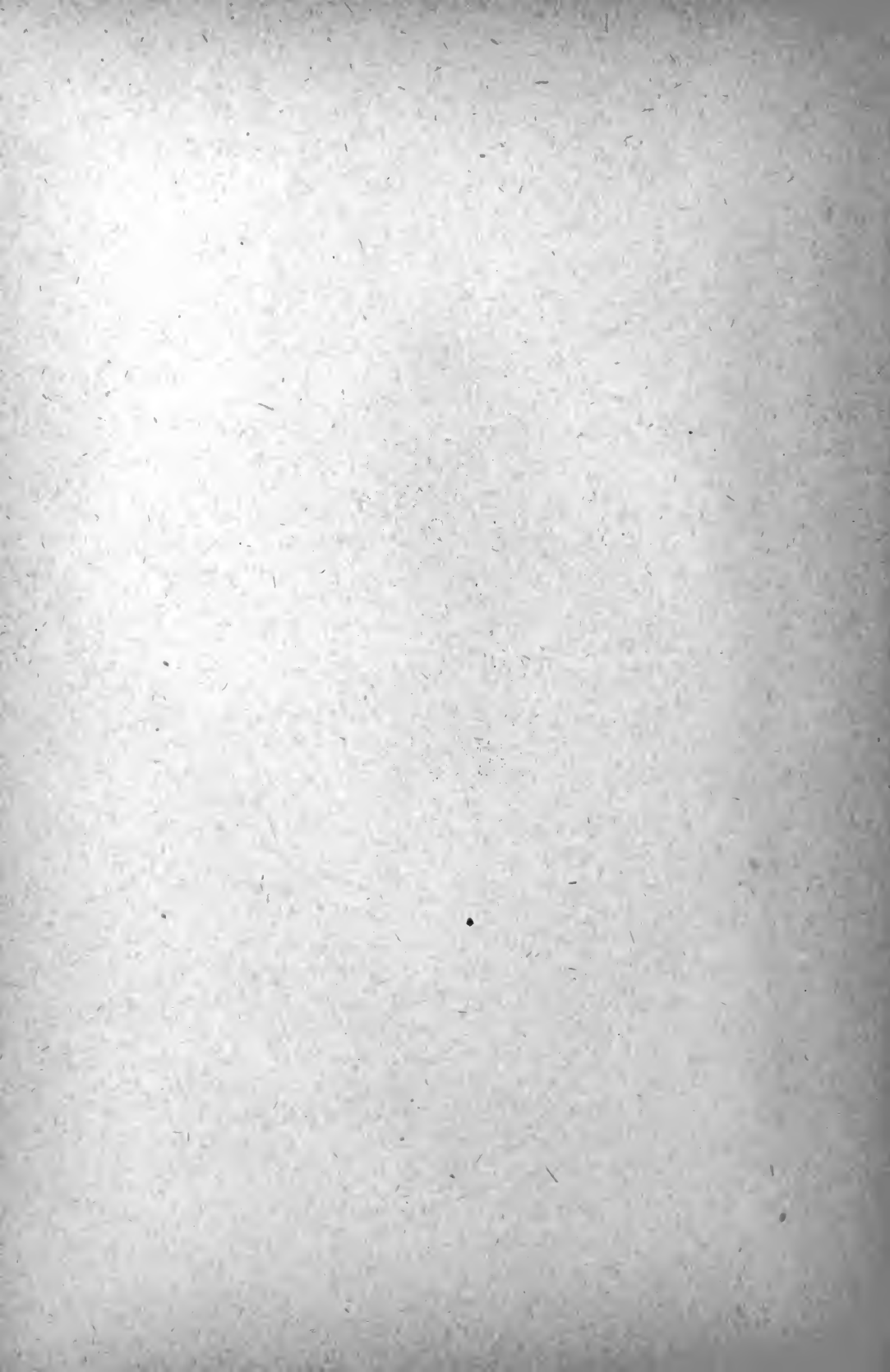
Cut off the Nose to Spite the Face.

THIS subject might be more classically stated thus: The amputation of the nasal protuberance in order to injure the physiognomy; but it is all the same in plain English. Some people do not like commonplace subjects or phraseology; and yet the wisdom of the sage is often found in quaint old proverbs and maxims sometimes couched in the commonest language, if not in slang itself. The fact is that much of our strongest English begins with the common people; and not unfrequently slang pushes its way into the fashionable circle of Webster & Co., in spite of all the war made upon its struggle for independence and recognition. But to our subject.

There are a great many different kind of fools in the world. Some are fools for one thing and some for another—some for money, but mostly for the want of sense. There are learned fools and ignorant fools; but the biggest fool I know of is the fool who cuts off his nose to spite his face. Nevertheless there are but few of the human race who have not put the knife to the nose. Wisdom itself seems not at all times to be a safeguard against this stupendous folly; and even goodness occasionally denasalizes the beauty of its physiognomy. Old and young, great and small, wise and ignorant, without regard to color, condition, or sex, are guilty of this deliberate crime; and no sort of experience seems to



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guard the human race against this or any other form of suicide. There are several conditions of the mind under which this sin is perpetrated:

1. A state of desperation. A large number of people in the world are given to melancholy, hypochondria, despair. Such people are always more or less in the blues; and they blue everything about them. It does'nt take more than an ounce of blueing to blue a whole hogshead of water; and one genuine case of moral or mental dyspepsia in a neighborhood will make everybody in it hang out the cold wave flag. Nothing and nobody appears good or gracious to people who are born tired, sad or sorrowful; and life, or destiny, with such people is shrouded in the grewsome gloom of a somber hopelessness. The green grass and the bright day are blue. There is a jar of jangling discord in the melodies of musical nature. There is a blot upon the fairest prospect and a doubt of the finest possibility; and there is nothing, for any length of time, which can awaken or cheer ambition or purpose, in the man who is always looking upon the dark side of everything and the bad side of everybody. His lucid intervals are but the spasms of helpless relapses; and no man is so miserable to himself, or so disappointing to his fellows. His usual vocation is to cut off his nose to spite his face; for even when he would do good his evil is present with him.

The grandest spirits have occasional fits of the nasal amputation performance. Napoleon was once on his way to the Seine to drown himself; and but for a friend he would have cheated history of its most dazzling chapter. Edgar A. Poe extinguished

the brightest lamp of poetic genius which ever burned in America. Saul, Brutus, Cato, Alexander and all who faltered before the peril of fate or despaired of ambition, cut off the nose to spite the face of a nobler manhood. Except for crime God alone has the right to take life; and he who takes or mars his own, is but the murderer of self who blots out the star of hope and puts out the torch of immortality.

Among the most fertile sources of this malady are business failure, disappointed ambition, wounded pride, incorrigible grief, unbearable affliction, a sense of shame, and unrequited love. A man loses his money and takes to whiskey, and his wife goes to the opium bottle. I knew a man who blew out his brains because he had the toothache; and I have known scores of lovers, who, when jilted by some accomplished flirt, would write a farewell note to break her heart, when she had none, and then take a lover's leap into hell by suicide. Young man, always remember: "There's as good fish in the sea as were ever caught out"—if you only know how to fish. I have known mothers to pine with grief over a lost child and curse God; and when we run against God in malice we surely cut off the nose to spite the face, and forever. Let me say that greatness and goodness combined never commit suicide. Their motto is: *Nil Desperandum*. They never cut off the nose to spite the face in despair.

2. The disposition to sulk. In a state of desperation a man fails to appreciate himself; in the sulks he always overestimates himself. In the sulking state a man is usually the victim of offended sensibility, or of pertinacious obstinacy, and he with-

draws from the field of duty and takes a back seat with the view of spiting somebody else—but with the only result as a rule of cutting off his own nose to spite his own face. Egotism and self-importance are the rock of offense upon which he stumbles and breaks his nose. Sooner or later he loses the respect and confidence of his neighbors; and although in any given case he may worry and hurt them he is sure in the end to be the only one who is injured. What a fool a sulker is, and yet there are thousands of just such fools in every grade of life who are sulking away their otherwise useful and fruitful existence. Some sulk with God, and the truth is, God has to be very particular and polite to get along with a good many church members, to say nothing of the pastor and the rest of the brethren.

How many illustrations of this folly I have seen! A boy sulks with his father and refuses to eat supper—cuts off his nose to spite his face. A little girl wanted to die in order to spite her mother, and her only regret was that she could not be present to see how badly her mother would feel over it. A young clerk quits the store in a huff, expecting a committee to be sent after him inviting him back, only to learn that twenty boys were after his place and that he was not the kind of a fellow that the employer wanted. Conductor Johnson quit the railroad and sulked two weeks, believing the road could not get along without him; but after two years he got a position on another road. Old Deacon Sulkins sat about under the trees on Sunday morning, when the brethren were assembled for church, for several years; and the seed ticks nearly ate him up before

anybody paid any attention to him. Alas! for the poor fools who pout! The busy world has no time to pay attention to them; and it does not matter how big and important they once seemed, they grow beautifully less every day they sit back or pull out from the great work of life. Like dead men they are soon forgotten; and it were better for the sulker that he had hanged himself when a potato vine would have held his weight.

3. Those who take *r venge* or are quick at resentment. God has reserved the right of revenge himself. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord;" and again said Jesus: "Put up thy sword: they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." No man ever took vengeance in his own hand that did not find it a boomerang to hit and hurt him back. Everytime he cuts off his nose he spites his own face in the end. Better turn the other cheek when the one is smitten—return good for evil and blessing for cursing—and thus for the good of your enemy heap coals of fire upon his head. The law of love and forgiveness, of forbearance and mercy, has never yet proven a failure; and in every instance I have ever known it has conquered enmity and malice at last. In the course of my life I have tried both; but I have never yet seen love and kindness fail to conquer. On the contrary, I have never known revenge to bind up a wound, heal a feud or cure the malady of anger and resentment in a neighborhood. As love begets love, so revenge begets revenge; and there is no instance I have ever known where revenge was taken, that the avenger did not cut off his nose to spite his face. The man who takes revenge wrongs his own soul.

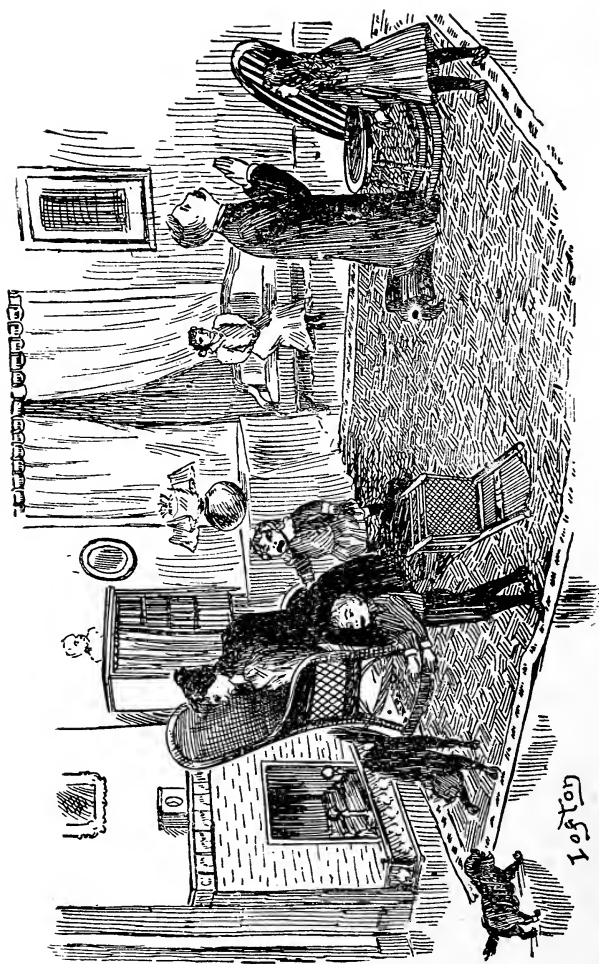
The Government has a right to vindicate justice—a nation in self-defense or in the maintenance of principles may have a right to war, but never in the sense of revenge. It is but mercy to man to hold up principles and sustain the dignity of law. God commands us to obey the powers that be—render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and in the absence of law and order in our country to-day, we see the reign of vengeance at the hands of the mob, or the men who take the law into their own hands. To keep down the spirit of personal revenge is to vindicate and inculcate Christianity; and when religion is at a low spiritual ebb justice is dethroned and the lyncher's rope and the shotgun become the remedy among men for the protection of their rights. Every community has to suffer the penalty of every unpunished crime; and every community is responsible for putting vengeance into the hands of its individual citizens.

Some of the greatest and best men I have ever known have yielded to Christ's doctrine of non-resistance to evil. I have known two Baptist ministers who submitted to the horse whip because of their fidelity to the gospel; and in both cases their persecutors came to grief at the hands of their own unpardonable crime. Sam Jones is the only preacher I ever knew who could whip his assailant and maintain his reputation and usefulness; but we must remember that he was most fiercely attacked and under circumstances so aggravating and perilous that but few men would have had time to think, forbear, or have done otherwise. Again, we must remember, too, that there is but one Sam Jones in the

world, and it is impossible to imitate him, either in preaching or fighting, with any degree of success. The old Hardshell brother in Alabama did better than Sam under the circumstances. He permitted his assailant to smite him on one cheek and then he turned the other; and he said: "The Scripture having been fulfilled, I tuck Bill Sanders right betwixt the eyes with a sockdolager."

At all events, the Christian cannot afford to take revenge. His weapons of warfare are not of the world, the flesh, nor of the Devil. He is here to suffer if need be for Christ; and he is commanded to be and do and speak as his Master did—otherwise he cannot even ask forgiveness without forgiving; and let me say that no man, much more the Christian, ever took revenge that did not cut off his nose to spite his face.





PASTOR'S TRIALS.

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A Pastor's Trials.

THIS sketch is accompanied by a picture which is sometimes true to life and which, in general, may symbolize many of a pastor's difficulties in relation to his work. You see him here upon his knees in prayer at one of the homes embraced in his circle of visitation. The mother of the family is trying to join her pastor in supplication at the family altar, but her children know little or nothing of such occasions. Two of the boys are in a tussle upon the floor; one of the girls sits upright upon the sofa; another girl comes around and stares in the face of the pastor, while the youngest, thinking that her mother is in distress, stands and bawls at the top of her voice. All the time the pastor, though praying aloud, can scarcely distinguish his own utterances and hardly knows what he is praying about. You may think this is an overdrawn picture, but every city pastor can point you to some if not many such cases. Many a time we read and pray in a family when it seems impossible to accomplish any good under the circumstances; and often when such occasions have passed we heartily wish we had not attempted anything like devotion with the family visited.

The misfortune here lies in the fact that very few Christian families have any home training in religion, or in anything else that is good. Not one family in twenty, among modern church members, knows any-

thing of a family altar; and hence during such occasional exercises at the hands of the pastor when he reads and prays in the family, the children often manifest the greatest ignorance and ill-breeding. The day of family prayer, of reading the Bible, or of religious conversation in the family is passed in this country. People go to church, prayer meeting and Sunday school—they read perhaps their religious newspapers and study the Sunday school helps—but when the Sunday business is over this is the most of religion with the most of church members—ninetenths of them. Say what you will, family religion under any formal observance is a dead issue in America at the close of the nineteenth century, so far as the mass of the church members is concerned; and it is no wonder a pastor's trials so often take form and shape in this direction.

Even in the house of God many church members do not bow their heads in prayer. Scores of them sit bolt upright and gaze about over the auditorium while the minister supplicates God. Surely no heathen would so act in the house of his god; but it is not to be wondered at that our children are worse than the heathen, when they see older people, perhaps their mothers and fathers, without anything of devotional reverence in the attitude of public prayer. The fact is that much of this gross and uncourteous sin arises from the lazy habit of sitting in the pew to pray. People who are too lazy to stand up, or too proud to kneel in prayer are not apt to pray sitting upon a pew or lying in a bed. The fact is that the only outward form of prayer which corresponds with the spirit of humility and devotion is the bended

knee which betokens a bowed and broken heart; and, whether in private or public, we supplicate God in earnest, or praise him with adoration, we get upon our knees to do it. I grant the hypocrite may kneel, and so may the hypocrite give and do and preach the gospel; but this is no argument against the only true and symbolic attitude of prayer, or any other appropriate way of doing good. Surely if we were bowed oftener and more reverently there would not be so many irreverent grown people, nor so many ill-behaved children, to continually disgrace and mock the "sweet hour of prayer" at the house of God or in the home of Christian families.

But this is only one form of the pastor's trials. He meets them on every hand in a thousand shapes. Sometimes he has to stand and knock at the door for an incredible space of time, and then be informed that the sister is not in—that is, to see him. Again, after a season of knocking in midwinter, he is admitted and ushered into a cold parlor where he sits bareheaded for half an hour for the sister to dress; and after a brief cold spell of conversation and prayer he retires with a new case of "grippe," or pneumonia, which lays him up for a week or month. Often the same experience is endured at funerals, where everything must be done with a bare head, whether in the cold, damp, deadly room where the funeral is preached, or at the cemetery where the thermometer is down about zero. Much of a pastor's work on these lines is murder in the first degree; and yet if he did not do it under the circumstances and according to regulation custom he would not hold the affections of his people, upon whose selfish

altars he sacrifices sometimes his life. Often he has to preach a funeral, too, when all the babies of the family and the neighborhood are brought in to cry; and, worse than all, at times, members of the bereaved family shriek and agonize throughout the service as if God were dead and the grave was the end of human existence. Alas! for the faith and piety of many people who call themselves Christians! I generally notice, however, that the husband, and sometimes the wife, who takes on most at a funeral, who wants to jump into the grave and be buried with the body of the departed companion, will get married in about six months. I have seen a great deal of awful hypocrisy and mockery in the apparent grief manifested at funerals, especially upon the part of husbands and wives; and it is one of the shocking trials of a pastor's confidence and of his life.

Again, along this line a pastor is often reproached because he is not omniscient, omnipresent, if not omnipotent. He must know when any one of his members falls sick, or else he is abused and talked about; and not infrequently some other minister from another church or denomination is thrown up to him who has been sent for, or who slyly comes in to take the advantage of him. So, too, when you have been a long time getting around to see a good family: "Come in, we are glad to know that you have not entirely forsaken us. Bro. Johnson, our former pastor, always came to see us once a month; and Dr. Thomas, the Methodist minister, comes in quite often." It takes the patience of Job and the meekness of Moses to stand this and smile away your chagrin; and it is

with like forbearance you must meet an offended family on the street whose children won't speak to you. The old folks, you know, will appear coolly clever to you, and perhaps deceive you as to their feelings sometimes, but the children are always honest in their manner towards you, and let the old folks' cat out of the wallet every time.

A pastor's troubles arise occasionally from bad financial management, either upon his part or upon that of the church; but it makes no difference as to the cause, the effect is the same if he gets into embarrassment by debt, and he had better get out of his pastorate or get out of debt, one or the other. Again, circumstances conspire which make a pastor feel, sometimes, that he had better speak to a good brother about his wife, or to a good sister about her husband; but no matter, if the subject involves a scandal and the parties have any influence or money, the pastor had better offer his resignation, unless he is stronger than money or social power in the church of which he is overseer. In many such cases a pastor will soon learn that it is not best, whatever his province may be as teacher and leader of the flock, always to take the sheep by the horns; and that when a bad case of discipline must be adjudicated he had better get behind a tree, that is the church, and get the sheep by the tail. In all church troubles the pastor must make the church responsible for its discipline; and the less he has to do with such matters, personally and directly, the better for his position and influence. Let him stand in front of his church in doctrine and example; behind it in government and discipline. Even in matters where he would be peacemaker between indi-

viduals or families, he is likely to get into trouble enough; and always in trouble of this kind he must lay his hand gently upon the back of the sheep and not where he will butt or kick.

The pastor sometimes endures trials from what he preaches from the pulpit. He must not only be popular in his manners and intercourse with the people, as wise as Solomon and as sagacious as Paul, but he must be popular in the pulpit. This does not mean, except with some people, that he must compromise the truth of God; but it does mean that he must be brave, faithful, loving, constant, earnest, powerful and overwhelming, if he would popularize himself and a *whole* gospel. Timidity and insipidity, nor self-seeking and time-serving, can ever make a whole gospel or a gospel preacher popular. The most popular man, often, is the man who makes the most enemies and endures the greatest persecution; and so long as you can't kill such a man he will have the largest following and wield the mightiest influence among the masses. He will suffer much, but he will have the greatest joy; and to such a man the cavil and the criticism of the weak-kneed, or the vicious, are but the wind which makes the kite rise against the string which God holds in His almighty hand.

Finally, there are many vexatious causes which trouble a pastor's life and which he must avoid. He must not have any pets in his church; he must not be too familiar with any; and he must always conquer unkindness by long suffering charity—*love*. A pastor's temper must always be in subordination; and he must always be upon his guard with his

tongue when he speaks to or about his fellow-men. As to manner and methods and things indifferent, a thousand things are lawful which are not expedient; and no fool upon earth—nay, no unsanctified wise man—can be a pastor. He has to be as much like his model Master as possible—as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. The pastor who is a fool or a bad man is the most dangerous and deadly exponent of Christianity; and it is no wonder that the New Testament not only says, “Lay hands suddenly upon no man,” but prescribes the most extraordinary and perfect qualifications and characteristics for those who seek the office of a bishop. “Oh, God,” we sometimes exclaim, “who is sufficient for these things?” and then we hear God answer back as he did to Paul: “My grace is sufficient for thee.” Nothing but the grace of absolute consecration can qualify the wisest man who would exemplify, preach and popularize a *whole* gospel.



Feeding Pigs on Diamonds.

CHRIST never made any mistakes. He never was at fault in wisdom or morals. He was unerringly accurate, just and good. He was absolutely perfect. My greatest delight is to study the Bible in the light of its invulnerable and immutable truthfulness; and you can neither add to it nor take from it, multiply it nor divide it, nor reduce it to fractions. It is all truth and whole truth; and we can judge of what we cannot understand in it by what we know of it. In all that it teaches practical and tangible to human reason and experience we find a perfect corroboration of all we believe. There is never any conflict between faith and experience, nor between experience and reason in the religion of Jesus Christ; and we discover that He who is the incarnation of the Godhead is the impersonation of common sense to our judgment upon all the lines of wisdom and duty. What he is practically to our heads He is experimentally to our hearts, and we know the unknown by knowing the known. I often feel like the old saint who replied to the scoffing skeptic: That having found the Bible always true in what he could understand, he was persuaded that it must be true in what he could not know.

My sketch is based upon one of the common sense admonitions of the Master. He specifically charged His disciples not to cast pearls before swine. Not



FEEDING PIGS ON DIAMONDS

only will hogs trample your jewels under their feet, but they will turn and rend you for dispensing that sort of pabulum. The hog likes only that which is palatable to his taste, or suitable to his appetite; and it is useless, therefore, to feed diamonds to pigs. Holy things cannot be appreciated by dogs, and thus we are taught to be "as wise as serpents and harmless as doves" in preaching the gospel or in giving advice to men. To answer a fool according to his folly depends upon conditions or circumstances; and when the conditions or circumstances which would make the answer proper or practicable do not exist, God tells us not to answer a fool according to his folly. In fact, we cannot always tell when we are going to cast pearls before swine, or give holy things to dogs. We are not as wise as Jesus was, and it becomes all the more necessary that we study men and avoid the chances for doing harm as well as watch the opportunities for doing good. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent; and yet it is better to speak sometimes when we mistake the hog than be silent and mistake the sheep. The old proverb is a good rule to go by and yet it must have some exceptions in our ignorance.

There is a great deal of misguided zeal, or misapplied effort upon the part of some Christians. For instance I knew a minister once who happened to be at a party where a dance was instituted. He was playfully invited by a gay young lady to dance with her in a set that was being formed, whereupon he proposed having prayer before the dance began. It shocked the young lady, and disgusted the company, broke up the party and did

more harm than good. The preacher was a bigger fool than the girl. He should either have gotten away in time, or else have declined in pleasantry or gentle rebuke. The circumstances were such as to forbid any appreciation of his proposal for prayer; and the fact is the place and company were such as to forbid, without being called upon, the very idea. That preacher may have been a talented man, but he didn't have any sense; and he evidently knew nothing of human nature, or how to take advantage of circumstances to do greater good by being silent than by "shooting off his mouth" to no purpose.

I remember one day seeing a crank, as every one regarded him, on the street car handing out cards and circulars and emphasizing in strong terms that he was working for the Lord Jesus Christ! Of course, everybody was laughing at him and his manner of doing things; and it was a fair illustration of casting pearls before swine. It did no good, but did harm—not because he was doing wrong *per se*, but because of the time and place and method of procedure. There was nothing improper in distributing his cards and circulars; but to impose his harangue upon a promiscuous audience where he was not expected or invited, and that too upon a public car which carried passengers for pay, was distasteful to men and injurious to the cause of religion. The conditions were such as to render his effort, however good and well-meant, useless; and, worse than all, they were such as to turn himself and the cause he represented to ridicule. Even the good people on the car were shocked and ashamed, and it goes without saying that the wicked scoffed and blasphemed

the religion of Christ. The man seemed to have talent and ability, but he too had none of that sanctified common sense which makes a man as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. Paul never made a mistake of that kind. He was "all things to all men" that he might save some, even if he had to catch them by guile.

There are many instances in which most of us have erred upon this very important line. Nine times out of ten it is breath wasted to argue with an infidel, or a man of prejudice, or to give advice to the vicious or malignant sinner. Who has little enough sense to walk up to a crowd of "toughs" indulging in profanity and vulgarity and reprove their wickedness? The hogs would tusk you, the dogs would bite you, and your diamonds of rebuke would be lost and trampled in the dust. I have tried a number of times to correct boys on the streets for gambling with marbles, "playing for keeps"—but I have seldom done anything more than cast pearls before pigs, and young ones at that. Old Bro. Reuben Day of West Tennessee was on his way to preach one Sunday. He came across a lot of boys playing marbles on the street. He expostulated and told them the sin of it. "Boys," said he, "do you know what day this is?" One of the boys with a quizzical look and a mischievous twinkle of the eye, looked up and said: "Yes, old Reuben Day!" Bro. Day rode on a wiser man. He had been casting diamonds to pigs. Old Uncle Allen Turner, once a Methodist preacher in Georgia, came across a man playing marbles with his children one day, and he solemnly said: "My brother, I will testify against

you in heaven." The man replied: "You'd better let me take your interrogatories; I'm not certain of meeting you there." Pearls before swine and badly hurt at that.

There are a goodly number of people who are always asking foolish questions; and to attempt to answer them is not only to cast pearls before swine, but to make a fool of yourself and to intensify the folly of the puzzle finder. I don't know how many people I have met who wanted to know who Cain's wife was that he knew in the land of Nod; or who Melchizedek was; or how God started; or why sin came into the world; or how divine sovereignty and human freedom could be reconciled in the salvation of a soul. These people did not propose to believe in Christ until all these and more questions could be answered; and if you had answered every question they would not have been satisfied. They were born with an interrogation point upon their brains; and they would have originated other questions to be settled as fast as you could satisfy their incorrigible curiosity. There is no use and no hope in answering these fools according to their folly. It is feeding pigs on diamonds. You may do good for evil, bless for cursing, and seek to reclaim ingratitude, or cover the head of wrong with coals of fire, but you can never do any good by trying to straighten a man in the shape of an interrogation point.

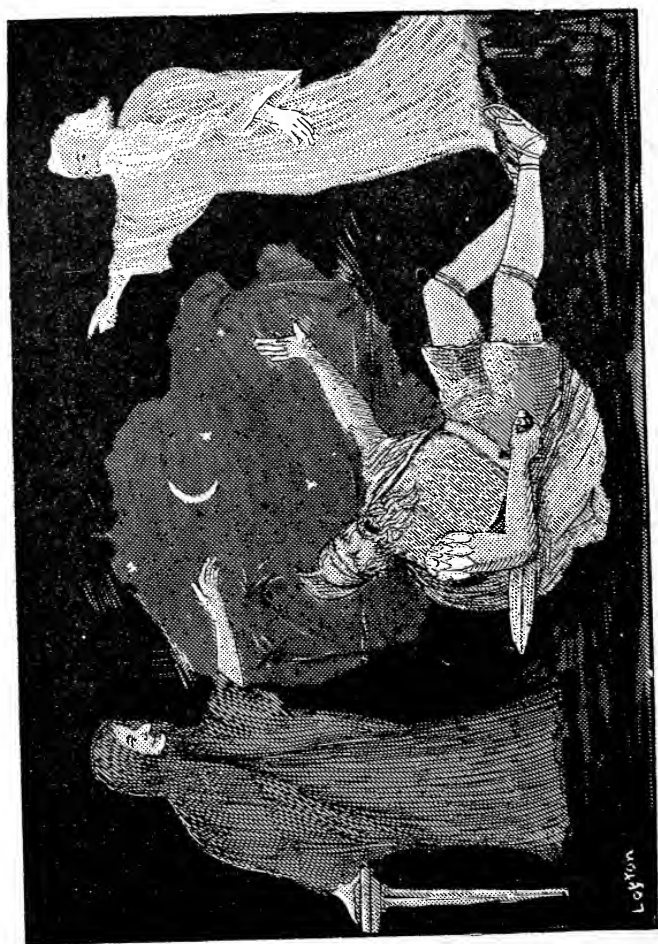
Again, there are those who are reprobate in their wickedness, and to whom the preaching of the gospel would be useless. There is a statute of limitation in the economy of God as well as under the constitution of human governments. There is a sin

which is unpardonable and which may not be prayed for; and it is casting pearls before swine to plead with men and women given over to delusion and to believe a lie that they may be damned. The more you talk to such sinners the worse they become; and it is a fearful thought that to such the gospel becomes a savor of death unto death. I have seen some men and women to whom it was useless to talk, and for whom all prayer and effort proved in vain. Of course it is seldom that we may have reason to believe such a state exists in the life of a human being; but when it is recognized I believe we must heed the admonition of the Master not to cast pearls before swine. I know an old gray headed man who ridicules Christ whenever I speak to him about his soul. He tramples the diamonds of God's truth beneath his feet. He rends my heart with the malignity of his infidelity, though to me he is otherwise kind and considerate. There seems to be no hope; and I have concluded that it is wrong for me longer to cast pearls before him and hear my Savior maligned. Would God that he could have mercy; but there can be no mercy when Jesus is persistently rejected and the Holy Spirit resisted and grieved away.

In fine, it must be remembered at best that the un-renewed sinner has no taste or appetite for religion, just as a pig has none for diamonds. The taste and appetite have to be created, and the preacher of the gospel has to be very careful of prayer and study to know how to get the subject of salvation before the mind of the lost and perverted man, or woman, or child. The gospel feast is rich and dainty, but it is

revolting to the sin-sick soul. It is a bitter pill to the taste but sweet to the stomach; and he who knows how to get it into the mouth and get the sinner to swallow it under the Holy Spirit, will seldom feed pigs in vain upon diamonds. The rarest gift of the preacher is the tact of getting the Bread of Life into the mouth of the lost sinner and in getting him to swallow it.





SAUL AND THE SPECTER.

The Specter of Lost Opportunities.

SAUL was about to fight his last battle. His army was encamped at the foot of Gilboa, and the hosts of Philistia, like grasshoppers, were gathered at Shunem. He was dismayed at the awful contest before him, and he knew not what to do. Samuel, with whom he had broken, and who had hitherto been his friend and counsellor, was dead. God was his enemy and had forsaken him. Saul consulted dream and prophet, Urim and Thummim, in vain. No voice came up out of the dead silence of God about him, no ray of light broke from the awful darkness above him. His persistent disobedience to God, his malignant jealousy towards David, had ruined him. All his hopes and prospects were blighted; and the crown and scepter of his kingdom were lost to his house. The son of Jesse was to sit upon his throne and now in the desperate conclusion of his career he was left to himself and his fate without the guidance or help of God.

In disguise he turned to the Witch of Endor. She knew him not; but at his request she called up, by God's permission and purpose, the ghost of Samuel, even to her own dismay and terror. The old prophet told the ghastly Saul of his doom on the morrow, and chided him for his sins and his rebellion towards God; and when he had concluded his fateful sentence he left the terrified king lying stretched

upon the earth. It turned out as Samuel predicted, and upon Gilboa's gory heights Saul and his sons died upon their own swords. The armies of Israel were defeated and the land was left in subjection to the gods of the Philistines, to be restored by David to whom the crown and scepter of Saul descended. The house of Saul became as a dead dog, and Samuel, at the cave of Endor, was the specter of Saul's lost opportunities and blighted hopes. He might have kept Samuel and Samuel's God upon his side. They would have wrought for him a different destiny, but he broke with them and they with him forever. Like Napoleon at Waterloo, Saul at Gilboa beheld his star fade into viewless and endless night.

The chances of Saul were magnificent when he was chosen King of Israel. Physically and intellectually he was head and shoulders above his people—chosen of God to his position and received with loud acclaim by his country. He was a giant in battle, and as a general and leader of Israel he was sometimes brilliant and successful. He never, however, became practically sovereign of more than the central part of his country. He might have been the monarch of the united Kingdom of Israel instead of the pastoral chief of a few amalgamated tribes, if he had been faithful and obedient to God. On the contrary he was "proud, selfish, reserved, obstinately stiff-necked and profane;" and in place of being God's servant in the rulership of his people, he sought absolute sovereignty in himself. After the slaughter of the Amalekites he was rejected on account of Agag and the spoils spared from destruc-

tion; and from this point, like a coach cut loose from its engine, he moved on and slowed up, without God's favor or help, to the end of his career. His jealousy of David, in the face of God's rejection, embittered his life and ate up his spirit until the giant became a pigmy; and the battle of Gilboa terminated a life of failure which might otherwise have been crowned with imperishable results and glory.

The great opportunity lost in Saul's life was the failure to keep God on his side. If God be for us none can be against us. The sword of the Lord and Gideon was invincible. Saul was put into God's business as God's vicegerent in the leadership of his people, and in such a situation his dependence upon God was imperative and absolute. Had he been Pharaoh, disconnection from God or opposition to Him would come within the pale of being overruled for good as a wicked instrument in the accomplishment of divine purposes; but he was God's "anointed," and as such he must believe and obey. Hence, in his rebellious attitude to God he was rejected and ruined. God blesses and crowns with glory the work of a Cyrus, His "anointed" also; but Solomon must obey or else the glory of God will depart from him and his house. God may allow the wicked, for a purpose, to flourish and fatten, but he chastens, and if need be destroys, His own from the earth when they follow not His counsels or violate His laws. It was thus that Saul lost his great opportunity, and having lost this, all other opportunities for success were but mockeries at his efforts. It was for this that Samuel's ghost at Endor stood before him as the specter of his lost opportunities.

What specters must such lost opportunities present to the lost in hell! The supreme chance of salvation to the soul is the greatest opportunity of a man's life. To lose that is to swallow up every other chance a mortal has for good here or hereafter. Faith in Christ alone stamps the soul, and what it does for Christ's sake, with the only seal of immortality, and to lose the soul is not only to sink the ship of life into the bottom of the ocean, but to bury with it the precious cargo it would carry to eternity. No ghost will be so ghastly as the specter of eternal despair which shall forever cry to the lost soul, "You might have been!" The specters of a guilty conscience, impersonated and mirrored by guilty deeds, will be aggravation enough; but the specter of the lost opportunity, glaring in the light of a thousand invitations and warnings unheeded in the past, will be the most hideous and tormenting of all the creations of a lost soul. It will be the ghost of eternal failure, illuminated by the superscription of a rejected Savior; and it is no wonder that Revelation represents the lost as gnashing their teeth and cursing God and the Lamb. Chagrin and profanity follow disappointment here; and this same characteristic will follow man's greatest failure to the land of specters which are to mock human misery forever.

Next to this is the failure of the Christian to lay up treasures in heaven, to win the crown of good works, to carry golden sheaves, instead of withered leaves, into the garner of glory. We tread upon pearls and diamonds every day, and we are picking up shells and catching butterflies and plucking au-

tumn leaves along the shores of the eternal ocean upon which we are soon to launch. We are laying up treasures upon earth, grasping for pleasure and crowning life with the fading wreath of human honor. We let slip a thousand opportunities for winning souls, doing good, making sacrifices, which would put a thousand stars into our eternal crown. The world is perishing at our feet, and yet we hoard money, indulge passion and live at "ease in Zion." Millions of sinners in the midst of millions of Christians may well exclaim, "No man cares for my soul!" The fields are white unto the harvest, and yet how few the laborers! God calls to duty, and holds out the crown of reward in vain to the great mass of Christians. What opportunities are being lost! How their specters do even now flit before us! Alas! will they be about our bedside when we come to die? May they not shadow us to the very gate of heaven? What if they should cast a shadow behind us upon the sea of glass when we come to stand before the great white throne!

Think of "wood, hay, stubble," instead of "gold, silver, precious stones," at the judgment—the "loss" of the foolish builder, "saved so as by fire!" But alas! think of the millions, if saved, who have professed the name of Christ and gone to God and eternity empty handed, with a thousand lost opportunities—the spectral regret of a useless life.

"Who, when the pilot warns, would lose the tide
By casting pebbles on the glassy sea?
Who to weave garlands in the flowing lea
Would far from home the waning hours abide?
What racer from his course would turn aside

To pick up apples from Hesperian tree?
What soldier, striving for the mastery,
Waste in Campanian sloth his manhood's pride?"

"CHRISTIAN, be wise! The tide is at its height,
Which may waft thee to the wished-for shore:
Thy home's away, and swift the moments' flight;
The goal, the crown's right on, thine eyes before;
The trumpet calls to gird thee for the fight;
Hark! now it sounds, but soon shall sound no more!"

There are many opportunities for evil as well as good, and the wicked and the Devil are using their opportunities well. From this standpoint the great poet said:

"O opportunity! thy guilt is great."

Treason, temptation, scandal, intemperance, lust, falsehood, dishonesty—every form of sin and death and ruin are the subjects of deadly opportunities which await the destruction of man. It were good that opportunity could here be lost, and such opportunities lost would be angels instead of ghastly and ghostly specters. In view of such opportunities for evil, how important to seize upon every opportunity for doing good. The Devil's opportunities, at the hands of the wicked, can only be met by God's opportunities at the hands of His people. God has given us the ability and the occasions which, joined together, make the thousand opportunities we have for the achievement of our glorious destinies; and what a multitude of specters, every day, grin upon us, as we remember that we have wasted God's opportunities and allowed the Devil's opportunities to end in the successful ruin of our fellows! God help us to use His opportunities, and to escape their specters, lost!

Truly did Carlyle say: "A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages," and truly did Shakespeare say:

"A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

I do not know whether a great writer was true or not when he said: "There is never but one opportunity of a kind;" but I do know that Schiller was right when he wrote: "The May of life only blooms once." The sure way to miss success, in anything, is to miss the opportunity, and one of the worst forms of misery is the reflection that our failures are the offspring of our lost opportunities. The good Lord deliver us from their specters! Help us to strike the iron while it is hot; and, if it be cold, help us to keep on striking it until it gets hot.



Counting Noses.

IN the picture facing this sketch is a preacher counting noses. These noses are the escutcheon upon the flag which floats from the steeple of his church. It is not the bloodstained and glorious banner of the cross, but the mottled banner of noses which he flaunts and waves to a perishing world—not to save souls, but to let mankind know how many members he has and what a multitude belongs to his denomination! This is the flag of his glory; and he not only counts his noses by number, but by classification. “I am pastor of a church of a thousand members,” said a preacher the other day; “and I number among my people much wealth, intelligence and social standing! Ahem!” Selah!

This man in the picture is counting noses—all sorts of noses—noses red and noses blue, crooked and snub noses, short and long noses, big and little noses, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, pretty and ugly noses; and it is his meat and his drink to number the financial and the social noses. The poor and the bad noses only count for numbers to the reporter or Statistical Secretary. The pious and humble noses are good only for the prayer-meeting, the Sunday school, or the sick bed and the funeral; and even then, these noses are not of great importance, unless Greek or Roman—*bon ton*. This pastor is much more interested in counting noses than



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souls, in estimating wealth instead of piety, in regarding fine folks rather than saints, in viewing time before eternity, in depending upon human above divine power. He is walking by sight rather than faith, and building on the sand; and if even upon the true Foundation, he is constructing his house of "wood, hay, stubble," instead of "gold, silver, precious stones," which can alone stand the fiery test of the judgment day.

He does not mind what kind of noses he counts just so they make numbers, sneeze dollars, or flourish in the style of the church. There is old "Red Nose," who gets drunk or sells whiskey—but he gives money, and his family are a social ornament. He is beyond the discipline of the pious; and in fact, if the pious would, they couldn't touch this "gold bug" of the whiskey barrel for the nose counting pastor who holds to the theory of letting the wheat and the tares grow together in the church, instead of the "world," where God says they may grow. "Take him into the church, get his money, and pray for him afterwards," is the motto of the nose counting religion of our days; and just so with old brother "Blue Nose," a wealthy hypocrite, or brother "Snub Nose," a moneyed libertine, or brother "Hog Nose," the successful speculator, or brother "Fox Nose," the shrewd politician, or brother "Dog Nose," the flourishing extortionist. A prominent pastor said to me, not long ago: "It will take five years of spiritual purification to discipline my church. We have adulterers, liars, thieves, drunkards, murderers and all sorts of scoundrels in our membership, but we have not the moral purity or backbone to put them

out as the Word of God demands." He is a good man in the right place, but this church has hitherto been the victim of the nose counter, whose motto is: "Give me noses, or give me death."

This seems to have been the sin of David when he "numbered Israel" and provoked the wrath of God upon himself and the Nation. He wanted to take the census, the favorite custom of Augustus, during his reign over the Roman Empire; and David evidently did so in the spirit of pride and ambition, perhaps to find out his military footing. As Joab discovered, he could marshal about 1,300,000 men of war; and he likely wanted to let his neighbors know the fact. Possibly he contemplated further conquest upon his enemies, the extension of his borders and the achievement of greater glory, and all this without consulting that God who alone was the glory and the strength of Israel. David forgot that God did not depend upon the many, and was not straitened on account of the few and who never, whether under favorable or adverse circumstances, failed in the battles of His people when they trusted Him. Even old Joab saw and protested against the folly and the ruin of David's course; but so drowsy were David's spiritual sensibilities, so blind were his eyes by the dazzle of his ambitions, that he persisted in counting the noses of God's people who were to be of a "number which no man could (or should attempt to) number." The pride of numbers got the better of even good David—the man after God's own heart—and well nigh led him to his ruin.

I am often struck with the conviction that this nose counting fad of the day is one of the sins of

Christianity in general. We are much given to the sin of numbering Israel for the sake of counting noses. This is the age of statistics and of statistical science, and for some purposes the census is invaluable. It often seems, however, that the pride of numbers lies at the bottom of our nose enumeration. We do boast much as churches and denominations of our wealth, intelligence, social standing and positional importance! At a late great denominational gathering it was loudly proclaimed: "*We are the people!*" and we have heard the same boast in many places and by many different people. Denominational pride and *eclat* are held up as essential elements of inspiration and growth in comparison with others, and it is a fact that now the different denominations vie with and watch each other with a jealous respect to noses rather than principles. Almost always at our gatherings there is a flourish of trumpets over our comparative statistics which often savors much of political display for political effect. I heard it said, recently, of a certain denominational assemblage that their deliberations were fraught with more discussions about the growth of a rival denomination than with their own development. They were hammering upon the idea of counting more noses than that other denomination, and I fear that there is too much of this sort of religious ambition rife in the world.

It used to be a contest of principles between denominations, but the fight has now shifted upon the arena of methods and manners. We have generally hushed about doctrines and ordinances in the churches, but under the pretense of love and fellowship, the con-

test for supremacy is just as intense and bitter as ever, if not more so. The rivalry is just as jealous and hateful as ever. They try to beat each other now by counting the most noses instead of trying to win the most souls to Christ. In many instances, it is simply a nasal protuberance conflict. Anybody can get into some churches, under any sort of a profession of religion, and as a matter of policy, some churches hold to any shade of doctrine and to any form of ordinance as a bid to popular favor, and in opposition to their rivals. In order to catch the fish they set a fall and a finger trap which takes in going up or down stream. All the younger denominations, from whatever branch they spring, are organized upon a compromise between the world and what they stigmatize as "old orthodoxy," and consequently the old doctrines of grace and the old forms of discipline have well nigh passed away. About all that is required of a man now for church membership is a respectable support of his church, and it requires nothing, generally, to get in except to have his nasal census taken. The great thing now to do to surpass each other is to see who can be the most respectable and fashionable, who can display the finest church, preacher, choir, or organ, who can be the most sociable, cordial, and captivating in the house of God, and the like.

Nevertheless, look out for the fellow, especially the preacher who pats you on the back and gushes over with brotherly love. He will get the last sheep in your flock if he can, and sometimes he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, a Jesuit. He is after noses and fleece, and it does not make much difference how he

gets them, so it is done after the best methods and manners. He will advise your girls when they marry his boys to go with their husbands to his church, and when your boys marry his girls he will insist that the husband should always go with his wife to her church. He has no scruples in advising a man to join his church for the social and financial benefit which would thereby give him the loaves and the fishes in following Christ; and in order to turn a member away from you he does not hesitate to stab you with any of your denominational peculiarities which he seeks by all means to make unpopular. As he is, so he makes his people—like people, like priest. The great point is to get everything, take the earth, count noses, numbers, wealth, influence, conversions or no conversions; and after this the work of making church partizans becomes the adjunct and auxiliary of his nose counting factory.

How do we forget that God and one are a big majority! that this old world has always been morally dominated by a small minority! that the battles of God and religion have been won only by the righteous, of whom "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight!" This curse of hankering after numbers, wealth, respectability, *eclat*, at the expense of the gospel, of principle and piety—this thing of cultivating pride, ambition and all sorts of vices in the churches in order to maintain strength and popularity among men, and in order to wield denominational power—is the undermining curse of Protestantism at the close of the 19th century; and it will ultimately destroy Protestantism, if not checked in time. *Vox populi* is not *vox Dei* in re-

ligion. Christianity cannot do in Rome as Rome does; and every compromise with the world for the purposes which I have specified is the old sin of Israel confederating with surrounding nations, and it is the sin by which God's ancient people were finally destroyed. Noses count nothing with God, whether by number or classification, where regeneration is wanting and sanctification follows not. Power comes from God, whether in the many or the few; and God has never been dependent upon the human forces of wealth, or position, or brains for the strength or permanency of his Kingdom.

On the contrary he has chosen the weak, the base, the things of naught, the rather to achieve his purposes among men. Very few and feeble, often, have been the resources by which God has performed wonders, wrought revolutions, and brought the Kingdom and power of the Devil to naught. God has wrought more through little nations and obscure men than by all the empires and princes the world ever produced. Let us, therefore, stop counting noses for time and go to counting souls for eternity. A nose is a good and indispensable appendage, but is worthless when red with whiskey, or when rotten with the catarrh of social vices, and which never sniffs the breeze of purity and piety. God help us to turn back to apostolic times, apostolic doctrines, apostolic fellowship, apostolic methods and apostolic churches; and let us thank God for one thing in the end: in heaven alone there'll be no counting of noses. It will be useless to attempt it. John, in his vision upon Patmos, could count the Jews sealed from all the tribes; but when he turned to the white-

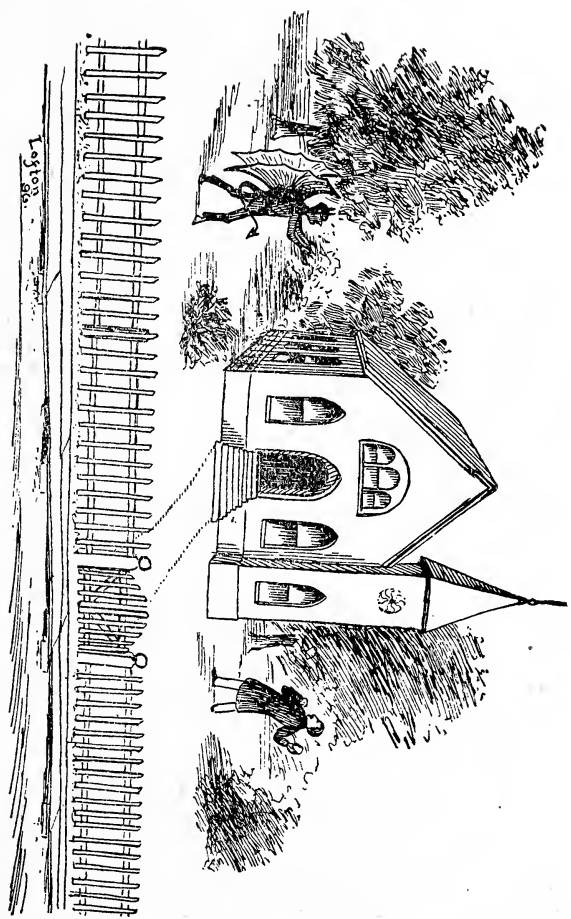
robed throng of the Gentiles redeemed, he exclaimed:
"I saw a number which no man could number!"
The statistician, the nose counter, will be out of a
job in heaven.



Ant'ny Over.

THIS illustration presents a preacher throwing stones at his church; but, instead of hitting the house, he throws over the building and the Devil catches him out on the other side. This is something like the game we used to play at school, and which many of us will remember. One boy on one side of the house would cry, "Ant'ny Over," and throw the ball over to be caught by somebody on the other side; and the catcher would run around and hit whomsoever he might meet or overtake before the parties could exchange sides. So the game went on, *ad infinitum*, until the boys got tired of the sport. Of course the parable does not fit in every detail of the lesson before us, but in one respect it fits the preacher, who, instead of hitting his congregation with the truth, throws so high as to go over and to be caught out by the laughing Devil, who keeps up the sport, *ad infinitum*, on the other side.

The great point to be observed in this illustration is the harmless and ineffective work of some of our ministry in hitting at, and never hitting the vital spot of good or evil in their congregations. They shoot over the heads of their people, and shoot in such a compromising way as never to hit or hurt when needed; and, so to speak, the Devil catches them out by catching away the useless sermon flung at the folks. Satan, like a flock of birds, catches



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up the seed sown never so faithfully by the way side, at best; but he most jocosely plays "Ant'ny Over" with a great many of us preachers when unlike David at the head of Goliath, we feebly or indirectly sling gospel stones. The old adversary does not run around the house and hit the preacher, like the boys in the game, when he catches him out, but he just drops the stones or puts them in his pocket; and his greatest and most effective aim is to keep the preacher in the sport by keeping up and encouraging the useless game of aimless or cowardly ministry. The Devil does not care how much or how hard we throw stones, just so we do not hit anything or anybody. He does not care how much we purpose, promise or undertake, just so we don't do it; and he is always on hand to encourage us in shirking responsibility, and in the timid and ineffectual efforts of Christian activity. Hence there is a vast exercise of unrealized faith and of unutilized energy and effort in the name and under the semblance of Christian activity, which is nothing more than playing "Ant'ny Over" with a sporting Devil.

There is a great deal of the "I go, sir, and went not," in our religion. Translated or paraphrased into plain language, it is the same as the "*I do, sir, and I do not.*" Many of us are hearers and not doers of God's Word; but the worst of it all is that we pretend or attempt to do and never accomplish anything. A half-hearted effort is not only a painful and lifeless pretense at duty, but it is a fruitless work even in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ; and not only so, but we often attempt, even zealously, to talk and work for God without plan or discretion, to no

purpose. It takes the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove to accomplish the end of our ministry for Christ, and withal it involves bold, brave, whole-hearted effort to secure results. Otherwise the Devil catches out all the stones we throw. Not only so, but it requires character combined with earnest zeal and wise discretion to throw stones straight through God's house and hit the Devil between the eyes on the other side. Satan doesn't care how many inconsistent Christians, however wise or earnest, throw stones. He doesn't even have to catch them out. Their arms are paralyzed, and all their words and efforts fall short of the mark. It is like pitching straws at the wind for a dancing and theater-going woman to teach a Sunday school class, or for a drinking deacon to talk in a prayer meeting, and it is the same as pouring water upon a duck's back, or planting peas upon a sidewalk, to preach to a congregation at the hands of a prayerless and characterless preacher.

It is said that at Iconium the Apostles "*so spake*" that a great multitude of both Jews and Gentiles believed. "SO SPAKE!" That's it. There is everything, we might say, in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit to make the preacher effective, and yet there is much in the manner and method and fire and aim and hitting qualities of the preacher. How straight at the hearts of men does D. L. Moody or Spurgeon shoot! So direct and clear and hard do such men sling stones that they hit where they are aimed; and the only work the Devil has to do is to get between the sinner and the Word. He has no fun in catching out on the other side. The truth is,

he gets hit so terribly himself that sometimes, methinks, he has to dodge and get out of the way of such men as Paul and Barnabas; and the only recourse he has left is to get somebody to stone them out of the city, the first thing he always attempts to do with a man who effectively preaches a whole and unmutilated gospel. The Devil isn't afraid of a whole brigade of preachers in any city unable to preach all the truth of Jesus Christ, and there is no man he is so completely cheek by jowl with as a preacher who for the sake of his denomination or his popularity or his bread and butter, is willing to trim the gospel of God's Son.

A man was holding a yearling once for a cross-eyed man to knock in the head. "Do you hit where you look?" asked the man who held the yearling. "Yes," replied the cross-eyed man. In a moment the man who held the yearling let go. There is a great deal in looking straight at what you hit and in hitting where you look—but not cross-eyed. Too many of us are cross-eyed and seem to look in one direction and hit in another. Let us look and hit straight both.

How often we see these facts illustrated in the contests of our day with great moral issues! What splendid resolutions are passed at Associations, Conventions, Conferences and other gatherings of Christians upon the Whisky Question, the Louisiana Lottery, the Sunday Opening at the World's Fair, Divorce and other moral problems of the day! Generally an Ant'ny Over business! It is not hard to get these resolutions passed in our general gatherings when we are from home and when there is nobody in the crowd

to hit; but even there, where the performance is harmless, there are those who timidly shrink from public expression and who fear the consequences when the minutes are published or the papers are read at home. More unfortunately still the enthusiastic promoters of resolutions at the Conventions never, or seldom dare to say a word when they get back home. If they do, it is often to sling stones on the subject over the house to let the Devil catch them out on the other side. More than all, the Associational enthusiast will sometimes shoot both ways—one way over the church, and another way at the ballot box. He has a cannon with two muzzles, and which with the same fire shoots in different directions; and the only ball which the Devil catches is the one from the elevated muzzle of the gun which fires over the church and drops on the other side. The saloon shot goes where the Devil wants it to hit—the other way!

Much of our preaching and work for Christ is a kind of kid glove or boxing glove performance. The Devil never minds the man with kid gloves on, and even the boxing glove exercise never badly hits or hurts anything or anybody. It sometimes makes a fellow's nose bleed or blackens his eye a little, or jars his stomach, but it never breaks any ribs or knocks the life out of him. The man who wears kid gloves in the pulpit or in the work of Jesus throws stones just hard enough to be caught out; and in fact it is a pretty swiftly flung ball that hell's baseball player can't catch out. He is a shrewd player, an adept catcher, has a very hard hand and is used to the business; and nothing but a rifle ball with all the Powder of the Holy Spirit behind it, and

shot straight at the mark, will make him dodge or keep out of the way. A stone thrown too nicely and politely to hurt or to hit, is sure to be caught out. Whenever we cannot call things by the right name, or when we preach so generally and lovingly and compromisingly as to leave everybody to feel that we mean everybody else, or mean nothing at all, we may be sure that we are in the boxing glove or kid glove business. When the libertine or drunkard, the extortioner, the pleasure seeker, or the idler in God's Kingdom can feel that the pews in our church are soft and comfortable, be sure that you are not shooting with a Spencer rifle, loaded to the muzzle and forever repeating.

Of course I know that Christianity is a religion of love and gentleness and kindness to all men, especially to the unconverted world around us. I am aware that "vinegar never catches flies;" but I am also aware that no man can live on molasses, molasses theology, molasses morality, nor molasses sentimentality. I do not believe in dosing the world on sugar pills; and if ever we must sugarcoat the pill to get a man to swallow, let us be certain that the alterative of the gospel is in the pill. It is better generally to give the medicine as it is; and though bitter sometimes to the taste it will be sweet at last to the soul. The Hebrews in Egypt ate the Passover lamb with bitter herbs. When they got into the wilderness they longed for the "flesh pots of Egypt"—for the "leeks and the onions"—and Aaron gave them a golden calf pill in order to sugarcoat God; and however sweet to the taste of Israel, it was the bitterest pill ever put into the stomach of God's people.

Christ is as sweet as honey to the Christian; but He is to be received and eaten as the bread of life with the bitter sauce of repentance and affliction for His blessed name's sake. The gospel is not all sugar. It is mingled with salt, and is the gall of bitterness and the fire of damnation to unrighteousness. There is a hell to be preached as well as a heaven; and the horror of sin as well as the beauty of holiness is to be held up before churches and men. He who slings the stones of the gospel must hit for good to the house of God and to the world that perishes around us. He must hit to hurt when necessary and always hit to heal. He that spares the rod spoils the child; and he that spares the church and the world in which he lives of all or anything the gospel would teach is playing "Ant'ny Over with the Devil and gets caught out every time.

"Oh, but preach Christ," they say; "and let the Sun of Righteousness shine, with the watering of the Holy Spirit, and gospel vegetation will grow." Yes, but what does this proposition often mean with those who suggest it? It means to count noses, gather worldly strength, court the popularity and fashion of the day, make a flourish of great work and enterprise, and at the same time, let the church rot and the world die right under your ministry. Vice and crime are on the increase—open, blatant and legalized—around us and in our churches; and the poor and the vile masses do not come to our doors. We have annually to invite vigorous evangelists to come among us who will fling stones and hit right and left; and then when they are gone we return, often to the kidglove business of playing "Ant'ny Over"

with the Devil, without discipline and without any normal or spiritual growth in our churches or denominations.

Let us all up and out of it, and quit this picnic with his Satanic Majesty. Moral essays, song services, sensational topics for effect and to draw crowds, mean generally to throw stones over the house and never to hit for good the congregation which listens to us. Let us preach the gospel with power, hold up the old doctrines of grace, maintain our tenets, sustain our Christian character, purge the churches by discipline, corrective and punitive, preach to dying sinners, as in the presence of the judgment, and let us go before God with a "conscience void of offense," and without the blood of any man upon our skirts. God forbid, especially, that any of us should go to the judgment the mock of the Devil with whom we had been playing "Ant'ny Over" all our lives.



Our Shadows.

HERE are two men, one walking towards the sun with his shadow behind him; the other walking from the sun with his shadow before him. This illustrates very much the difference between men as to the happiness and the miseries of life, or as to the bright and glowing aspects of life, or as to the character and conduct of life. One man is always looking towards the sun—bright-faced, hopeful, cheerful, and ever bounding upward and onward to something wiser and better in the world, never doubtful, fearful, or discouraged; the other is always looking from the sun, with the light upon his back and walking in his own shadow, with forebodings and despondency, looking upon the dark side of everything and the bad side of everybody—discontented, sour, surly, flaw-picking and fault-finding with all that shines or smiles. This accounts for the large number of pessimists and the small number of optimists in the world.

In the dark there are no shadows. There we are all alike and all of the same color. It takes the sunshine to make a shadow; and there is in this world, nothing so translucent, except glass, that in the light of the sun or the moon, or the stars, will not make a shadow. We are all, the best of us, opaque bodies; and behind us or before us, as the case may be, we all cast a shadow upon the shadowy earth



OUR SHADOWS.



upon which we tread. The higher the sun the shorter the shadows, and the lower the sun the longer the shadows, whether we follow them or whether they follow us. In the buoyancy of youth these shadows are longest and behind us, as with hopeful hearts and brightest prospects we look towards the rising day of life and bound forward to the glorious work in front of us; and so are these shadows the longest to old age at the close of life and when the sun is sinking behind the western hills, and so they may be still behind us if our faces have still kept to the sun from the dawning to the gloaming of our human career. At the zenith of the sun, even under the equator, we make our shadows; but if we have risen in our hearts and hopes and efforts with the ideal luminary our eyes have followed, our shadows are shortest, and they are beneath our feet. The zenith of our sun is the point of our greatest successes and triumphs; and the progressive struggles which precede, or the declining struggles which follow, according to the course of age and energy, are the shadows which the brave, pure and cheerful soul may always keep in its rear.

The blackest shadow which ever trails our pathway, or casts its wierd and hideous specter before us, is SIN. Murder and adultery, lying and theft, covetous idolatry and idle pleasure, slander and seduction, extortion and injustice, the wrecking of fortune and the breaking of peace among men, the violation of every law, and under a hundred forms sin, like coming events, casts a thousand shadows before men and women, with their backs on God and their faces toward hell, where all shadows blend in dark-

ness forever. I often think of the dreadful character of Richard III., so luridly depicted by Shakespeare, who beheld in horrid slumbers the ghosts of his bloody victims; and who with guilty fright exclaimed:

"Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than the substance of ten thousand soldiers."

Nor less does the poet depict the horrors of that less determined but equally guilty monster, Macbeth; who, too, in direful dreams awake beheld the gory specters of his murdered innocents. and who cried out with a despairing agony:

"Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!"

Truly did the great poet make that "bottle spider" of iniquity say of himself:

"My conscience hath a thousand tongues,
And every tongue brings a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

I knew a brilliant and promising young man who, at last, went to the bad. He said one day that he sometimes went off into the woods to meditate upon his life, and the constant shadow that stood like an inseparable specter before him was the fact that he was an "infernal scoundrel." Only a few years ago he took his own life in remorse for his vices and crimes; and he followed that specter of a ruined existence into the eternal land of shadows.

There are other and different shadows which many of us follow through life, and with our backs to the Sun of Righteousness. Every man who puts Christ behind him, who follows himself, or the world or the

Devil, or who gives up the struggle of life in despair and yields to the temptations, afflictions or misfortunes of life, casts his shadow before him and follows after to ruin. Alas! for the victim of doubt or fear! There is no hope for the fearful and the unbelieving. The sun never yet shone in the face of doubt, never yet gilded the countenance of fear. Doubt creates every shadow which flings its wizard length before the deathless soul. Fear extinguishes every torch which God kindles before the eye that would look heavenward. Unbelief and cowardice never scored a victory, or won an honor, or produced a result.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

Well did the vacillating Macbeth say of his inextricable environment by crime:

"But now, I'm cabin'd cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears."

And he might have said "forever."

There is a doubt of self, in the fear of God, essential to triumph over every foe of life or opposition to success; but a doubt of God, or a fear to trust the right paralyzes every just conception of truth, every effort at duty, and is next to a guilty conscience, which "doth make cowards of us all." Next to the black shadows of crime are the specters of lost opportunities, of failure and discouragement, of sorrow and misfortune, of over-anxious care and melancholy, which many people, with the light of God behind them and the shadow of despair before them, go down to the cavernous darkness of a lost life. All this is next to the shadowy pursuit of the man

brooding and dying, at last, over a series of "guilty woes."

Unfortunately still, there are shadowy temperaments, gloomy and hysterical dispositions—prejudiced, jaundiced, soured, jealous, malicious spirits—who never see anything good in life or in the world. They see only the dark side and the bad side. They hunt only for spots on the sun, pluck only weeds among the flowers, find only the speckled apples in the basket. Such people always go with their heads down, their backs to the sun, and keep their shadows in front of them. No milk of human kindness mingles in their blood, no love and charity, which always look to the sun, and which will shut their eyes rather than see it in eclipse. They know nothing of that divine compassion which "thinks no evil," and which had rather "believe all things" and "bear all things" than to be severe even in justice. Mercy never spreads her banner over the life, home, or business of that man who gropes in the shadow of his own selfishness and gloom, created by the distrust of his God and his fellow-man. The misanthrope, if not the pessimist, sucks nothing but the acid he generates in his own bosom, and "like the scorpion girt by fire," at last stings himself to death with the virus of his own venom. God pity the man who can see nothing good in the world, and who is ever following the dyspeptic or the noxious shadows of his own generation to the grave and then to the Devil. Hades seems to be the only fit abode for the man who has no other disposition than to make this beautiful world a shadow, in which God has permitted His sun to shine, His flowers to bloom, His birds to sing, His

springs to sparkle, His dews to fall, His fields to grow green and His rainbow to span. Life seldom looks better to the man than he looks to himself.

Let us turn now a moment to the other side of this subject. The Psalmist, with all his defects and afflictions, did not follow his shadows. "Yea," said he, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." His shadows were all flung behind him. He was ever looking towards God, that Good Shepherd, whose rod and whose staff comforted, strengthened him. David had awful shadows, but he kept the sun in his face. Paul forgot the shadows behind him and pressed for the future prize ahead of him. He ran with patience the race set before him, laid aside every weight and the easily besetting sin and kept his eye on Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith. So he kept the faith, fought the good fight, finished his course, shouted his final triumph and went down with the sun before him. The sunshine and the glory of past achievements, even Paul kept behind him, as he kept his eye upon the Sun and the Crown of Righteousness. Not only joy and happiness, but success depends upon keeping your face towards the sun.

The memories and experiences of the past, after all, are but at best the blended lights and shadows which mingle behind us. They can only make a dim lamp which we may swing before our feet, but they will not help us by looking back. Put them into the focalizing headlight in front of the engine and they help our feet forward in dark places; but we cannot afford to look at anything far ahead of us, except the sun. Christ alone is the light of the world.

He said, "FOLLOW ME." The Star of Jacob, the Star of Bethlehem is alone followed by the wise unto salvation, and whosoever follows any other light to the shores of eternity walks with the Sun of Righteousness behind, and follows the shadow of death into the pit of eternal darkness.

Sometimes I think, in the light of God there will be some shadow behind us in heaven. However transparent or luminous, we shall to some degree, be an opaque body in the world to come. Mr. Cook suggests that before the great white throne there will be some shadow cast behind us on the sea of glass. We can never get rid of our irreversible record, although the sin of that record may be forgiven and blotted out. In the presence of God's mercy we can never forget the past; and though translucent as glass ourselves, we shall cast the faint shadow of recollection behind us. We shall ever remember that we were once sinners saved by grace, and we shall ever discover that in the light of God's holiness and goodness the heavens are unclean.

The sublimest motives which actuate the Christian to fidelity and devotion are love and gratitude to God for His mercy; and through endless eternity these motives, created and stimulated by saving grace, will animate us to ever increasing effort to glorify God. The faint shadow of memory ever behind us will be there to remind us of the pit from whence we were digged and the rock from whence we were hewn. The sweetest and holiest thought of eternity will be that Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom we are "*chief*." No sin, or sor-

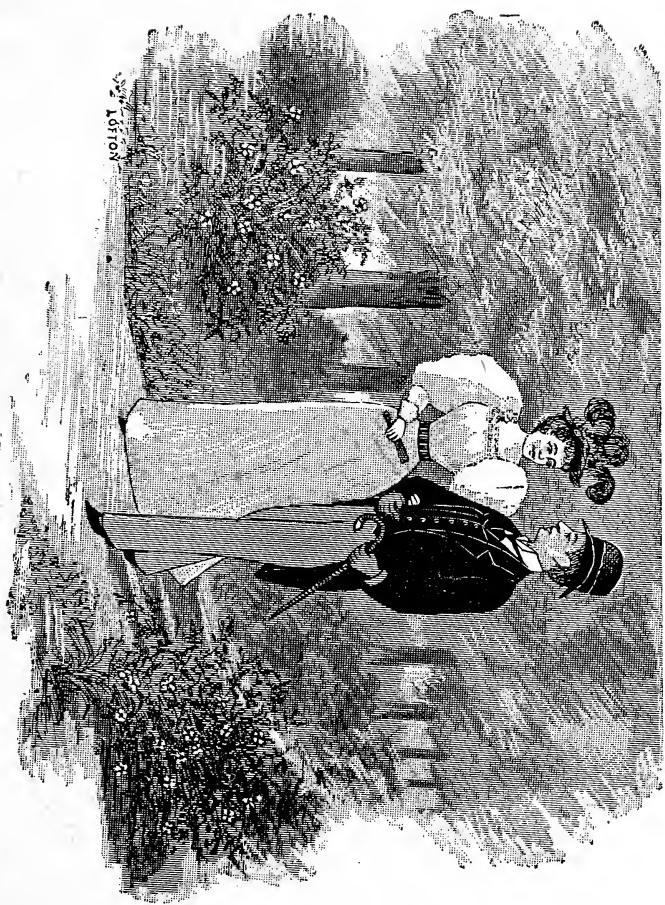
row, or doubt, or fear, or regret will be in heaven; but the memory of former things, the little shadow of recollection on the sea of glass, will but intensify and glorify the light of God and the Lamb, always before us. The great white throne will seem whiter and Christ will look brighter by the ever-mindful shadow behind us, which none shall ever see but ourselves—the shadow of only our own memory. God help us to keep our shadows all behind us, and we shall always be bright, hopeful and happy here and hereafter.



Before and After Marriage.

IN the last twenty years I have married more than five hundred couples. They would make a fine audience to preach to. The reflection often occurs that I have done a great deal of good, or harm, for which I am not responsible. If I had not married these people, somebody else would. It is my duty to marry a couple authorized by the law to enjoy the privilege, unless I know of legal or moral objections to the contrary; and the responsibility for any evil in the premises lies upon the self-slaughtered victims who offer themselves upon the altar of Hymen.

I have had, therefore, much observation upon the subject of marriage both before and after the fact, having married all sorts of people, with all kinds of results. I rode ten miles into the country on a rainy night to marry my first couple; and it cost me the hire of a horse and buggy without any compensation from the bridegroom. I do not remember but two other marriages of the same character of any note—one at Memphis and the other at St. Louis. One night at the latter place I married a couple at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the only pay I received was the generous compliment of the bridegroom, who said that there was no other man than myself whom he would have waked up at that hour of the night to marry him! In the former case I spent a day at a



BEFORE MARRIAGE.



hotel waiting for a wealthy country couple whom I married in the afternoon; and the only pay I got was this: "Much obliged; if I ever have an opportunity I will return the favor," said the bridegroom. "You are—welcome," said I, inadvertently, and in a state of embarrassment I settled my dinner bill at the hotel. Somehow I have never forgotten these couples since the day I married them. I have married a few colored people, but they always remembered the fee. Be it understood, however, that it is not the money we preachers care for; we simply like to feel that we are appreciated. Our wives, perhaps, care less for appreciation, on this score, than they do for the fee.

Sometimes a fellow will ask you how much you "charge;" and I always tell him "nothing—I leave that to the appreciation you have for your intended;" and if there is a cent of copper in his pocket or a scent of manhood in his soul, he will respond according to his ability. That always gets the better of his ignorance or his stinginess—unless it drives him to the "Squire," whose small fee does not so heavily infringe upon his generosity. Occasionally a fellow will persuade a girl to get some other preacher than her own pastor to marry them, either from denominational prejudice or from pecuniary motives. Such a man is never a gentleman, and seldom turns out to be of any account; and such a woman, usually, is of weak and subservient disposition. There is much in this phase of marriage by which to judge of human nature; and if there is anything which a pastor likes above other preliminary indications of character in young married couples, it is that courtesy to him

and fidelity to convictions which inspire his admiration for manhood and womanhood to begin with. A young lady should always have the choice of the minister who marries her; and, if there are no serious objections, she shows great respect to her dignity by selecting her pastor, as well as great respect to his dignity and position, which are otherwise compromised to the extent of her influence and surroundings.

In other respects I have married some very peculiar couples some of whom have turned out curiously, with a big difference betwixt the before and the after fact. I united one couple which had been engaged for twenty-five years. Both had grown gray in the meantime; and after see-sawing for a quarter of a century they met on the street one day, "fixed it up" at last, and came to my study to close their engagement. On one occasion a tall, heavy-set strawberry blonde marched into my study with a twenty-year-old boy who looked like a lamb led dumb to the slaughter, and I married them. I was hurried one night to a house by a man who wanted to marry a lady whose name he could not remember until we reached the place. The poor fellow quit at the end of a month, writing me that his wife drank whiskey and persisted in her habit; and that he felt it his duty to inform me of his situation. Who blames him, except for being the hasty fool he was in the premises?

I have observed that most of the hasty weddings I have helped to consummate have turned out badly, or indifferently; and only in a few instances have I ever seen run-away couples prosper in conjugal life,

except when flying from unreasonable opposition. Sometimes the old folks are fools, or in the wrong, but not often; and it is generally true that parental advice upon this subject is wise and best, especially to blind and infatuated girls. It is a dangerous venture for children to disregard parental counsel, even in the sphere of love, courtship or marriage; and the ancient custom of parental contract for the marriage of their children was no great violation of common sense. It did not turn out so well in Samson's case, but he forced his father and mother to choose for him a Philistine instead of a Hebrew against their protest, and that was where the trouble arose.

Again, I have observed the dread consequence of inter-marriage among kin folks, entailed upon innocent posterity—such as imbecility, idiocy, blindness, monstrosity and other physical and mental distortions. Never marry your cousin; never marry anybody with a drop of your blood in his veins. A man once asked me to marry him to his niece. I staggered as I said to him I did not want to get myself, nor him, into the penitentiary. He didn't live in these parts. Again, let the blonde marry the brunette—the opposites of disposition and temperament. It doesn't do well for two strawberry blondes to get together, and besides, life is too short for two such temperaments to come in conflict. Likes never beget likes, happily, in marriage. Contrast in love is always more agreeable, and runs smoother and lasts longer; and more than this, the cross of stocks is the theory of greatest and best development in the human as in all other animal families of

the same species. Marry, too, while you are young, but not too young; and let married life be nothing but sweetness long drawn out. I have married a few bachelors and old maids. They usually make good friends and companions in the partnership of life, but the essence of love and the true conjugal spirit are often wanting. I have also married many widows and widowers. The craziest lover and sometimes the biggest fool is a six-months-old widower, if old and wanting a second wife and a girl at that, who perhaps is demanding a large dowry or expecting a good fortune as the price of sacrifice on the altar of matrimony; hoping, some sweet day, the old fool would die and Col. Sam Thompson would sit upon the front veranda of her dearly bought inheritance. The Lord forgive me for such official performances on my part.

I have often observed one thing before marriage which I wish here to note. How devoted and attentive a young man is to the girl he expects to marry. He carries the umbrella over her head; he lugs the shawl and the boxes; he picks up the handkerchief or the glove she drops; he tenderly helps her over every stone or depression of earth; he rides her in buggies; buys immense quantities of ice cream, soda water, candy and other delicacies; and he goes with her to church—to her own church—whether he be heathen or Christian of another denomination. How seldom do you see it hold out after the fact! Especially, in most instances, how niggardly and mean he becomes with reference to *her* church and her religious convictions. One of the vilest and most villainous characteristics of a man is to pretend relig-

ion or show denominational respect or preference in favor a young lady and then after marriage treat her religion, or her church, with disrespect. Such a man plays the hypocrite often to get a wife; but the man who pretends to love a woman whose church or religion he afterwards disrespects, is no gentleman, and is worse than a hypocrite.

So much for these brief and general observations upon the accidents which preliminarily or subsequently characterize marriage. I want to say a word about LOVE, that underlying passion or principle, essential to courtship and marriage, and upon which everything depends for human felicity, unity and development. Milton well said: "Hail wedded love *mysterious* law, true source of human offspring."

You may technically define, but you cannot comprehend this "mystery." We may talk abstractly about the qualities or propensities of this love, but all we know of the thing is the concrete fact that it is, and that it gets a hold upon people. It is an affection of the heart, excited by that which delights our nature and commands our adoration, but no man's head can tell anything about it. It develops fond attachment and lasting devotion between the sexes; it is put sometimes as a synonym for friendship; but friendship involves intimate acquaintance, based upon rational esteem of certain qualities of mind and heart and character which go to make up manhood and womanhood in those we claim as friends. Congeniality and homogeneity compound the qualifications essential to excite and cement friendship. Friendship has reason and common sense for its basis, but friendship is too tame a word

for the lover's ear. It would run him crazy for his "angel" to say that she was only his *friend*.

Often the object of love is without character, brains, beauty, or any other rational commendation. A man is loved who is physically deformed; and a woman is adored who is as ugly as sin. Love utterly violates all the laws of taste and unity in the selection of its object of devotion. It seems to be founded in mysterious and undefinable affinity, as it is in consanguinity, and in a multitude of instances its manifestations are about as inexplicable as the phenomena of electricity, attraction, caloric, earthquakes and cyclones. It is above metaphysics, and often beyond the help of physic. It is as subtle as ether, as attractive as loadstone, as explosive as lightning, as sweet and gentle as spring and sunshine and flowers, or as furious as the storm and as terrible as the ocean. It is genius, good or bad, without the guidance of science or philosophy, and it is winged with fancy and imagination, timed with the music of a thousand-stringed harp and inflamed with all the fires of poetry and oratory and rhetoric. It never dreamed of logic. It is above reason and as lofty as God, or it is below reason, as low as hell and often insane. When true and pure it is like the planet to its orbit; when false or evil, it is but the erratic comet, with fiery tail and gaseous intangibility and soon lost to sight. It is of God and only perverted by the Devil—the burning clasp of angel devotion or the lurid grasp of demon degradation. It belongs of right alone to God and Heaven, where it "shall never fail;" but to hell it can never go—and it could never live if it could get there.

AFTER MARRIAGE.



Now as to the point of advice upon the subject of love, or falling in love, or marriage to begin with, it is easy to give counsel, but generally useless. If young people ask your advice, it is oftener to get commendation than counsel. They want you to tell them to do just what they want to do; and if necessary, ridicule is a better weapon than reason to divert perverted affection. But though even

"Satire's my weapon, yet I'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet."

The counsellor is likely to get into trouble with one or both parties advised. Usually, neither will listen to you, and will be sure to tell on you; and about the only thanks you will get will be enmity in the end, if not a broken pate. However, it does not hurt in a lecture like this to indulge in the amusement of giving a little advice which can do no harm if it does no good. I have already given some and will proceed to indulge in a word more.

1. You are going to fall in love in spite of fate; and let me tell you, young lady, that a young man in love is generally a lunatic who will, sooner or later, "pop the question." If he is true, he will never flatter you nor lie to you; and one evidence that he is truly in love is that he can never make an intelligent confession nor ask your hand in any sensible manner, no matter how he writes it out or studies it up beforehand. Of course you will be utterly astonished, if you are in love, and will pretend that you never dreamed of his so serious affection and attachment when he stammers out his story. Beware of the dramatic liar that attempts to fondle with you or falls upon his knees and seemingly pours out

his heart in rhetorical flourishes and poetical periods, and then wants to kiss you! He is a snake in the grass; and he learned his formula at the theatre or memorized it out of some trashy novel. Just keep your lover at your finger's end and at your feet. He will stay there if he loves you and finds that he has anything to love you for. Never let him be certain of victory; for earnest pursuit in love is much better than assured possession. Watch and keep your lover closely until the marriage ceremony is ended; and if he is frightened then, as the woman never is, you may be tolerably certain, as a rule, that he is truly in love and will make you a good husband, if he is otherwise of any account.

2. Marriage in itself is a divine institution, a most important step in life; and God, above all, should be consulted in the premises. All marriage is lottery if God is not in it; and we should ask God for our partners for life before we ask each other. Then love would consult reason and congeniality and natural selection; and marriage would be devoid of those lustful and selfish motives which so often destroy life and happiness. Love is not for sale, and happiness cannot be bought with money; nor is marriage merely a civil contract, nor a cold business partnership under the firm name of Husband, Wife & Co. Neither is marriage a matter of convenience in which a man wants a housekeeper or a cook, nor in which a woman just wants a protector or a keeper—intensified by the desire to escape the reputation of being an old maid. Again, marriage should never be the result of infatuation over a pretty nose, a bewitching eye, or a splendid mustache. Such

marriages based upon "love at sight," often end with the honeymoon which wanes in a fortnight. Not unfrequently marriages are the outcome of mis-made matches by some scheming aunt or over anxious friend or ambitious meddler; but let me insist that while advice is good from wise people, God and your conscience should be the judge in your solemn choice for life. Above all, God forbid those marriages which are founded in mere passion or lust, in which God cannot be considered; and in which a man wants a woman instead of a wife, or in which a woman wants a man instead of a husband. This will do for animals which have no moral guide to conscience or nature; and yet there are thousands of beastly human beings who thus contract for matrimony which, in such cases, is nothing more than a lifelong state of legalized adultery.

Marriage after the fact is the essential outcome of God's divine institution to man. How beautiful, happy and useful is married life founded in love and congeniality; guided of God and common sense and honored and exalted by fidelity and purpose! What a glorious spectacle is that old couple who celebrates a golden wedding, having traveled together the path of life in peace and happiness, sometimes without a cross word to each other—whose children have grown up around them to usefulness and honor and whose examples and influence have illustrated the wisdom and beauty of God's noblest institution for man's earthly good! I know of no instance of a badly grown family where it could be said of father and mother: "They never crossed each other's path in life." It is often said: "There's a good mother, a

noble father, and yet their children have gone to the bad;" but it will always be found that there was some disagreement between the parents in family government, some lack of consistency and wisdom, some fault somewhere. The old adage is divinely true: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" and when the maxim fails, it will be found that there was a defect in the family training, either upon the part of one or both of the family heads.

There are many different kinds of families, depending upon the nature and constitution of the parents.

1. There is a family in which the husband is "Old Bowser," or in which the wife is Mrs. Caudle. Here misery and contention reign, either the husband dominating the wife or the wife ruling the husband, very much to the disgust of children, if not to their ruin. No two parents ever trained up a child in the way he should go when either ruled the other by any sort of domineering force, unless, fortunately, the child should have risen superior to its surroundings. Equal respect and love for father and mother is essential to the proper education of our children.

2. Worse than before, sometimes both parents disagree and seek to have their own way; and the little family is but a domestic hell on earth, with no chance for the children except to rise from disgust to a higher conception of life and happiness than their parents. It is not infrequently the case that a boy or a girl, by contrasting their unfortunate surroundings with better circumstances and culture of other

people, catches the inspiration of a noble existence by the very force of comparison; and but for this fact thousands of our family relations would end in social disaster to our country.

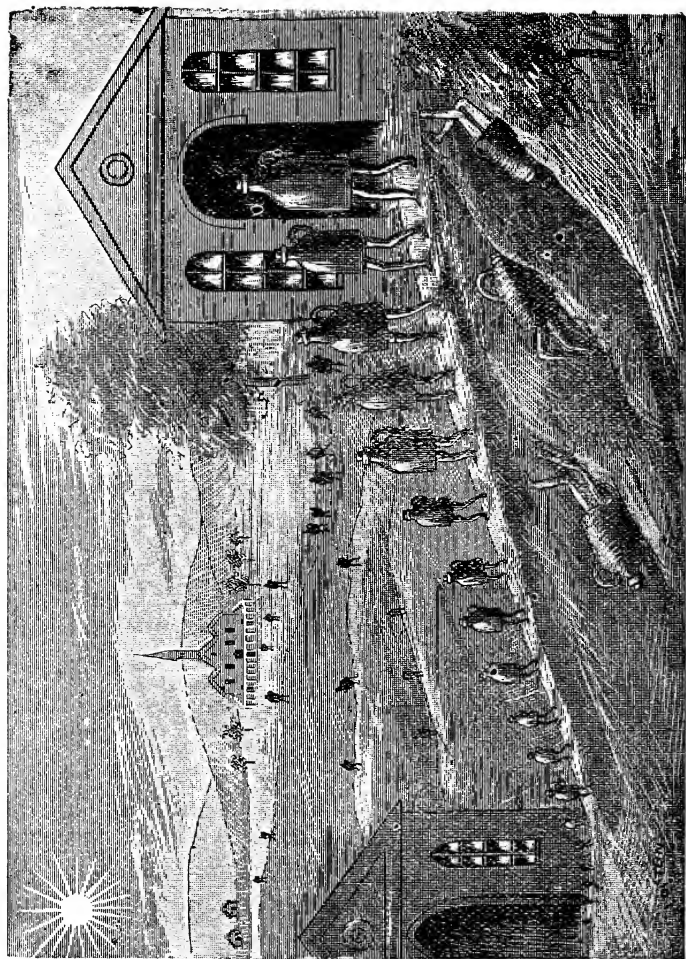
3. There are families, again, in which both husband and wife are indifferent to each other and to their family interests. Both do as they please without protest from either; and the children do likewise, each being a law unto himself. Not much, if any better still; for it is from this condition of family government that so many of our children grow up in disobedience and recklessness all over the country. They run upon the streets where they will; they go to school, or not; they get into business without moral stamina to hold out or be honest; or else they drift directly into licentiousness and ruin.

4. More awful yet is that family where dissipation, or other species of immorality reign. The husband and father is a beastly drunkard or otherwise a profane brute, and the mother and children have gone to poverty and degradation. Occasionally it is the mother that is immoral; and of all the hopeless prospects of a family it is that in which the blood of the mother is corrupted. One bit of advice can here be given which may be taken in every case, without the slightest fear of mistake: "Young woman never marry a man you have to reform. Young man, never marry a woman with a drop of impure ancestral blood in her veins from the woman's side of the house.

5. Now and then there are families in which too great inequality exists between husband and wife. One is educated, the other ignorant; one is naturally

brilliant, the other stupid; one is old, the other young; one is refined and cultivated, the other boorish and unmannerly; one is bright and sunny, the other demure and gloomy. Often the most serious results flow from great inequalities of talent, education, disposition, age, or circumstances; and with the facts of experience and common sense before their eyes, young people should look well at these things before they leap into the chasm of an unhappy married life

Finally, let me say that married life should be set up and conducted according to the word of God. It is not good for man to be alone, and God has given beautiful woman his "helpmeet for him"—his complement and his supplement. All other things being equal, according to reason and the nature of things in the choice of each other, the man should love, protect, support and make his wife happy; and the wife should love, obey, and make her husband happy. Paul draws this analogy between Christ and the church, as husband and wife; and the natural or normal relationship between man and woman, as set up in the Bible, is the only guide we have to matrimonial prosperity and joy. The tendency to usurp the man's position on the part of woman, or the tendency to step down and out on the part of man, is one of the marks of modern innovation in all directions. The "Woman's Right" question is one of the problems and issues of the nineteenth century; but as I shall treat that subject under the head of another sketch, I will here close what I have to say on this subject.



LITTLE BROWN JUGS.

The Little Jugs.

THE Little Brown Jug has always existed, but it was never so popular as now, having never come into such prominence and notoriety as at the present day. I remember always to have seen the jug—always to have heard of it as the synonym of whiskey—but prohibition has given a great impulse to its popularity and manufacture. The jug has existed from primeval times, and from the rudest forms of savage pottery it has ascended to the handsomest fashions of civilization. The barbarians gave it a very big mouth, according to the specimens dug from Aztec and other fossiliferous civilizations; but modern evolution can claim as much for the jug from its ancestral prototype as for man's descent and ascent from the monkey. Anciently the monkey did not drink whiskey, but his fully developed and civilized posterity does. The nearer we find the race of man to the monkey, except when monkeyed with by his more civilized antitype, the less he monkeys with corn juice, which itself is one of the evolutions of modern times. As man has developed, and so of whiskey, so has the jug progressed. It has taken on a handle for convenience, and it has a smaller mouth which can accommodate a conservative, or preservative, stopper. The drying up of so many towns by prohibition brought the little brown jug into universal favor, and the potteries of this great

country in the last twenty years have been taxed to keep up with the foreign and contraband supply of John Barleycorn. The little brown jug has actually become an ornamental charm, worn upon the chains and other jewelry of gentlemen and ladies, such is its popularity.

Strange to say, and the truth is stranger than fiction, the little jug has come to be the symbol of capacity, not simply of the whiskey stomach, but of the intellect and spirituality of a certain class of people. For instance, now when people go to church to hear preaching or other public speaking, they are measured in capacity according to the time they can stay, or the amount of intellectual or religious pabulum they can take in. If a man gets up and leaves prematurely, it is said of him that his little jug is full and he is permitted to go. Hitherto it has ever been considered disrespectful, asinine, savage for any one at church or other public entertainment to get up and leave, unless necessarily compelled to do so. Not so now. In the evolutionary progress of learning and science, it has been settled that whenever a man's intellectual jug is full it is better that he should go. Otherwise some jugs might burst or else run over, to the hurt of themselves or the disgust of the audience. Hence, also, the modern demand for short and juicy sermons, especially something that is light, airy and compatible with the jugs of frail texture or small caliber.

Now in going about a drug store, or a queensware establishment, or a jug factory, you will discover that vials, bottles, jugs and other vessels differ in size according to their capacity. They run from

ounces to pints, quarts, gallons and so on; and when we apply this jug symbol of capacity or character to a man, you will discover how well it fits, often at our churches. Take any given congregation and you must judge that the vast majority of men and women have intellectual and moral jugs of fine capacity, because the mass of the audience stays and listens to the close of the sermon. To be sure, some keep the stopper in, and never get anything in the jug. Sometimes the jug leans over and goes to sleep, and lets what little gets in pour out. It is only the open and emptied and humble jug, that takes out the stopper and sits still, that can ever catch the sermon and get full.

Not infrequently a jug—sometimes two jugs together—come in full of something else; and the eloquence and thought of a Whitfield could not force an entrance into such jugs as these. I have often noticed a couple of little chattering jugs laughing and talking during the discourse; and while you could get neither sense nor sound into their little mouths, yet they were big enough to disturb everybody about them. Crickets could do that. Occasionally it is a courting couple—jug male and jug female—and they would lean up to each other and keep filling each other with molasses while you were trying to pour in the water of life; and it is utterly in vain for the preacher to get anything into such jugs. Now and then I have seen a demijohn sitting in an audience, already so full of the world's "O be joyful" that there was nothing good from God or the gospel which could enter. Again the jug is frequently filled or stopped with pride, avarice, unfor-

givenness, prejudice, curiosity, or other vanity or sin, and it is stopper-proof against anything like evangelistic fullness or filling. No use of a jug at church unless it is empty of all else and unstopped to the gospel.

The particular point I wish to notice, however, is that of the little jugs, large or small, which get full and go out. The smaller the jug, of course, the sooner it is filled and the sooner it retires. Often the little thing doesn't wait to get anything, but just comes in and sits down and gets up and goes out, and an angel from heaven could not tell why. In fact, there is no reason whatever for this sort of a jug performance, and perhaps such a jug is not responsible, since it may be all mouth and without the capacity for holding anything. One song is sufficient to fill some jugs, and not infrequently they fill up and slip out during the first prayer. The second song is as far as most of them can get; and about one-fourth of the sermon will run the balance of the little jugs out. Now and then you see a three-quarter jug wait till near the close of the discourse; but it is rare that any jug, except of full capacity, can remain that long. Up the little jug pops when full, out it goes, and it generally has the physical vigor to slam the door behind it and run down the steps so as to be heard by everybody in the house. One of the funniest and cutest little jugs you ever saw is the one that just comes and peeps in at the door, puts its small mouth to the key hole and gets its breath, (about all it can hold,) and then runs off to another church and does the same thing. This jug is about the size of the little jug charm which you see

men and women sporting about as a piece of watch-chain jewelry.

I notice, generally, that all the jugs of smallest capacity sit upon the rear seats of the church, and when they go out the least jug of them all goes first and is followed in succession according to the ratio of physical progression in size, as each one gets filled. I do not mean, however, that every one who sits upon a back pew is a small jug. Some very large jugs sit in all places in a congregation; but the little ones which get soonest filled and goes out according to size invariably takes a position which, to get out, will impose the least burden upon their feeble energies and diminutive proportions. These little fellows know, too, that they can't stand it long, that they will soon get full, and they want to be in a position to accommodate, as readily as possible, their capacity. They don't mind exposure so much, for they are too microscopic to be conscious of that. I want to return thanks to these little jugs for their decency and foresight in sitting where they can get out with the least disturbance to those who enjoy the service and who are capable of taking it all in.

One of the funniest things in a congregation is to see how the little jugs *smile*. I suppose it is in the nature of a jug to "take a smile;" and many of them begin it when they are little. A thing so small and empty of anything solid cannot help smiling. I never saw an idiot that didn't grin; and it may be said again that the *little* jug is not only the measure of capacity and character, but also of sense and propriety. They all grin and smile and chatter like katydids in August; and there is no amount of logic or eloquence

that can attract their attention or stop their mouths until their little measure is satisfied by staying and their place becomes vacant by getting out. The only difficulty is when two of them get together and they forget to go out. The little jug is a great nuisance and annoyance, staying or going; but going they are the only blessing which they can be to a congregation of worshipers in the house of God. They never come but to annoy; and they never depart but to our joy.

I used to be often vexed in preaching by these little jugs. I don't know how often I have attempted to rebuke them; but it was always a useless loss of temper and waste of time. Once or twice I have made a serious mistake when I have seen them smiling and chattering, or getting up and going out; for twice in my life I found that I had been scolding actual idiots by misfortune; and I felt ashamed that I had rebuked helpless nature. The little jug looks so much like an idiot, however, that it is impossible to distinguish always; but since I have made these two mistakes I have tried to be more charitable to the little jugs. They can't help their size; and they are scarcely responsible for their behavior. Many of them never had any training at home; and often when good training was attempted upon them the jug was too little to receive any great amount of discipline, and too mean to appreciate it. It isn't every boy or girl, young man or woman, who is possessed of genius, wit or common sense; and many of them, religiously speaking, never have enough to fill a jug of any capacity. A great many people, at church, are afflicted with jugs of small *religious* capacity;

and hence, after all, but few take in a good, old-fashioned, gospel sermon.

To be more serious and gentle, we should be more patient and pitiful to the little jugs. When they get funny or full let them alone or let them go. Kindness will do more to increase their capacity and fill them up than all the castigation in the world. Little jugs sometimes grow: and by patient forbearance and culture the young jug sometimes reaches great capacity and is hard to fill. A little *old* jug, to be sure, is beyond the hope of great enlargement, or fullness, but let us be considerate and kind towards the *young* little jugs that they may grow in size, in knowledge and in grace. I have seen several aforetime little jugs grow up to considerable capacity; but it must be admitted that those who misbehave in church, those who come in and get up and go out, or peep about the doors and windows, seldom have any mental capacity. They are "lacking in the upper story," almost always. I have seen very bad boys and girls, men and women, go to church who always behaved and sat still. They had mental capacity, a just sensibility of respect for their situation and they had the will to act accordingly; and for such people, no matter how indifferent or bad, there is always an outcome for good. There is little hope, however, for the empty-headed little jug.

Sweep Before Your Own Door.

SOME people are infinitely more particular about the trash in other people's yards than they are about the filth in front of their own door. They go around with the broom of censure or criticism to sweep out their neighbor's premises, but they seldom think of their own. The filth about our kitchen never smells so badly—the disorder in our domicile never looks so confused as the filth and disorder in other people's homes. Burns prayed for "the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us," but it is equally as good a prayer for the power to see ourselves as we see other people. The golden rule has the truth of this matter in it; and if we would always do as we would be done by, we would always attend to our own business and let other people's alone.

Selfishness is exceedingly blind to the faults of all that belongs to it. How many mothers can see any wrong in their own children, however vile or wicked her little darlings may be? but how awfully bad are the children who live next door! "Dick Jones will be hung," says Mrs. Thompson; "The Davis boys are bound for the penitentiary. Sarah Peck is too fast and will go to the bad if she isn't checked up in time. I never saw such ill-behaved children as Simpson's in my life; and it is no wonder, when you come to think of the bad stock from which they



SWEEP BEFORE YOUR OWN DOOR.

sprang." So it goes on *ad infinitum* with Mrs. Thompson; and such a conversation is the food upon which thousands of families are feeding every day about people and their families, while other people are talking about them in the same strain. Everybody is sweeping before every other body's door, and yet nobody is looking at the trash before his own door. We forget how bad our children are in the eyes of other people; and the microscope which we turn upon the sins of others we generally refuse to turn upon our own.

It is just the same in social life and among all classes of people. "Oh! how horribly ugly is Jane Shore," says Sallie Smart, and yet Sallie may have crossed eyes, high cheek bones, a snub nose, a sour mouth and thick lips. Mrs. Tabitha Snarlington can't see anything neat in Mrs. Sweet's home, nothing handsome in her carriage or horses, not a speck of beauty in her character or demeanor; and yet she herself is everywhere despised for her ugly disposition and her long tongue, which is loose at both ends and pivoted in the middle. What volumes might be written of social criticism and scandal among neighbors, both in low life and high life, peddled around every day in every neighborhood and community on earth! I have sometimes heard of peaceful communities where people did not talk about each other, didn't sweep before each other's door, but I have never seen one of them. I have known a few people, men and women, who let other people's character and business alone; but most of the human race, in social life especially, so far as my observation has gone, sweeps before its neighbor's door instead of its

own. Some women I have observed were so busy, thus employed, that you could scarcely get into their door for the neglected rubbish which had accumulated in their scrupulous attention to other people's premises.

The same thing is rife often in business circles. "Alak Sanders is a scoundrel who deals in short measures and false weights whether he buys or sells;" "Sam Watson is the biggest liar and swindler on Market Street;" "John Grimes never keeps a fresh stock of goods on hand;" "Carey & Sons are wholly unreliable about what they say of their goods;" "The credit of Johnson & Bro. is shaky," and so on to the end of the business directory. In some way, especially in smaller places, business men are sweeping before every other business man's store door and trying to cut his neighbor's throat. Old John Spiderlegs knows all about everybody's business in town; and he is constantly neglecting his own in attending to his neighbor's. Everybody knows and despises him, and yet everybody listens to him since everybody is willing to hear something bad about everybody else. Before his front door there is a cart load of trash and filth, tin cans, paper boxes, shavings, scraps, rags, straw, strings and dirt. The mice and rats are running riot through his empty barrels and boxes while the pigs and chickens come in at his back door. It doesn't pay at all to attend to other people's business—to sweep before other people's doors—but this old business meddler can find time to neglect his own affairs. It is a wonder such people never starve. They often live to a bad old age; and it does seem as if the Devil had some

very effective way, sometimes, of taking care of his own.

Alas! even in the church, the brethren and sisters sweep before each other's doors and neglect their own. "Old Sister Hamilton is entirely too long-faced and sanctimonious!" "Deacon Holder's son Tom and daughter Carrie dress too fine; and the pastor and his family live too high." "Poor old Bro. Wilkins! if he wouldn't cry every time he got up to talk he would have more effect." The sermons are too heavy, the prayers are too long, the church is too cold, the music is too bad, the members are too stiff, something is always the matter with something or somebody; and you will never see the day when some brother or sister is not trying to sweep the trash from before your door until you get to heaven. One would think when he got religion the door sweepers would let him alone; but it is here your trouble begins. It is then the Devil puts the sweepers after you; and the brighter your light may shine in front of your own house the easier the flaw picker and the mote hunter will find the dust. No, brother, sister, you will not be exempt from the broom until you are dead; and even then they will sweep for a while about your grave. The door sweepers in the church, however, are like the sweepers before other men's doors everywhere else: they never sweep before their own doors. They haven't the disposition to, as is the nature of all iniquity; and if they had the inclination, they haven't the time.

Occasionally the preachers take a hand at sweeping before each other's doors. It is very common among all the professions—law, medicine, politics,

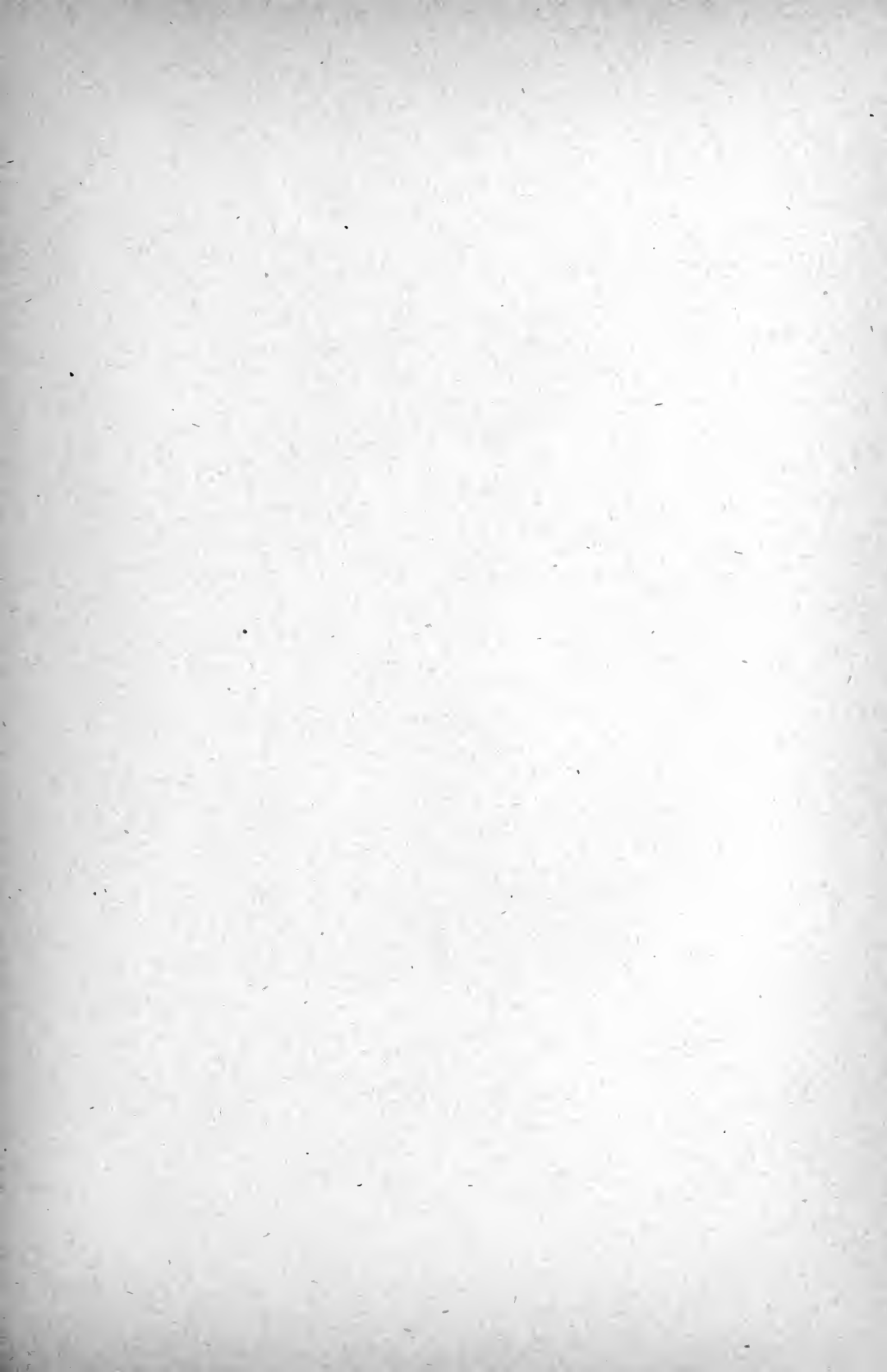
etc.—but it is sometimes, though not often, worse among the ministry than any other class of people. A jealous, gossipy little preacher is about the meanest thing, in this particular, that struts around the world. “Do you know Rev. Dr. Anderson?” “Oh, yes, I know him. What about him?” “Well, he is a man of fine ability—BUT!” Again: “I met Eld. Aikin the other day,” says one, “and was greatly pleased with his spirit and manner.” “Do you know Aikin?” asks Rev. Bro. Stringer. “Yes, I know him,” replies the speaker; “why do you ask?” “NOTHING!” Did you hear Dr. So-and-So’s speech at the Convention? It was a little spread eagle wasn’t it?” “Spread *buzzard*, you’d better say,” is the answer. Again: “Will you tell me something of Rev. John Fillman of ——?” A shrug of the shoulders is the silent and significant reply. The preacher has such a nice, sweet, pious way of cutting a man’s throat. He sweeps before your door with such a soft looking broom. Nevertheless away in the middle of his mop he carries a tack which cuts you to the bone. The sarcasm and the gall of a pious fling is the keenest cut of all; and I know of nothing that can stick deeper and hurt you worse than the envious dagger beneath a white cravat, which seeks to stab the brother who may be in his way.

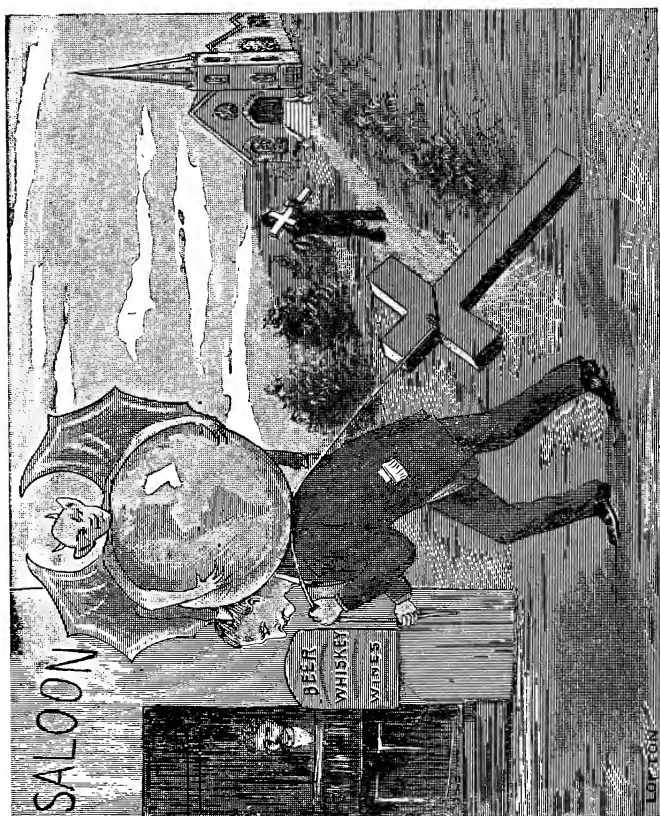
The biggest job a man ever had on hand is to attend to his own business and sweep before his own door; and the man who hasn’t business enough in this line to keep him engaged all the time, occupies the most dangerous relationship to the Devil which can be imagined. The idle brain and the empty

hand will be sure to find some devilment to do, and a part of the occupation will consist in meddling with the trash in front of your neighbor's door, to the neglect of your own. The difficulty in this respect with about three-fourths of the people is that they don't work six days in the week nor worship God on the seventh. No man who wastes half his time in the week and prostitutes his Sundays to idleness or to secular employment or pleasure can be a good man or keep from meddling with his fellow-man's affairs. No wonder there is so much room and range for theaters, dance-halls, saloons, race tracks, lewd houses, jails, penitentiaries, gibbets and lyncher's ropes. Sweeping before other people's doors is the pastime of idle hands and vicious tongues; and there have been more disturbances, conflicts, murders, social and family disasters arising from this vice than from all other causes in the world. The shotgun and the dagger, to say nothing of the walking cane and the horsewhip, have oftener been brought into play for this reason than for any other; and our statute books and courthouse dockets are filled with thousands of litigation and strife from this infernal spring of evil.

Of course I do not mean that in no sense are we to sweep before the doors of the wicked, that is to say, when there is no trash before our own. We have a right to insist upon our neighbors keeping clean premises when we do likewise. The good health and general welfare of every community demand swept yards and hygiene regulations, and every man who orders his house well and sweeps his own yard has a right to complain of those who neglect the public weal in these particulars. What is true physically

is true morally. As preachers and exemplars of the gospel, of law and order, of peace and happiness among men, we have a right, in general, to cry aloud and spare not against the sins of our fellows; but we must be sure that we are clean before we attempt to cleanse others. Besides this, we must sweep thus before the door of others for others' good and for the common benefit of all, without the spirit and manner of intermeddlers and busybodies in other men's matters. As good citizens, as Christian philanthropists, it is our duty and right to vindicate the law and the gospel in the effort to save and elevate our fellow-man; and when we sweep before the door of the world it is not to be done with a broom of wire, filed at the ends and red hot with the vicious and malicious delight of torturing others with the sins of which we ourselves may or may not be guilty. Christianity is a great sweeper, but it sweeps with a clean, soft broom; and if you will let Jesus do the sweeping, your house will be clean indeed. Blessed is he who sweeps with the broom of the gospel; and blessed is he whose heart is swept by it. It is sprinkled with the precious blood of the Redeemer, which alone cleanseth us from all sin; and it is the only broom which cleanses with a cleansing which needeth never to be cleansed again. He that sweepeth let him sweep in love; and let him be sure that he hath swept himself.





THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

The World, the Flesh and the Devil.

IN the illustration before you, behold a church member of a certain, rather of an uncertain character. He drags his cross after him over the stones and in the mud, which is much harder to him than to carry it like a man, upon his shoulder. More than this, upon the back of his flesh he loads the world, with the Devil upon top of that; and, with his insufferable burden, he is making his way to the "BAR," whither he often goes, as to other places of sin and of doubtful propriety. He has a woe-begone look and a heavy countenance, which indicates his conflict with a conscience that is forever seesawing between the right to "run with the hounds and to hold with the hare." This poor fellow is nearly worn out with the double duty of trying to serve two masters.

What a difference between this man and the other in the picture, whom you see yonder in the distance, with his cross upon his shoulder, upright and straight as an arrow, and on the way to his church! How easily and comfortably he bears the yoke of his Master and pursues the more even tenor of the Christian's way! He, too, has his trials and his temptations, but he is on the King's highway and off the Devil's track, with no fear of evil and with grace to bear the ills and burdens of life, let them come when they may. There's a big difference be-

tween these two men even in having a hard time, to say nothing of the good time which the one really has and the other never has. The worldly-minded Christian is never prepared for his afflictions and temptations, just as he is never able to appreciate the blessings of life; and hence he howls and writhes under every chastisement intended for his correction, as a badly spoiled child. The faithful Christian can welcome the heavy hand of his Father as well as His tenderest mercies; and his sufferings inure to the chastening of his soul as well as to his richest rewards. He alone can understand that to suffer for Christ means to reign with Him; and that the fire-proof of the cross is the touchstone of religion. He who never suffered with Christ, and who cannot endure the honor, had better examine himself as to whether or not he be in the faith.

This man with the world on his back and the Devil on top—dragging his cross in the mud and out of the way—is a fair specimen of thousands who have a name to live and are dead—who live in pleasure and are dead while they live. They are laden with the love and cares of riches—choked up with the anxieties and concerns of the flesh—tempted and lured away by the Devil from Christ and His cause—ever fascinated by the lusting of pleasure, passion and appetite. Such a professor of religion finds it an insufferable burden to bear the cross and, at the same time, tote the world and the Devil besides. He may wish to be a better Christian, and sometimes try to be, but all his efforts at duty are vain, and all his aspirations for heaven and happiness evaporate as the dew under the morning sun. You cannot

make religion and worldliness mix, much less religion and devilment, so as to make a happy and a profitable compound; and the most miserable wretch upon earth, with any degree of conscience left, is he who is honestly trying to serve two masters.

The mistake of millions is that false profession of religion which only desires to escape hell and get to heaven. Many professors are like Falstaff at the battle of Shrewsbury, whose only prayer was this: "God keep lead out of me." He pretended to have killed Percy, who was slain by King Henry; and who, when Douglass fought with him, fell down, as if dead, to keep from being killed. He did not have the honor or the love of his country at heart, and hence he had neither ambition nor courage. So it is with thousands of Church members. The love and service of God are not their motive. The cause of Christ is not their object. They endure no toils, shed no tears, make no sacrifices, fight no battles, suffer no persecutions for Jesus; and their very life is spent in shirking duty and avoiding danger. They neither give nor live, go nor do for Christ, except from a sheer sense of duty, or under the scourge of public opinion, if ever; and almost every service rendered is a matter of grudging regret and compulsion. Often they refuse to make any offering, or contribute any service, whatever; and yet they expect to escape hell and get to heaven.

Many professors never get away from the banks of the river Jordan, or the fount where they solemnly put on Christ in baptism—the biggest lie ever perpetrated, if done in a false profession. They are like turtles lying on the banks of the stream—if you

touch them they will take to the water. Christ says: "Follow me," but there they lie; and the only song which they can ever sing is—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

They belong to the church firm of Jesus Christ & Co., but they are silent partners, bearing no burdens and sharing no expense, yet expecting to participate in the eternal profits of the business. Announce a collection for Foreign Missions and they take the "*colic*" on that day; on Home Mission day they have the "*grippe*;" on Sunday school day they have the "*chills*;" and on education day they are "*tired*." Seldom on hand when money is to be given, or work to be done, though they often shout during the revival after fodder-pulling time; and even when present, they can listen to an appeal for the perishing heathen, or the struggling missionary, with a heartless indifference and a cool effrontery which would put a crocodile to blush. The great commission: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is as essentially a dead letter to them as a Sunday or a liquor law upon the statute books of Tennessee.

With such professions of religion, it is no wonder that so many Church members are carrying the world on their back, toting the Devil besides, and dragging their cross in the mud; and it is no wonder that so many seek to stand from under the burdens of true religion. They can't carry both long at a time, however hard at first they may try. Nothing but LOVE, love to God, love to truth, love to man, can keep the Christian out of the world, or cure the flesh or vanquish the Devil; and such love, with its

corresponding zeal and effort, is the only abiding evidence of the Christian religion. Without this evidence, internal and external, religion is really a false profession. You need not expect to keep out of the saloon and the theatre, you need not hope to surpress the love for money and pleasure, you need not dream of crushing your passion and appetite, lust for the world and selfish indifference to God, if the love of Christ and his cause does not dominate your life and activities. There may be some sort of faith, some kind of hope, underlying your profession; but a faith that does not work by love to God and man is dead and fruitless and helpless, and without that hope which never maketh ashamed.

The best Christian, of course, needs education and culture in religion to keep down the world, the flesh and the Devil—these three enemies of the soul, always hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder and cheek by jowl with each other for the Christian's destruction. These three agree in one—the great, dread trinity of evil—and the Christian needs to be fortified against them in the triune development of Father, Son and Holy Spirit in the heart and life of his great profession. Even when we do the best we can, we are full of imperfections and infirmities; but God always supplements the failures and forgives the sins of the faithful. We can keep the world off our back; but it is impossible to keep the dust and dirt of the world off our clothes and our faces. Nevertheless, as in nature so in grace, we can go wash every day in that Fountain filled with blood and be clean. It is impossible to eradicate the diseases and the defects of sin from the flesh; but, as

in nature so in grace, we have a Physician who is always in attendance upon our ills. We cannot escape the temptations of the Devil, nor the afflictions and misfortunes of life, but ever present with us is One who conquered for us Death, Hell and the Grave. Sanctification is simply *progress*, every-day growth in grace and knowledge; but no Christian can develop with the world upon the back of his flesh, the Devil on top and the cross dragging behind him. Such a load upon a Christian's back will be certain to make a runt and a dwarf of him, and certain to crush all usefulness and joy out of his life.

God's child has enough to do, a sufficient burden to bear, with his cross upon his shoulder and his feet in the strait and narrow path. He cannot bear two different and opposite burdens at the same time. It is useless to attempt to carry the water of life upon one shoulder and the Devil's jug on the other. Thousands who thus live out a miserable existence are hoping for the deathbed to repent, and for the clouds to disappear—looking for God's mercy at last upon a wasted life—having insulted divine clemency a thousand times by promises to "do better." Even when rescued from what seemed a bed of death, pleading to be spared for a "better life," they have returned like the sow to her wallowing in the mire, and like the dog to his vomit. They shouldered the world again and again, invited the Devil into the saddle and dragged the cross in the mud as ever before; and so they died at last either in doubt and darkness or cherishing the delusion that all will be well that ends well by the grace of God hoped for in the dying hour.

We are all here to bear the burden of responsibility. A burdenless man is a worthless man. Most men bear a burden of some sort; and if a man doesn't shoulder the cross of religion, he will take the world upon his back, whether in the Church or out of it. Idleness in God's Kingdom sooner or later means activity in the Devil's. But few people are too lazy to serve the Devil actively; and laziness in itself is a negative service of the Devil, if nothing more. "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion." Ease and indifference soon work stagnation and death; and reformation and cure culminate only in the cyclone and blizzard of revolution out of the worst forms of declension and violence. Be sure that the idle or the lazy man in the Church will sooner or later give the Devil a chance to ride. He may be too lazy or stingy to serve God, but he will give the Devil the best he has, and do for the world and the flesh the best he can. It makes the heart sick to see how much men will do and give for themselves, for society, politics, business, pleasure, pride, ambition, appetite and passion, and so little for God and His cause, even in the Churches of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I look, sometimes, over the waste places of our country. Out of millions of Christians behold the pittance given and the little done for Christ! Home, Foreign and State Missions, education and benevolence, even the support of our churches, get but a drop in the bucket by the side of the luxury bill; and our zeal for pleasure, politics and worldly profit, the stupendous energies put forth for worldliness and wickedness, cast into the shade the work of religion, even on the part of the multitude of professed Chris-

tians. What could 20,000,000 Christians in the land do for God and civilization if they would! It looks, sometimes, as if the Churches had shouldered the world and set the Devil on top, when we behold the reign of vice, licentiousness and extravagance in high places, the desecration of the Sabbath, and the domination of the saloon in politics, government and religion, undisciplined in the Church, uncontrolled in society and incapable of punishment at the hands of the law. Mob law and violence reign supreme in the land; and the best evidence of virtue among the people consists in the occasional outburst of that popular indignation which rises to vindicate justice at its own hand, the most unfortunate and demoralizing of all necessary evils. Let us pray God for the unloading of the world from off the back of our Christian country, for the pulling down of the Devil's strongholds, and for the sanctification of our soul, mind and body.





TAFFY.

Taffy.

TAFFY is a kind of molasses candy boiled down and poured out into a shallow pan to cool and harden. By a moral application of the subject, taffy is nothing more than a little sweet flattery poured out, when boiled down to its last analysis, into the shallow pate of those who are fond of this kind of sugar. There is not much in the molasses candy alone for a living. You cannot subsist upon it, however good it is to those who like it, and naturally you soon get tired of it by constant use. Not so morally or psychologically speaking. In this sense the taffy lover never gets tired. As in the use of opium or whiskey, you have to increase the dose in order to keep him alive, and about the time he gets well used to it he dies—dies as he had lived—never satisfied.

To be honest about it, we all love a little taffy—a little molasses candy—sweetness long drawn out. It would be hard to find a human being who did not like a little sugar, and most people take it in larger doses. This is the reason why taffy is manufactured in such large quantities and sold, wholesale and retail, according to the law of supply and demand. Nobody has ever seen the market glutted with taffy. There is never such a thing as over-production, and you do not have to pass any high tariff law to protect it. It is not an infant industry, nor has it any for-

eign competition, nor is it subject to monopoly, combine or corner. Everybody makes it and buys it, sells it or gives it away. Sometimes it is as cheap as dirt and again it is as costly as gold. No sort of regulation in prices governs its manufacture or sale. Frequently, in spite of the supply on hand, it is hard to find; that is to say, when a fellow is hankering after it and everybody knows it. There are some people who never sell it or give it away, but who always take it, and, if need be, will pay for it. It is remarkably true that there are always more people to take it than to give it, and yet there is never any lack of supply to the demand for it.

There are some people whose motto is that of Patrick Henry, a little altered: "Give me taffy or give me death." It looks as if they would die if they didn't get it. They seem to live upon it; and lean and hungry as such a living is, they cannot get along without it. You can never get a favor out of them, you can never stimulate them to do anything, you cannot keep them in a happy mood or above the clouds of despondency without the constant dose of taffy applied with a pat on the back, a hug around the neck or a kiss on the cheek. Just a little taffy and you can get anything they have, or get them to do anything you want, or go anywhere you desire. It is a most effective stimulus to children, to the laborer and the student, to the cook and the chamber maid, and to wives; and there are some husbands who must have sugar all the time in order to keep them in a good humor, give them courage and cheer in their business, or get their pocket-book open when the madam or misses of the family want to go

a-shopping. Even the preacher likes it, and the Devil always gives it to him when he imagines he has preached a good sermon; and then if the brethren do not give him a little taffy at the church door he will go home and worm it out of his wife, who, by the way, is often obliged to give taffy when she hasn't any on hand.

A little taffy—I mean a little harmless coating of sugar or the giving of sugar plums when needed—doesn't hurt the church members, occasionally and judiciously administered. It is better than horse-whipping and vinegar mixed, and the brethren like it a great deal better. Even the sinner is caught by it sometimes; and I have thought perhaps Paul used it, by his saying that he caught them “by guile.” He was in little things, things indifferent and which involved no principles, “all things to all men,” and I have no doubt, in a sweetened sort of way, he often got upon the blind side of prejudice and meanness in order to catch the Jew and the Greek alike. Acid never catches flies, but sugar does. There is only one man in the world I know that is proof against taffy, as a rule, and that is the man who loves *money*; and even here you may sometimes touch the miser's heart and get him to give to charity or religion. Ordinarily, however, Shylock, in Spite of Portia's eloquence and logic, will have his “pound of flesh,” and hell itself is not much harder against every touch of pity or taste of taffy than the soul locked up in the triple steel of avarice and covetousness. There are church members in all our churches you cannot even sugar a dollar out of; and they listen to the wants of the poor, the needs of the Church and the

cry of the heathen with a cold-blooded complacency that seldom yields a dollar to God's holiest appeal to the human heart.

Now, taffy is a species of flattery, but it is of the most harmless of its kind. It is not meant by taffy that you indulge so deeply or seriously in the sin and the insult of deceptive and insincere adulation for selfish or evil purposes. In this form and for this end taffy is of the Devil; and it was by this art that Eve was deceived in the garden of Eden, Samson lost his seven locks of strength, David was led astray by Seba, Solomon fell under the artful seduction of too many wives, and Absalom misled Israel into rebellion and himself into ruin. The great poet well said:

"Flattery is the bellows which blows up sin."

It is the great viper which, in the form of a friend, princes have taken into their bosom, the serpent that stings while it smiles; and the great, the learned and the good of all ages and countries have been subject to its delusive and blighting touch. Well did Swift say:

"'Tis an old maxim of the schools
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit."

Love alone never flatters. Love is truth in its highest and purest form. God is love; and even in the human form of Christ he never flattered, however justly he complimented and encouraged men with the due meed of praise and honor; and the best remedy against the evil I can commend is the example of

Him who never yielded to the Devil's flattery in the hour of temptation, and who never taffied men for any purpose or end.

One of the greatest damages to which we are subject is the flattery of self; and a writer has aptly said: "If we would not flatter ourselves the flattery of others could not harm us." Thus in the vain and deceitful beauty, flattery a thousand times has been the death of virtue; and so to lofty pride and vaulting ambition in men it has been the bane of fortune, the poison of fame, and the assassin concealed under the easy bed of high position. It is the counterfeit coin which makes the fool poor who takes it; and it is the dropsical food which, while it seems to feed and fatten, has starved its millions with the emaciation of inward hunger. We are not only flattered by ourselves and by those who are the shadows which follow our folly, but we are flattered by our contrasted surroundings and relations. The inferiority of others, the splendor of reputation, the crown of fortune, the obsequious demeanor of the world about us, the fascination of general applause, all this and more has turned the head and corrupted the heart of the unheroic spirit who was otherwise great and good, and who might otherwise have been crowned with the wreath of the victor in the contests of life but for the blight of flattery. Thus failed and died such men as Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon and Nero and Belshazzar and a host of great names surfeited and undone by the glory of their circumstances.

But taffy comes under the head of comedy, not tragedy. Taffy does not walk upon the stage in the

buskins and pompous grandiloquence of that artful play which is the source of wicked deeds and the curse of good ones. Taffy, after all, is what we said it was—molasses candy, sweetness long drawn out, in good humor and for better purposes applied upon a smaller scale for fun, or for the accomplishment of some good end to those who cannot be otherwise affected. If occasionally it can gently wring a deed of charity or a contribution to necessity from the clinched hand of avarice or inhumanity; or if it can encourage the doubtful and melancholy soul to greater energy and brighter hopes; or if it can get upon the blind side of prejudice or ignorance in the inculcation of truth; or if it may catch a poor soul for good by tact, or “guile,” as Paul put it; if in any way it can soothe by praise, catch by soft words or innocently cajole without verging into deception or insincerity in order to accomplish a good end, then taffy may not be an evil. There is no way to reach some people on earth except by a little taffy, and that too very adroitly applied. Argument, persuasion, force, tears, sighs, thunder, lightning, nothing would reach the pocket-book or get into the graces or secure the co-operation or procure the reformation to overcome the enmity of some people unless it was taffy—a little sugar-molasses candy. Nothing goes so far with some people.

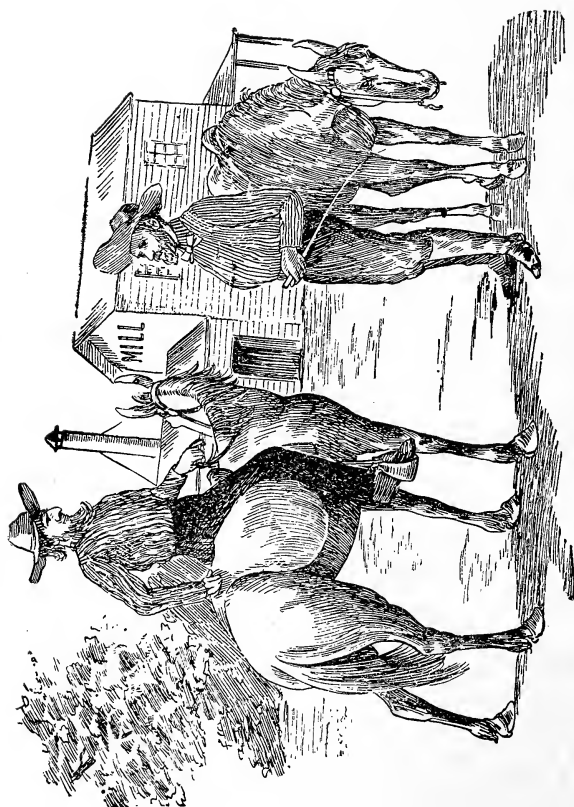
How many illustrations do we see of this fact. “Ole Miss, you’s better lookin’ now dan enny ob your gals,” says the old cook, who can get all she wants now out of “Ole Miss;” and if she told the truth for a good purpose the taffy doesn’t hurt “Ole Miss” nor “Old Sally.” “Boss, dat wus de fines’

speech, dey all say, you ebber made in dat court house," said old Jack, the hostler of the village hotel, to one of the lawyers who had come to court; and if old Jack got a quarter by the operation, and told the truth to get it, it was worth the compliment he paid to Col. Simpson, who understood, perhaps, what old Jack wanted. Mr. Samson whipped his son John a hundred times to make him learn, with no result; and one day he changed his tactics by praising John, and the boy went right up to the head of his class. Everybody in the church called old Tim Wilson a miser, and he didn't care the snap of his finger for it; but the pastor, who wanted to raise \$6,000, went to him one day and said: "Brother Wilson, I love you, I pray for you, we need a man like you. I want you to give us a good subscription," and he planked down \$500 to repair the church, while the pastor was patting him on the shoulder.

But I must conclude. Let none misunderstand me in the treatment of this delicate and difficult subject. Let us despise flattery in its accepted sense for any purpose, whether as a bad means to a good end or a good means to a bad end; and if I have properly construed taffy as a species of flattery in a secondary and a better sense, and as the harmless application of sugar to a sincere purpose, then use it as indicated. Take the dose as I give it; and if you think otherwise than I do, then abstain from even the appearance of evil. Ambition, pride, jealousy and the like in their primary and bad sense have reached secondary applications, which are regarded as harmless and right; and so I consider taffy.

as the secondary and better sense of flattery. Only give taffy as needed for a good and wise purpose, and be sure not to verge into the sin and the evils of flattery.





THE MOSS-BACK.

The Moss-back.

THE illustration which is suggested by this sketch is the old story of the man on the way to mill with corn in one end of his sack and a stone in the other. On being asked his reason for this sort of method in mill procedure, he replied: "This is the way my daddy went to mill, and this is the way I go to mill." Of course to such a reply from such a man there was no answer. He was a crystallized, confirmed moss-back, and there was no chance for alteration. As the twig was bent, so the tree was inclined. Yea, as the tree had fallen, so the log was laying.

There are three general characteristics of mind and temperament among men: The *conservative*, the *radical* and the *liberal*—and these psychologic phases of human nature are discoverable in every form of society, however affected by education or association. In their reverse order let me, by way of introduction, analyze these three distinctions among men, in order more fully to develop, in clearer light, the old moss-back that stands prominently among the three as the extreme outcome of conservatism.

1. Liberalism means independence of orthodox or established tenets in political or religious philosophy. The liberalist is a freeman in opinion and conduct, as he is broad in his construction of truths, principles, laws, institutions and customs. Liberalism runs into *libertinism*, or licentiousness, when it becomes

extreme. The liberalist becomes a *libertine* when he becomes free from restraint, as heretofore he has assumed to be free to believe as he pleased. He is the very antipodes of the moss-back; and, of the two, we had better have the moss-back than the libertine. The Jews became liberalists and then libertines when they demanded of the prophets to preach unto them "smooth things." Aaron ran into libertinism, the extreme of liberalism, when without any abandonment of his theology he changed the form of it by putting the Golden Calf in the place of God, and had the people to shout and dance before it in the wilderness. So Jeroboam set up as a matter of policy the Bull of Osiris under a liberal construction of Jewish theology; and his licentious liberalism plunged Israel into endless corruption and idolatry and finally into ruin. So run Universalism, Unitarianism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Mormonism, Swedenborgianism, Shakerism and all other *isms* which attempt to liberalize by adding to or taking from God's word. The next step always is to Ingersol and Voltaire. The rather give us moss-backism a thousand times. Let us carry the stone in one end and corn in the other end of the sack. The stone does no good, but it does not hurt, so we have the true corn of the gospel.

2. Radicalism means revolution or change, heroic treatment, in politics and religion, in all forms of reformation, irrespective of existing laws, institutions or customs; and when radicalism becomes extreme then it turns to *fanaticism*. In other words, when the radical carries revolution, or change, into principle as well as method or practice, he becomes

a fanatic. He supposes that truth changes, for his purpose, as well as custom; and hence fanaticism, like libertinism, often becomes the curse of society, politics and religion. It makes the crank or the persecutor. Radicalism in methods and measures often becomes necessary to reformation in society and to aggressive development in the progress of every true principle; but when it assumes to change or bend principles for the accomplishment of its purposes, good or bad, then it reaches the climax of fanaticism. Mobocracy, the lyncher's rope, is a fine illustration of radicalism gone to seed in fanaticism—taking the law in our own hands; and it was in this same spirit that James and John, the sons of thunder, wanted to call down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritans for not receiving Christ. Saul of Tarsus was a radical and a fanatic when he was making "havoc" of the Churches of Christ—doing what he thought to be "God's service," but guided by a "zeal without knowledge," and so of all religious bigotry, zealotry and crankism of this and every other period of history. Better have moss-backism than fanaticism, however pure and sincere, in religion or politics.

3. Conservatism means opposition to change, or innovation, in existing customs or institutions as well as principles. To preserve that which exists without change, is the tendency of the conservative; but when conservatism becomes extreme, then it assumes the shape of moss-backism. Whenever a man reaches the conception that the way you do a thing is as essential or important as the reason for doing it—or when he is as conservative in his methods as in his principles—then he becomes a moss-back. "My

daddy did this way, and so I do this way;" and when the method of going to mill becomes as important with a man as the going to mill itself, then he is a settled, confirmed, crystallized moss-back. Corn in one end of the sack and a stone in the other in order to go to mill at all! It is this principle which makes the conservative non-progressive socially, religiously, politically and in every other way.

Now there is an element of good in each of the three general characteristics which classify the human race into conservatives, radicals and liberals; and we find a combination of these characteristics or tendencies in Christianity and its gospel as nowhere else so much in the world. The Spirit of Christ is liberal and sympathetic; His methods are radical; His truths and principles, His institutions and fixed practices, as revealed in the gospel, are conservative and unchangeable. There can be no change in moral principles, spiritual precepts and doctrines, in Church constitution and offices, in the ordinances, in discipline, in the faith and practice of the New Testament; but in the spirit of Christianity we must be liberal and loving, and in the methods of Christian work we must be radical. The moss-back is not only extremely conservative in the fixed principles and institutions of the gospel, but he is equally conservative in his spirit and methods. He can love only his little sect or party, and he can do nothing in method without a "thus saith the Lord" for everything. He forgets that while Christ taught us to pray, and work, go and give, preach and practice the gospel to the uttermost part of the earth, He never prescribed any fixed methods for the purpose. In matters of edu-

cation, benevolence and missions especially, He left His Churches and His people to their sanctified judgment, under the guidance of His Spirit and limited by fixed principles and institutions, to follow the best methods which circumstances and conditions through the ages might suggest. Hence our Sunday schools, Christian colleges, religious newspapers, orphanages and asylums, conventions, boards, societies, literature and other instrumentalities, not mentioned in the Bible, for the spread of the gospel at the hands of the Churches.

In the New Testament we find no semblance of moss-backism as to spirit or method, notwithstanding the inflexibility with which it asserts its principles and doctrines and the rigidity with which it holds to the form of its institutions, ordinances and fixed practices. John played the moss-back once, when he forbade one casting out devils and, in the spirit of intolerance, and because he did not go with the Disciples, tried to stop the good work; but Christ, our Lord and Master, rebuked his spirit and protested against his injunction. Any spirit or method which would cast out devils was acceptable to Christ; for He declares that all who were not against Him were for Him, no matter what the method of their work might be. Paul was never a moss-back. He was profoundly conservative in the fixed principles and practices of the gospel; he was broadly generous and sympathetic in his love of all men; but he was radical in his methods of work in the salvation of a lost world. He went so far as to catch men by "guile." In matters of indifference, and where no fixed principle or practice was violated, he

was "all things to all men:" a Jew to the Jew—a Greek to the Greek—weak to the weak—that he "might save some." He followed, like his Lord and Master, no traditions nor effete systems when it became necessary to do a good thing. Like Napoleon, who conquered the world by a new line of tactics, so Paul acted largely, though inspired, through sanctified sagacity and common sense in the great work which he accomplished. He often speaks "as a man" in the midst of divine revelation—and so he acted in matters of method.

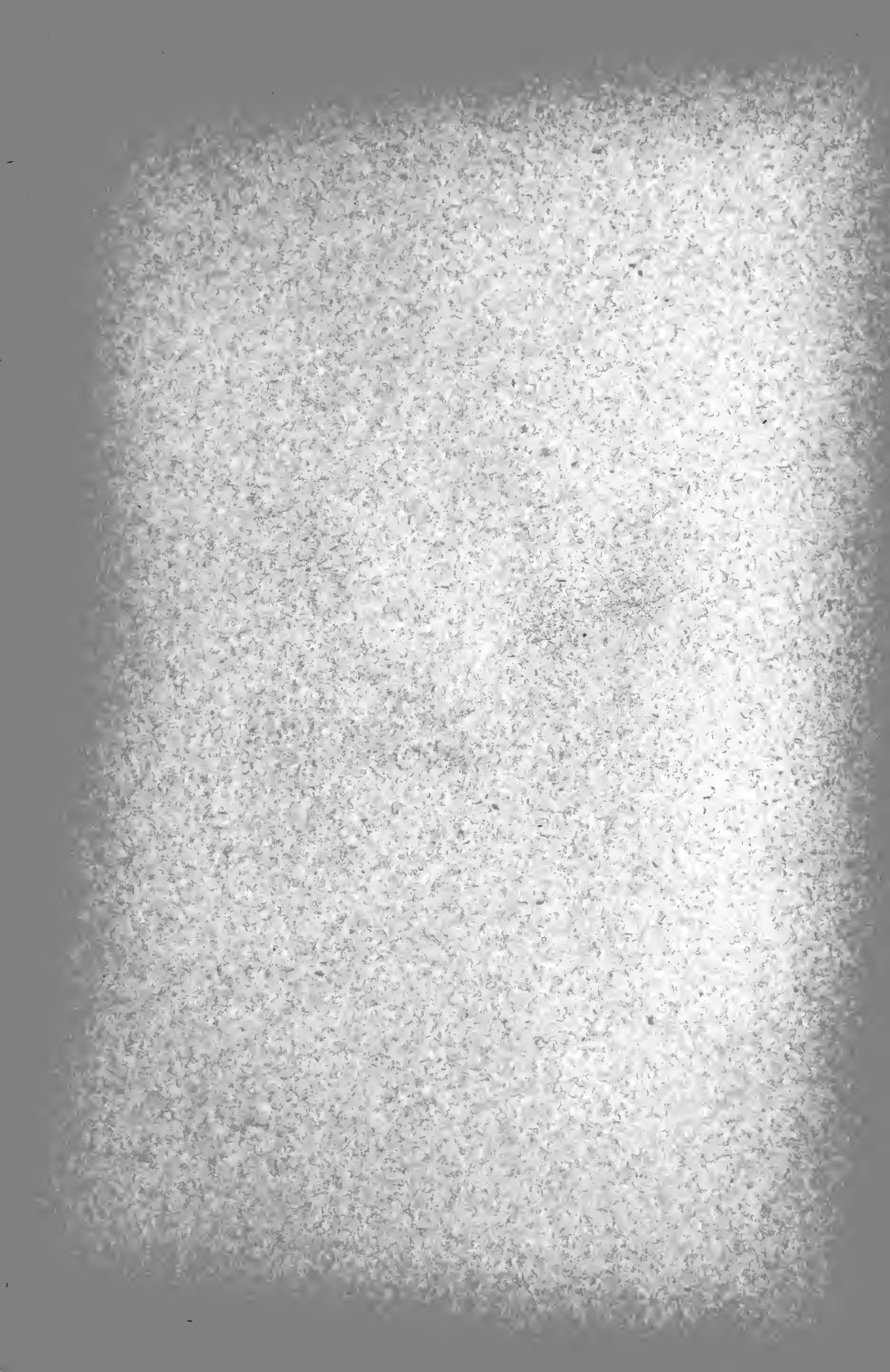
Jesus Christ is specially the great shining exemplar of the conservative in principle, the liberal in spirit, and the radical in practice. He was neither affected by libertinism, fanaticism or moss-backism. Especially was Jesus not a moss-back—the character with which we now treat; and He went against all the traditions and practices of the old systems and customs which He came to destroy. He was especially the object of persecution upon the part of the moss-back Pharisees and Scribes and Elders because He did not do as they did. He could heal, or pluck and eat the ears of corn on the Sabbath day; and he could sit down and eat and drink with publicans and sinners, all to the utter horror of the old moss-backs of Judaism. It took Christ to launch the world upon a new and progressive era simply upon the ground of inflexible adherence to truth and principle—a Catholic spirit to a lost world—and radicalism of method in the development of his system in the earth. He said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" but he specified no fixed method by which His

Churches and His people should do the work of benevolence, education and evangelism among all men. He left His people to the privilege and variation of methods according to conditions and circumstances in every period of development, and he can evangelize the world by the dispersion of the Church as at Jerusalem; or by the voluntary movements of Philip, as in Samaria; or by the more regular methods of Paul and his companions; or by the subordinate work of a Timothy and a Titus under Paul; or by the "twelve" and the "seventy" who went out and came back, two by two; or as God's people have variously done in every age, to save the lost nations of the earth.

Finally, Christ is the spirit and impersonation of progress in all the world and in all the ages. Inflexible in His fundamental truths and principles—flexible and free in his governmental institutions and ordinances which are few and simple—liberal in spirit as He loved the lost world for which He died—He was radical and aggressive in all His methods of work among men. He knocked down with iconoclastic and sledge-hammer blows, all the old, traditional, crystallized, fossilized manners, customs and systems which had fastened upon religion and progress, and which held the world down to the hard-shell idea, that the way you do, even in methods of work, is as important as the work itself. He left His Churches in matters of work, to this sanctified common sense, under the guidance of fixed principles and practices and under the illumination of the Spirit to think and study and plan, according to conditions and emergencies, for the salvation of a

lost world by the gospel. Old non-progressive judaism was the very spirit and impersonation of mossbackism; and Christ forever and effectually put His foot upon its neck and broke its backbone.







WHITEWASH.

Whitewash.

BY whitewashing we all understand an outside coating of lime and water with a little sizing which doesn't last long. When applied to character it means something made respectable that isn't, and which, in spite of all effort to coat over the defects and spots of life or reputation, will not last long, nor deceive the world that knows all about the facts of our history, or the blemishes of our nature. Lime and water will not stand the test of the weather; and however white and beautiful your palings or your houses look for a season, the first rain or so will expose the original grain and color of your boards. Whitewash will come off, no matter how or how often you daub it on. The fact is, the best grades of paint these days cannot stand the rain or the sunshine.

Whitewashing is as old as the Bible, and for that matter as old as the world. Adam and Eve happened not to know anything of the use of lime and water when they fell in the garden of Eden; and I have no doubt if they had they would have put on a coat of whitewash instead of a coat of fig leaves. All the same it was an attempt—a feeble one at that—to cover the shame of their nakedness in the light of their sin, and man has been at the business ever

since. All efforts, in fact, of self righteousness which leads to hypocrisy is an attempt at whitewash before God and man; and there never was a thinner veil put between us and the all-seeing eyes of the Eternal. Job understood this when he said that if he should wash himself with fuller's soap and snow water God would plunge him in the ditch and his own clothes would abhor him. The whole Jewish race, by ritualism and formalism, became a whitewashed race of whited sepulchers—full of rottenness and dead men's bones—a beautiful cage of unclean birds and of ravening wolves; and it is no wonder that in the dazzle of Christ's purity and grace they rejected him and made themselves red and not white in the guilt of His blood.

Peter speaks of this whitewashing process even in the profession of the religion of Jesus Christ, when he represents the false professor as the sow returning to her wallowing in the mire. The "stony-ground" believer only runs well for a while; and we need not wonder that under so much false and flattering evangelism so many whitewashed hogs get into the Churches. It is only a question of time however, when the hog will go back and wallow in his old mire. No matter how bright and enthusiastic his profession, no matter how zealously and luminously he starts off, all his light is foxfire and all his clothing is whitewash. He can't last long in a church which has any spirituality in it, or under a pulpit where the gospel standard is held up. The unchanged heart will gravitate back to old habits and principles where no change has been wrought; and the teaching and example of a Godly Church will

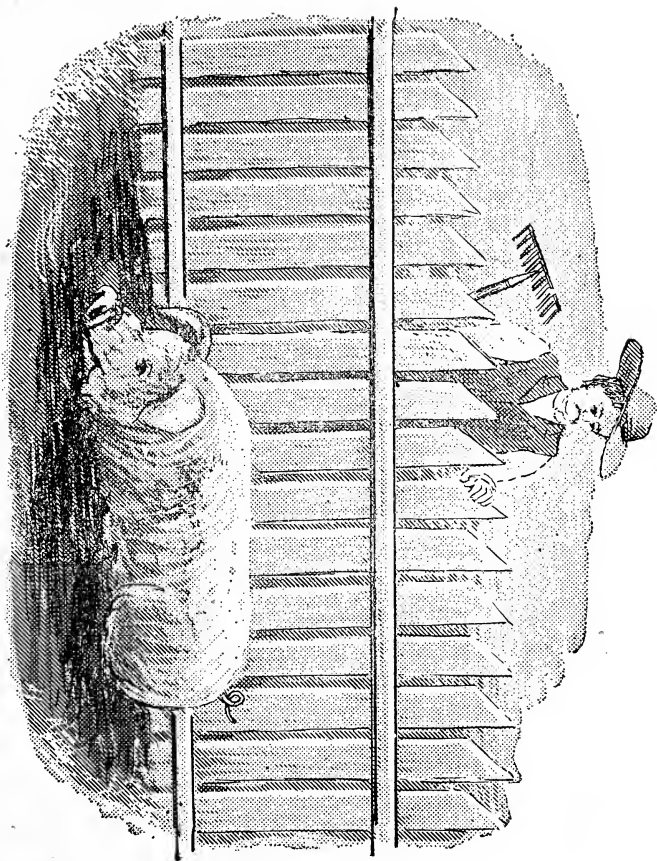
soon discover to the whitewashed sow that her religion is all on the outside and that there is nothing on the inside. If the Church and the preacher are a whitewashed concern, then the whitewashed hog, while he may wallow again in the mire, will have no contrasted light in which to see his mud; and hence, in all such Churches and with all such preachers, there is a multitude of hogs which sit in the pews and sing Psalms and listen to sermons and give sums and do work and crow about their wealth and social standing and boast of their fine selves and go on down to the Devil from the house of God like a lot of cattle from the stockyard to the slaughter pen. Let us all beware of the "wood, hay, stubble," which we build on Christ for popular effect and for Church and denominational success in the spirit of pride and partisanism; and let us be sure that we shall see it all burned up, even if we should escape so as by fire, amid the judgment tests of that final and decisive day.

Notwithstanding the fact that there is not much necessity for it so far as this world is concerned, whitewash is still the order of our day. There is nothing much to compel Phariseeism at this period of human history! It is almost popular to go to the penitentiary with some people; and would be more so if it were not a little inconvenient and if the terms of servitude were only shortened up a little more by executive clemency under the popular petitions of a sympathizing public. You can't hang anybody but a negro—and not often him—except at the end of a lyncher's rope. Men and women can do pretty much as they please in the Churches without any coat of

whitewash; and a good, old-fashioned Pharisee of ancient times would, as a curiosity, be a refreshing sight. He doesn't have to be now; and what is true of the Churches is true of society, business and politics. Like priest, like people; and like Churches, like country. Our social circles have scandals, but the money whitewash can cover up the stain of social guilt if you can put on a good coating of it. In business walks, the biggest thieves are the heroes, and only the petty fools stand condemned. Even when public condemnation of vice and crime follows guilt it is based more upon the folly of being caught than upon the perpetration; or else it is based more largely upon the injury done the public than upon the quality or the quantity of evil accused. The court house is simply a public laundry establishment, so far as vice and crime are concerned, in which to whitewash the clothes of rich and influential criminals; and corrupt judges, shyster lawyers and professional jurors are the greatest curses of our day.

In political circles whitewashing is feebly attempted often, but if so the subject is awfully black. Ordinarily it is hardly necessary; and, in fact, if a man is put up "by the party," it is often the case that the worse he is, the better. No good or great man can get into office who needs no whitewashing, or who is not willing to whitewash the villainy which nominates him and proposes to elect him to office. Hence, there are institutions of vice and corruption, of fraud and combinations for policy, which are whitewashed and made respectable by laws and sustained by the politicians in order to secure and

WALLOWING IN THE MIRE.



retain office. The saloon is a great whitewashed monster—licensed and legalized by law—and held up by political partyism in order to get the office or the pie thereof. The race track, the brothel, the low theatre, Sunday base-ball, Sabbath desecration and the like are all whitewashed sins against God and country and society, in order that men may hold the popular suffrage and position bestowed by the licentious masses which practically rule our government. The Romish Church, the wolf in sheep's clothing in this country, is cajoled in return for cajolery, and is whitewashed in her monster sins and principles and purposes in order that she may be used for partisan aims in the politics of our country; and the Bible, for her sake, is kicked out of our public schools which yesterday she pronounced as Godless and of the Devil and to-day she is seeking to get control of in her own interests and by specious legislation.

Our very laws in business circles are so constructed as to whitewash the bankrupt, the homesteader and the debt dodger. A man fails with a big reserve behind the counter, or tied up under his wife's possession, or even honestly; and under the disposition of an assignment he is whitewashed of all legal obligation even to pay back what is due, perhaps, to suffering women and children, and which has been wasted or squandered in style or fashion upon some other women and children. The effect of such laws, except in extreme and general emergencies, is to demoralize business honesty and public virtue, and to pave the way to all sorts of financial and legislative villainy. I have seen the day when a man could bor-

row a thousand dollars upon honor and without the scratch of a pen; but now you can scarcely get a dollar without the best of collateral security. Confidence in business circles scarcely exists; and men who credit, calculate upon exhausting their profits largely in the moral stealage of their delinquent customers. Often right in the church pew sits the "dead beat" who eats his bread and wears his clothing at the expense of his defrauded merchant; and, not infrequently, the dishonest and whitewashed bankrupt sits right by the side of the brother to whom he has sent a notice of ten cents on the dollar.

Many a big sinner is whitewashed at his funeral by his preacher, after he dies; and in the cemetery a magnificent column of Parian marble is set up over his physical corruption to hide the memory of his moral corruption. Whitewash, however, will not do for heaven; and it will not be of any service in hell. The Devil does a good deal of whitewashing here, and often the churches baptize goats to make sheep out of them; but neither God nor the Devil has anything to do with whitewash hereafter. Hell is too black and sooty a place for lime water coating; and up in glory the garb would be too thin for the inspection of the all-seeing eye and for the contact of angels and white-robed saints. There is a whitewash, however, which is essential to heaven; and it is that which is of the blood of Jesus. "Though our sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as white as snow;" and the only thing which can make black white is the blood of the cross. Thank God there is a fountain spring in the house of David for sin and

uncleanness; and of all the songs we sing this is one of the most significant:

“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

One of the most magnificent scenes in John’s great vision on the Isle of Patmos was the array of that “number which no man could number” clothed in white and come up out of great tribulation and who had “washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” It is said that by some chemical process blood is used for bleaching woolen goods and for clarifying sugar. I know not whether it is true or not; but I do know that the blood of Christ, an exhaustless fountain, can bleach the garments of all the saints ever redeemed by the grace of God; and I do know that in that blood the blackest sinner that ever lived shall be made whiter than the snow clad peak of the loftiest of the Alps. How important to have this cleansing! What does it amount to if, with a black heart, we are trying to carry a whitewashed outside before the world, and yet soon to appear before God “without the wedding garment”—the “spotless robe” of Christ upon our soul! Oh, how careful we are to hide our sins and iniquities from the eyes of men! How reckless and daring we are to pose before God with our blackened and tatooed soul clothed in the filthy rags of a double life! How we hide from the imputations of men, seek to clear ourselves of guilt before the courts of our country, strive to whitewash our character by a false reputation in the eyes of the world;

and yet how many millions are daily hurrying into the presence of God—as they have always appeared in his sight—with the African's skin unchanged and the leopard's spots unremoved! The whitewash of crime before the bar of human justice, the whitewash of character under the garb of Church membership, the whitewash of vice and villainy by the polish of fine society, or by the glitter and glow of gold, will fade as the moonshine before the sun at the bar of God and in the light of his ineffable and unapproachable countenance. The blood of Jesus Christ alone cleanseth us from all sin.







KISSING.

Kissing.

THE kiss has always been one of the sweetest tokens of love and friendship. Nothing is more sacred and holy than a kiss. All through the Bible—in all the annals of antiquity—the kiss has been the common expression of confidence, affection and intimacy among men. The brethren of the Scriptures saluted each other with a kiss; and among some nationalities the men keep up the same custom. I have seen old, rough whiskered Germans clasp hands, or put their arms about each other, and kiss as heartily and lustily as if they had been women; and so I have seen fathers and sons kiss as if they had been mothers and daughters; and brothers and brothers as if they had been sisters and sisters. It looks a little curious in this day and generation, but one of the most refreshing scenes ever witnessed is to see two strong and burly men kiss each other.

In no sense or instance can a kiss be sinful when it is true to its token or significance, whether between the same or different sexes; and yet even when true to its object it may be improper. It wouldn't do for every young gentleman and lady, nor for every married gentleman and lady, to kiss because they were friends, when not related. The laws of society are such, and such is common sense propriety in the nature of things that there must be a limit to the practice of indiscriminate kissing. Except between

persons of the same sex, kissing is getting too close to one another when not close enough by relationship or nature. The shake of the hand is enough, and close enough for purity and safety; and the clutching of the arm and the holding of the hand is just simply and outrageously too much—"too utterly utter"—for anything, when a dude walks with your sister, or daughter, to church or elsewhere. Men may kiss men just as much as they please, and so may women kiss women, *ad infinitum*; but human nature is such between the sexes, when not related, that there must be a bar erected between the lips even of the friend and the lover.

There is something wonderfully magnetic and thrilling in a passionate kiss. When two sets of lips come together it is like two clouds charged with electricity, the one positive and the other negative; and the result is, in certain cases, an emotional explosion and cloud-burst of excessive passion and ecstasy. A kiss goes straight, like the shock of a galvanic battery, to the heart; and the weaker party is always paralyzed under the blow, whether for good or ill, or for weal or woe. Nothing has more of Heaven's fire, or the fire of hell, in it than the kiss of a lover, or of a villain; and the first step of the fiend incarnate, in order to destroy the innocent but deluded victim in his clutches, is to get his lips to hers. The lips are often the gate to the citadel of virtue in the young and loving heart; and thousands have surrendered the fortress of character to the thrilling kiss of the licentious libertine who well knows its psychologic and dynamic power when affection and confidence have been won in a woman's

heart. The touch of his hand is foul and leprous enough. His embraces are as deadly as the coil of the anaconda; but beware, above all, of the serpent charm of his eye and the fatal magnetism of his lips when, O young woman, you put yourself in his arms and your face near his to be kissed. I have known of several young ladies who, under the mesmeric infatuation of such a moment, became oblivious of their existence and surroundings.

Even what is called the lover's kiss is a dangerous and deadly thing, and is the result of dramatic and romantic education. Romeo and Juliet are stereotyped upon the brain of the visionary who is created by novel reading and theater going. "He" and "She" are trained up to the "hugging and kissing" scene in the lover's story or the lover's drama, until the idea that courtship and marriage would be insipid and monotonous without the lover's kisses and embraces. Otherwise it wouldn't be heroic and gallant; and thus it is that in the very nature of the novel and the stage play our young people are trained to the infatuation of a familiarity and a contact which can with any sort of purity and safety belong alone to married or family life. No wonder the course of true love so often runs roughly and uncertainly. It is too often deluged in kisses and embraces, or washed away with poetic effusions and protestations, or checkered with flowers and brambles which are alike watered with the tears of a thousand misunderstandings and reconciliations. There is no common sense or propriety in half the love affairs among young people; and the kiss and the hug of the lover have often either bred contempt

by familiarity or else degenerated into licentiousness, which has turned many a well-begun and well-meant match that never mated, into ruin that never righted.

In some countries and communities it is the conventional privilege of lovers engaged to hug and kiss each other. How much of it there is everywhere nobody can tell; but it is certain that in the South the custom has never been recognized as proper or decent in good society. A young lady of the olden times in this section of country, to say the least of it, would not have permitted this privilege at the lips and the arms of the most ardent and distinguished lover; and she would have held him at arm's length and finger's end until the marriage ceremony was finished. Even then with some of them he would have had to scuffle for a kiss; and he would have had to wait until the honeymoon was well under way before the kissing process became easy and frictionless. This seems prudish and old foggyish in this progressive day and generation, but the way of prudence and propriety is the path of purity and safety. In the good old days gone by there were not as many scandals and divorces in this country as now; and forty years ago in the South society was purer than it is to-day. It may be that what was then a sin is no sin now; but my early recollection of the Southern people was that they were, socially, the purest people on earth. I cannot tell how far the Southern rule on kissing has varied; but I know that in the palmy days of old the noblest and purest man in these parts did not kiss the woman he was to marry without pistols and coffee for two.

Beware of the kissing devil. The true friend or

lover cannot flatter nor fondle his angel until she is his own by right; and her surest and best way to keep his love and respect is to keep him at the tips of her fingers and upon his knees and at her feet. There is one species of tyranny that every man will endure—the despotism of love; and the more he writhes in its chains and its fires the hotter and purer the flame will burn. A million of times has a kiss or an embrace quenched this heavenly flame forever or turned it into the fire of hell. Even when the kissing and hugging process has preceded and ended in marriage, it is not always true that it is a pure and unadulterated virtue; and my observation has been that the most infatuated and fondling and slabbering courtships have ended in unhappy and misjudged marriages. Lust instead of love, insanity instead of reason, hell instead of heaven, lie at the foundation of many a marital union; and many a married life, as I have said before in a former sketch, is nothing more than a lifelong state of legalized adultery.

Beware of the kissing devil. He is seen not only in the lustful but the professional kiss, and, above all, in the traitor's kiss. Some preachers are very much given to kissing the girls and some of the lady members of his church and other places; and about the most dangerous and costly kiss in the world, sometimes, is this same clerical kiss. It has ruined many a pastor's influence and lost him his position and reward. Even doctors have been destroyed for kissing their patients, and lawyers embroiled for kissing their clients, and merchants cowed for kissing their customers; and the preacher must re-

member that his white cravat and broadcloth coat do not exempt him from the censure and the punishment of less conspicuous professionals. There is, however, a professional kiss that does not depend upon any title for its claim or right of administration. It is of itself professional, and merely so when, as a matter of custom or habit, one lady kisses another whom she may despise; and a million of kisses go every day and hour for naught, bestowed in cold indifference or deadly contempt. Such kissing of course is lying, and is next to the kiss which Judas imprinted upon the face of his Lord and Master in order to betray Him into the hands of His enemies.

Good Lord, deliver us from the kissing devil, the kiss of lust, the kiss of infatuation, the professional kiss and the traitor's kiss. The best things perverted are the worst instrumentalities for evil; and I know of nothing so subtle and deadly and damning as a burning, thrilling kiss imprinted by the quivering lips of lechery and lust. This is the kiss of the professional villain and wrecker of virtue and life; and it involves all that infatuation and treason imply in the mad and reckless indulgence of those passions which have destroyed more men and women than war, pestilence or famine. Oh, let us remember that a kiss is a holy thing; the most sacred of all the sweet and endearing tokens of love and friendship between man and man; and when given for any other reason or purpose, let us remember that the kiss becomes the blackest and basest of all the infernal lies ever perpetrated by the human lips. Let us, too, remember that propriety and purity of life, the pre-

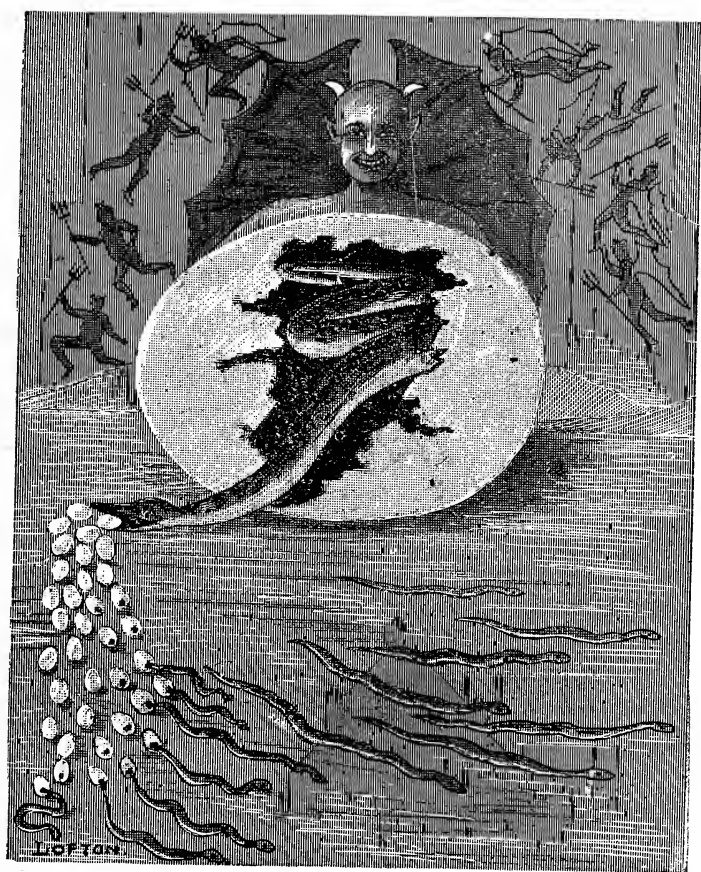
servation of family and social virtue, forbid this token except to those to whom the right belongs; and that this right is limited and guarded by the laws of prudence, probity and common sense.



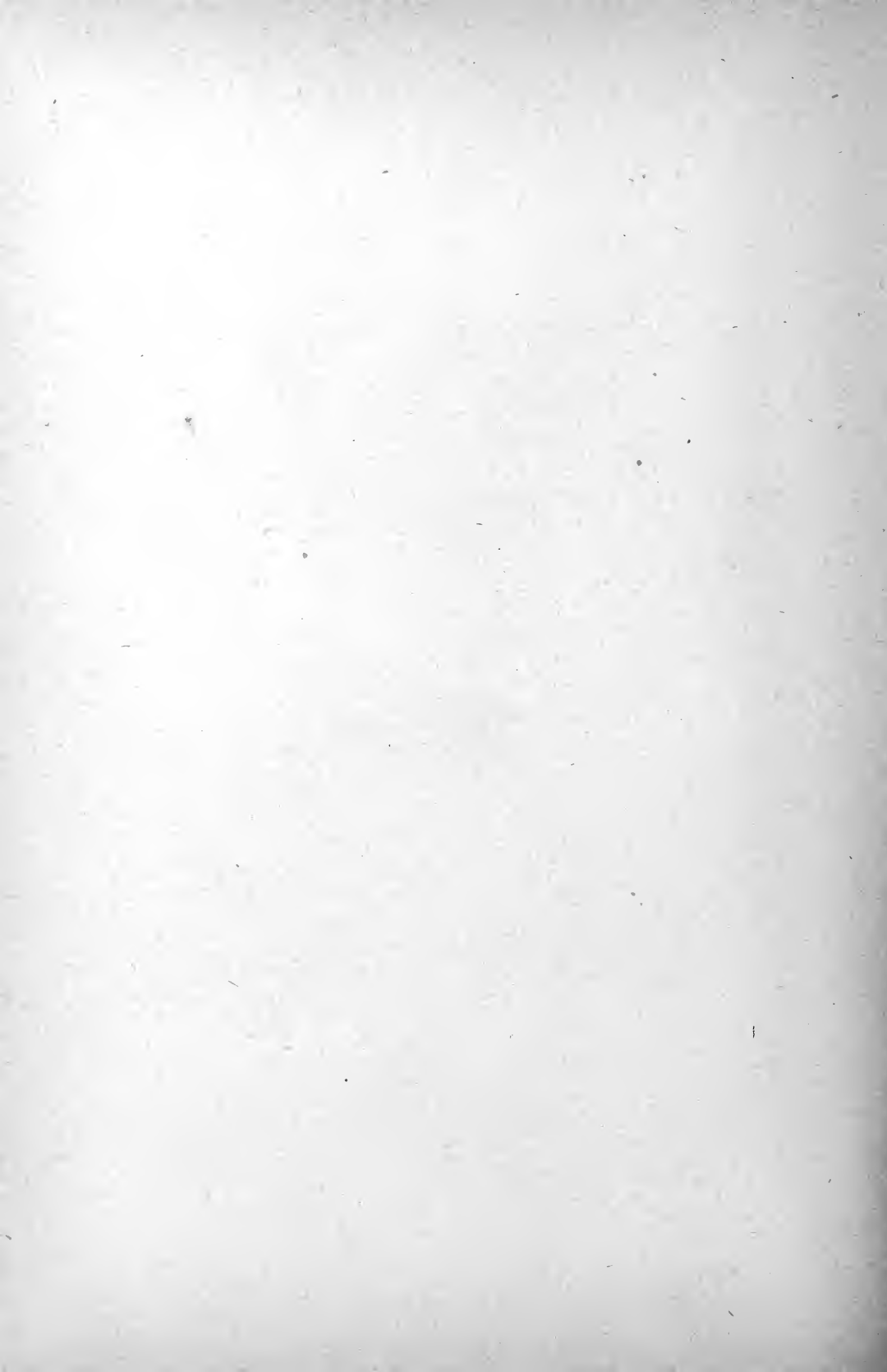
The Egg of Unbelief.

WITH this sketch is presented the worst egg that was ever laid or hatched. It was produced and incubated by the Devil in the heart of Eve, the "mother of all living;" and it gave birth to a serpent which vomited out all the eggs which brought forth the whole brood of serpent sins that now curse the earth. All other sins were born in the womb of unbelief, conceived and developed under the temptation of the Devil. Unbelief, in other words, is the mother of all sin, the fosterer and fortifier of every iniquity, and no sin is ever reached or exterminated until you kill the serpent which was born in the egg of unbelief. Eve disbelieved God and believed the Devil; and thus our first parents fell, and in them fell the human race. Oh! what a fall was that! It created a shock whose tremors touched the center of the earth and compassed its circumference, and will be felt to the end of time and throughout eternity. It created a groan and a wail of woe which echo throughout the cavernous depths of hell and reverberate to the heights of heaven and vibrate throughout the universe. Oh! that one sin of unbelief! How prolific its offspring, which has made the earth weep in streams of blood, peopled hell with untold millions of the lost, and cost heaven an infinite sacrifice!

This is the sin of the world, for which, above and



EGG OF UNBELIEF.



inclusive of all else, the Redeemer died. It was inherent in the heart of the firstborn son of Adam; and scarce had the history of the human race begun before he slew his brother. Like Pallas from the brain of Jove, the sin of murder sprang from the heart of Cain full-grown, full-armed and complete in all the horrid elements which constitute the highest crime known to the laws of God or man. Cain disbelieved God and killed his brother; and thus we see that the first egg vomited from this foul and original monster was not upon the principle of development from the least to the greatest, but from the greatest to the least. From murder he descended to indirection and lying, and so on down. Abel believed God, in the promises of Christ, the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world; and he made an offering of the blood and the fat of rams to indicate that faith in the coming Redeemer. Cain offered the fruits of his field, the product of his own hands—the symbols of his own self-righteousness—which demonstrated his disbelief in the coming sacrificial offering of Calvary; and thus his offering was rejected, while that of his brother was accepted. This sin of unbelief—the inheritance of his mother—developed murder and lying and all the other brood of moral vipers which characterized his lifelong rebellion against God.

Thus were born all the multitudinous corruptions which destroyed the antediluvian world. Even with the righteous Noah, who believed God and was saved by His grace, unbelief came out of the Ark and developed in the hideous form of drunkenness; and with the career of a new world it introduced all

that train of idolatry, ambition, bloodshed and strife which polluted the nations and brought them into everlasting conflict with each other and with God, even down to this day. Not a human being but inherited it or ever escaped from the foul touch and conception of its hideous and awful brood of kindred vices, crimes and miseries which have blackened human history and made the world to shriek with sorrow, without exception, in every age, country and community. This sin of unbelief is universal, absolute and inherent, and there is not a single oasis in the whole dark desert of human experience.

God chose a single man from whom sprang a single nation which was to be the medium of His oracles and His religion to the world, and through whom was to come the world's Deliverer; and yet despite God's saving grace and providential guidance, the father of the faithful sinned, and the Hebrew race is a monument to the awful fact that unbelief is the curse of this world. No people ever disbelieved God and rebelled against Him under such a sublime succession and history of miraculous preservation and deliverances. The plagues of Egypt, the crossing of the Red Sea and the Jordan dry-shod, the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, the manna and the water in the desert, the awful manifestations of Sinai, the triumphant victories of Israel over his enemies, wrought by the hand of God, the sun standing still on Gibeon and the staying of the moon on Ajalon, all this and a thousand things more did not keep God's people from unbelief; and every form of sin and disaster which ended in captivity and final destruction is the most fearful com-

mentary upon the fact that the sin of unbelief is the source and spring of every crime which has destroyed the human race.

Christ came into the world to cure the sinner of this fatal malady, and yet scarcely had the blood dried on the cross, the Holy Spirit descended and the Church started upon the glorious career of primitive Christianity, before the Kingdom of the Redeemer was rent with factions, characterized by vices and corrupted by usurpations which destroyed the first Churches and resulted in the establishment of an empire of pride, ambition and power which exalted the minister in the place of God, seized the scepter of temporal power and laid the desolating hand of persecution upon the faithful. For twelve centuries the "woman in scarlet" pursued the "woman in the wilderness," according to Revelation; and it was not until the dawn of the Reformation that Faith strayed back upon the open fields of light and civilization, with an open Bible in her hand, and set up again the banners of love and liberty. Unbelief did it. The perversion of God's word under the reign of dogmatic heresies and armed superstition which proved the greatest curse that ever blighted the world and drenched it in the blood of sainted martyrs and steeped it in midnight darkness, sprang from the same source that led Eve to eat the forbidden fruit and which turned the beautiful garden into a wilderness and the world into a battlefield and a graveyard.

Even with God's best and purest people this sin of unbelief is the God-excluding evil as opposed to faith, the God-including grace of our Lord Jesus

Christ. It perpetually lays a stumbling stone in our path and brings us short of the glory of God, and often it brings us into the most grievous follies and miseries of rebellion. The Disciples could not cast out a devil for unbelief. Peter denied his Lord on account of it. Thomas stood doubting in the presence of His wounded hands and gaping side. All along down the checkered and blood-stained career of saints, heroes and martyrs, we hear the wail of the Apostle Paul reproduced: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Oh, unbelief, unbelief! thou art the egg from which was hatched the serpent of all our failures and miseries, even in the best of our efforts to serve and glorify God. Even yet it may be that the unbelief of higher criticism, infidelity and undisciplined licentiousness in the Churches, paving the way again to the supremacy of the Beast and the False Prophet as of yore, may cast a declining shadow over the destinies of the Christian world. Then shall Christ come who shall "scarcely find faith on the earth;" but in the splendors of the millenium unbelief shall be cast out of the world until Satan is "loosed again for a little season." Then the world shall pass away and the new heavens and the new earth shall appear, wherein forever dwelleth righteousness; when faith shall end in reality and when there shall be no more room for Satan and unbelief.

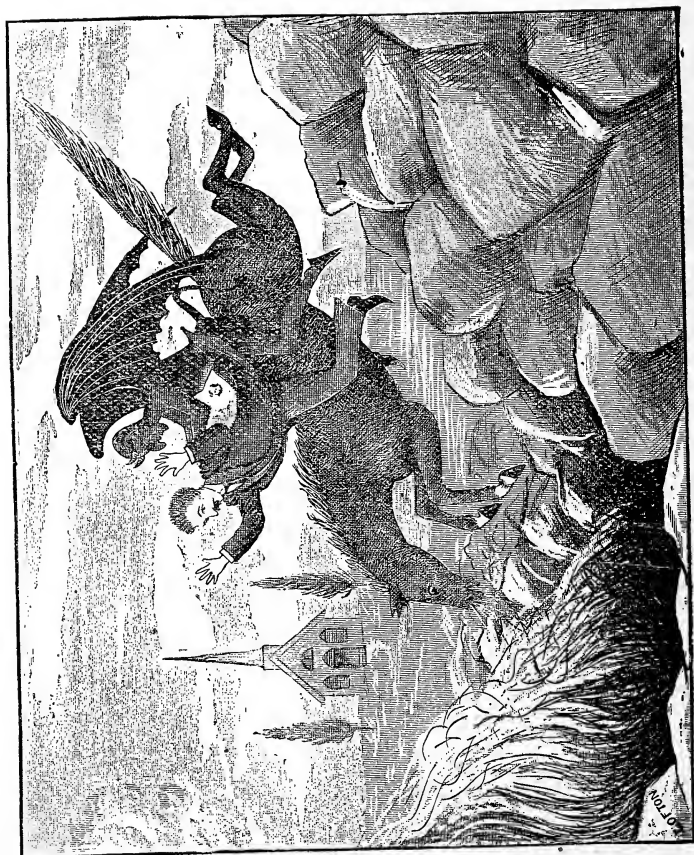
Unbelief is the all-damning sin for which Jesus Christ died. This is "the sin of the world" which He came to take away. Get this sin out of a man's heart, and hell is bridged and all other sin disappears. It is the sin of the mind—the armed sentinel of the

Devil which guards the door of the heart away from God's truth and keeps within the impenetrable fortress of the soul all the sins of passion and appetite. If only the light of God can penetrate the dark dungeon and Christ can enter and be incarnated, then unbelief is disarmed and all the devils of the heart are excluded. Men are almost always sorrowful for the sins of the heart; and a thousand times they would turn out lust and lies and murder and adultery and drunkenness, but unbelief keeps the iron door of the soul locked against Christ without, and against passion and appetite within. Only believe Christ, only let in the Stranger standing and knocking at the door and the inward dominion of these sins is broken and their father and protector, UNBELIEF, no more holds the fort. He may shy about the door and occasionally make a sally with the Devil upon the temple of the Holy Ghost, and trouble and misguide God's child, but his dominion and power are forever broken.

People are continually under the impression that they will be damned if they die in their sins. This is a mistake. They are already damned in unbelief—"condemned already," as Jesus says. The other sins which the serpent of unbelief has hatched are only aggravations to our damnation in unbelief. We are already lost by nature, born dead, and "by nature the children of wrath," as the corrupted offspring of the fallen Adam. We should not get to the heaven of the gospel even if we were never guilty of anything by transgression. Our sinful nature would exclude us from heaven if there was no hell to go to. It is unbelief that digs a hell and it is faith

that constructs a heaven. "He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned." Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; and the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to him that believeth. The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin when the inclusion of justifying faith secures the exclusion of damning unbelief. A great many people try to quit their meanness and become pure and good, as they think, in order to come to Christ and be saved; and yet this very notion is the essence of unbelief, which has kept its thousands from Christ and from justification by faith. It is the surrender of unbelief and the coming to Christ by faith, first of all, that gets us rid of sin and clothes us in the saving righteousness of the Redeemer. Sin can only be renounced by repentance toward God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and no man can ever be saved from unbelief and the consequences of all other sins until he washes in the fountain filled with blood.





DOWN GRADE.

Down Grade.

LOOK upon this picture. See that young man upon the wild and unbridled horse of appetite and passion. He is sweeping down the hill of recklessness and desperation at full speed, with the Devil seated behind him and plunging his rowels into the flanks of his maddened steed. You have read of Mazeppa tied hard and fast upon the back of a wild horse at full flight through the forest and pursued by a pack of howling wolves. It is impossible to imagine a more desperate and agonizing situation; and yet the hopeless and helpless young man given over to the insane behests of appetite and passion, with his judgment perverted and his will manacled, and speeding down the rocky declivity of dissipation and ruin, is a picture, while often familiar to view, far more horrible and heartrending to our sad and sober contemplation.

It doesn't take much to start a man down hill at best; and it takes less to keep him a going than it does to start him down. Nothing is easier than going downhill, unless it is to drop through the air; and when a man gets a good start, he can jump two or three times the height of his own head. The further, too, he goes, the faster he gets until he jumps off or smashes up. The momentum becomes greater, the resistance gets lighter until it seems as if everything was prepared to help him hellward.

But few ever assist a man up hill. However in need of help, most people seem to think a poor fellow struggling upward ought to be able of himself to get to the top; and when he gets there everybody wants to help him when he doesn't need it. Not so when he is going downward and when, as Josh Billings observes, "everything seems to be greased for the occasion." His enemies will kick him; his friends will "let him slide;" the pious will cry: "Poor fellow;" the philosopher will preach the "survival of the fittest;" while the busy world will exclaim: "Every man for himself and the Devil catch the hindmost." Men get on the down grade in business and never stop till the crash crushes out all prospects of success and sometimes all hope of life in this and the world to come. It is an unpardonable sin with men to fail; and but few who fail, however honest, are ever helped to recover. A poor fellow may go to the dogs and the Devil so far, generally, as the charity or aid of the business world is concerned.

How much worse it is with the young man on the moral down grade! He stops and by degrees turns backward down the declivity behind virtue, manhood, aspiration, hope and honor. Especially so when, perhaps, a degree of confidence and elevation has been reached in the affairs of life and in his relations with men! How beautiful and glorious the promise of a young man rising to usefulness and distinction amid the conflicts and temptations of the business and social world. How mournful and melancholy the change when we behold him turn his back on the sun up the hill, with his face and his

feet toward the pit at the bottom. The card pack, the wine cup, the dance hall, the vulgar play, the companionship of bad men and women, the indulgence of vice and then of crime, rapidly change the heart and then turn the head to look backward and downward; and with steadily increasing pace he gets to going and then to running and then to rushing and then to plunging and then to swirling until with a swish and a crash he sweeps off into the steep down gulf of his own self-wrought and everlasting ruin. Nothing could stop him. The prospects of business, the hopes of life faded from his blinded vision. The ties of family, friend and sweetheart were snapped asunder and forever. Love died with the death of sensibility to shame and fear. The terrors of hell and the wooings of heaven were alike drowned in the oblivion of God and immortality. The tears of mother froze upon the coffin of his buried purposes and ambitions. All the moorings of early manhood were swept away.

A dying California stage driver was observed to put his foot out of the bed and reach for something. "What do you want?" asked the nurse. "I am on the down grade and can't get my foot upon the breaks;" and this is just the point the young man reaches on the down grade of sin and ruin. He can't get his foot on the breaks, when he has gone too far.

I knew such a young man in my boyhood whose history rushes upon my memory now with the most vivid recollections as I try to touch the subject before me. A better father and mother no boy ever had. Sweeter sisters or nobler brothers never adorned the crown of family relationship; and no

young man ever started out with fairer prospects, backed up by all that wealth, education; manhood and ability could bestow, and flattered by every promise of a happy and successful future. He graduated and came home with the first honors of his college, easily won over his talented competitors. In the close of his college life, however, he had learned to drink and gamble and otherwise indulge his vices; and though he started out brilliantly in the practice of law, which he subsequently studied, it was not long until signs of dissipation and manhood's decay had set their marks upon his soul, and his once handsome face. He won some distinction, went to the legislature, but while he was apparently climbing the hill of success and honor upon the stage of his profession, he was rapidly descending the hill behind the scenes. Drunkenness and debauchery openly set in. He wallowed in the gutter. He rode the streets with vile women. He squandered his estate; and at last he became so degraded and low that he was abandoned and forsaken of even the meanest of companions. One night he went to the window of a prominent gentleman who had refused to recognize him, and shot him to death; and while in jail awaiting his trial he took his own life. Behind him he left a broken hearted family; and like the young man in the picture, he rode the wild horse of passion into the bottomless pit. Alas! alas! for whiskey, which was mostly at the bottom of it all!

Descensus averno—down the hill. But what of this instance? It is only one of a thousand of which every one has been cognizant in life. Every day we either see or read of some such calamity to the young

manhood of our country. Wildly and recklessly, everywhere our men are on the down grade—going to the Devil as fast as the maddened and foaming steed of passion and appetite can gallop to destruction and damnation; and our “very best society,” as it is facetiously called, is often the school in which the downward way to death is learned. So long as the vicious customs and dissipations of so-called “good society” shall dominate the early training of our youth, we may expect to see the young men of every generation trooping like cohorts of wild horsemen to the perdition of body, mind, soul, honor, hope and all we hold dear in this and the life to come. So long as the unguarded parlor, the social club, the vicious theatre, the gilded brothel and the dazzling saloon, fostered by the suffrages and sympathies of high as well as low society, shall be recognized, licensed and patronized by a shameless public sentiment, we shall continue to look upon the wreck and the ruin of both young manhood and womanhood.

How often does this down grade spectre enter the circle of married life! Many of our young men, and women, too, are trained up to be nothing more than *animals*. They are not even up to cultivated dogs and other beasts which are educated for show and usefulness. These young people mingle and mix with each other, sometimes in lascivious or loose familiarity; and every day our purest girls are subjected to the foul contact of association with some of these human dogs dressed up and trained in “good society!” Occasionally one of them marries the lovely daughter of some “first class” family; and the

honey moon is scarcely passed before his drunkenness and lechery or other unprincipled villainy brings disgrace and infamy upon the bride of a day who, perhaps, thought, if nothing more, it would be a "big thing" just to be connected with the fine family of this fine young two-legged cur that was accustomed to walk in "good society!" How often we see young married life nipped in the bud of its beauty and glory by the union of an angel with an animal who had covered up his private life and character with fine clothes and cultured manners and splendid pretensions so as to impose upon the credulity and affections of some silly victim and some thoughtless family. It is the fad and fashion of the day to marry a man already on the down grade; and the result is a divorce or a life of wretchedness and shame in which a whole family goes to the bottom of the hill and to the Devil with the man on horseback.

Why will a young man—why will any human being—ride down the hill of life to death and damnation? Why is it that a man can get so low and go so far down into the depths of degradation and infamy? What is the matter with man? SIN! The animal follows his instincts without the excessive indulgence of appetite or passion; and according to nature or education, he so lives and becomes subservient as to win our admiration and our love. We are proud of our dogs and horses and cats and canaries; and yet how often we mourn that ever a child was born into our families, or that we ever had a man for a husband or a woman for a wife! With all the advantages of intellect, sensibility, will, conscience, hope and aspiration which can lift us to God and

heaven, men everywhere turn down grade to hell; and it would be better for thousands if they had been born dogs. They are a thousand times worse in a multitude of cases than the meanest dog that ever killed a sheep or bit you in the dark or went mad with hydrophobia. "Created but a little lower than the angels," we fall so low as to become the companion of devils; and oh! what a multitude are sweeping down to the bottomless pit upon the unbridled horse of appetite or passion. Drunkenness, lust, avarice, envy, hatred, pride, ambition, pleasure—all are the galloping steeds upon which millions ride to death; and seated behind their victim sits the Devil to spur and animate to the last leap of doom the maddened courser upon which ride some of the grandest spirits which were ever born among men.

I have seen men ride to death in battle in the face of the enemy, through a shower of shot and shell; but they rode for honor and died for glory. How fearful to see men as daringly and fearlessly ride to death in the face of hells artillery, and leap into the jaws of hells doom; for what? For dishonor and degradation and damnation!

To look into the fine face of a promising, hopeful boy, and think of the possibilities for evil as well as for good, of the chances for ruin as well as for redemption—of failure as well as success—it often startles us with a train of painful forebodings in spite of all the force of education and religion we have at hand for his elevation to higher life and to heaven itself. What can we do but plant ourselves upon the old proverb of Solomon: "Train up a child in the way that he should go," and upon the admoni-

tion of Paul: "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The rule seems to have some exceptions. We wonder often that the sons of Samuel turned out no better than the sons of Eli; but the rule in the main holds good—perhaps would have no exceptions if wisely, patiently and trustfully followed. At all events, our only hope is in God and his Christ; and as we stand often appalled in the sight of so many down grade disasters among the young men of our day, it ought to be a mighty stimulus to the Christian world to do more for them than we do. Let us try to pull down the strongholds of the Devil about them; and gathering around them with universal sympathy and prayer and exhortation, let Christians and Churches go out into the highways and hedges and gather them in. Above all, and first of all, let parents and teachers begin with the young man in the baby and in the boy; and let us remember to-day that many a father and mother and teacher is responsible for that dreadful Sheridan ride which is not from Winchester to Cedar Creek, but from the home and the school house to hell.



THE BORE.

The Bore.

"Society is now one polished horde
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *bores* and the bored."

—Byron.

VARIETY is the spice of life, but sometimes it is very peppery when we are called upon to taste something of everything out of respect to the whole bill of fare set before us in life. The golden thread of unity runs through the variegated web of diversity, but that web is often tangled and complicated to our apprehension when we are compelled to grapple with the problems and paradoxes of life. Selfishness is always averse to puzzles that take our time and conflict with our pleasure or interest. However normally adjusted contradictory things may be to our conditions in the long run, we are apt to view narrowly that which brings us adversity, perversity or perplexity instead of prosperity, rectitude, or explication. Why not have all sunshine, peace, health, wealth and undisturbed repose in a world so full of resources for profit and happiness? Why have cyclones and blizzards, snakes and lizards, poverty, misfortune, sickness and death? Selfish ignorance and blasted laziness are always asking such fool questions; and we are prone to forget that, incidentally, the evil as well as the good is essential to the development of all positive worth and happiness in this sinful and sluggish life. But for Satan we had never known heaven; and we should

never have realized in the light of contrast and conflict, the highest development and exaltation of man and the greatest good to the greatest number through salvation by grace. The tree of Knowledge of good and evil was as important in Eden as the tree of life; and the very worst often proves the best for us.

But we are prone to philosophize to the contrary amid the pestilential and purifying ordeals through which our flesh and blood must pass. When aggravated and fatigued beyond patience, we occasionally wonder why God allows some things to exist on troubled society. Why could we not get along without liars, thieves, rakes, dead-beats, idiots and the like? Above all, there is one character who torments us before the time and out of time, and when often we would give a kingdom for an inch of time. I mean the BORE!

Well, who and what is he? Why he is a regular "stick in the mud" who must be endured and never cured at the expense of wasted politeness and effort to entertain him. Sometimes he is a crank who rides his hobby bareback and rough shod over you, and who must have your attention *nolens volens*. Perhaps he is a solicitor for—well, the Lord only knows for what not in these days; and he must have your valuable time were you just on the way to bury your aunt. Or again, it may be your brother who sleeps with you at the Association, or the hotel, and insists upon talking to you all night, or who snores until daybreak. Then there is the lovesick swain who does not understand when the mitten has been given him, and who cannot recognize a knock-down

hint. Alas! too, there is the sponge that eats up your bread and takes up your room, and presumes upon your hospitality, when he knows you despise his presence and loathe his company. He has the "cheek" of a Pennsylvania Canal horse; and he is but little ahead of the fellow who comes into your office every day to read the papers, smoke his pipe and talk to you about the news. Oh, there are scores who have nothing else to do but waste your time, fatigue your patience and shorten your days about matters that neither interest you nor concern you; and much of the lack of loving kindness and tender mercy and gentle culture, characteristic of this rapid and enterprising age, is due to the multitudinous and ubiquitous bore who is everlastingly bothering the world, which hasn't any time to pay attention to him.

We are bored, too, by many other things than men and women. There are books, newspapers, editorials and articles, insipid sermons, *cut* and *dried* speeches, spring poetry, stale wit and "old chest-nuts" always being cracked that bore us in print and oratory; and then there are dead prayer meetings, funeralistic Sunday school exercises, vocal and instrumental performances called music and the like which perforate us with the spiral insistence and the twisting tortures of the gimlet or the auger. Again, there are annual resolutions upon the same old subject passed at Associations and Conferences which never materialize in action; there are church meetings for business at which nothing is ever reported as done, and in which the brethren beat the air with useless eloquence; there are church rows over per-

sonal offences which drag out a lifetime of wasted energy and cruel division over God's people; and, worse than all, there is the stagnant report of the churches every year at the Association that they are at peace with the world, the flesh and the Devil, or words to that effect, with a contribution of fifty cents to Foreign Missions! This is enough to bore the patient God who was so nauseated at the Church of Laodicea that he threatened to spew it out of his mouth. It does seem in the light of the century, that the patience of God would become threadbare with such a thing as *stinginess* toward the work of sending the gospel to all the world for which Christ died.

By classification we might get at the bore in a more analytical way, but we have to take things in these random and hasty sketches as they come. We have touched upon the pulpit bore, the office bore, the society bore, the soliciting and other bores of a personal character; but there is one other, among many more bores, we must not fail to mention. I allude to the "bad health" bore. He has the hypochondria, the hysterics, dyspepsia and a score of other maladies all combined and complicated. He always has a "pain in the head, hip and side;" and he is ever unhappy, dissatisfied with the world. No matter how hale and hearty he looks, nor howsoever happily surrounded or situated, he is never well. "How are you, brother Johnston?" "I'm not well—I'm not well;" and so he replies to you a thousand times a year, if you ask him the question. He grunts and groans and sighs and moans and complains always; and he is a perfect nuisance to himself and friends. Nobody wants to meet him, and

often you turn across the street to keep from coming in contact with him, and in order to avoid hearing that same old chestnut bell rung: "I'm not well!" Sometimes it seems a pity that such people, if the Lord willed, could not die and go home to heaven; but, generally, they eat more, do less and live longer than most people.

Well, there are several other kinds of the *genus* bore which while they do not come exactly under the head of the present discussion, it may not be amiss to mention. There are some people who ought to be bored for the simples, as the ox for the hollow horn, but most of us have no gimlet for an operation we may ourselves need. There are those who bore cotton bales, or who bore for oil, gas, or water, or who make holes for pegs, mortise joints and the like. These are they who bore for a purpose and not for worry. They mean business; and often they perforate you with the auger of double and twisted rascality. The burglar bores into the bank vault and blows it up for the money that's in it; and the defaulting cashier otherwise bores into the cash pile for the same purpose. The speculator, the sharper, the gambler, is always "boring for it," as the saying goes; and our unsophisticated and unsuspecting citizen is the constant victim of his scheming gimlet. He bores into your confidence and credulity and then bores into our cotton bales and wheat bins and lard barrels and "corners" our pocketbooks. Our boom towns and broken banks and dilapidated firms and bursted enterprises, are generally the victims of the sharper's in-auger-ated hole, bored first into public confidence and then into the greenback roll of the last

purchaser. Look out for the fellow who bores first for "gas" and then for "ile" and then for "water" for his "stock," and who finally leaves you and your business honeycombed with his in-auger-al perforations.

Whoever and whatever the bore is, he is either a nuisance or a villain; and he must on the one hand be endured by good breeding, etiquette and long suffering charity, or on the other avoided by human sagacity. Like all other afflictions of life he but demonstrates the truth so potently put by Paul that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience or proof, etc,;" and it is the part of the Christian especially to "glory in tribulation also." The bore, among the many other pestilences of human existence, has the crucial mission of testing and strengthening the patience of our souls. Be sure never to be a bore yourself, neither to yourself nor to others; nor so live as that life and its responsibilities shall prove a bore to you and your neighbors. The man who finds time a bore and tries to kill it—who finds duty a task and virtue a burden and beauty abhorrent—may not always be a bore to other people, but he is a bore unto his own soul. To him all the good world is a bore, except for its temporal and licentious gratifications; and the best thing for the world, if not for himself, is to get out of it. The wretchedest of all bores is the man who is a bore unto himself; and it is no wonder that when others may be bored to the verge of suicide, that the self-bore so often finds life not worth living, shoots out his brains or goes to bed on a final dose of morphine.

Alas! to some people everything great or good is a

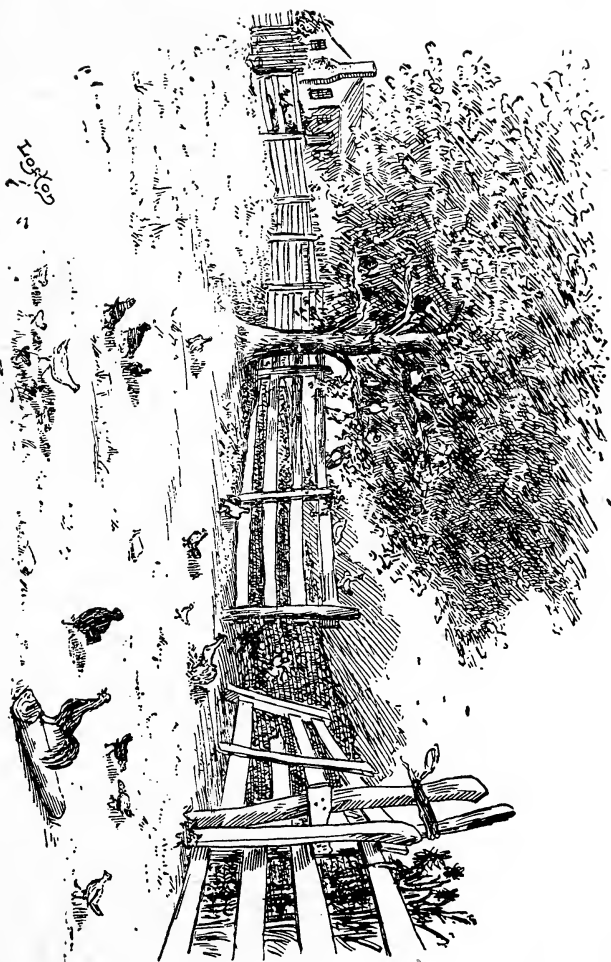
bore. Wisdom, virtue, religion are insipid and distasteful. The house of God is an arid spot in a weary land. The sweetest music, the richest sermon, the divinest worship are but spiritual nausea which gags the depraved or the indifferent heart; and strange to say, many who belong to the Churches, who profess to be the children of God, seem to have no relish for sacred things and holy exercises. Everything in the service of God is stupid, platitudinous and vapid, a task and a bore, and hence thousands of them stay at home on Sundays or seek pleasure elsewhere. They have no appetite for the bread of heaven, no thirst for the water of life, no taste for the wine and the milk and the honey of grace. The Bible, the family altar, prayer and praise are all an intolerable bore; and God only knows what really good thing is not a bore even to many who profess the religion of Christ. They enjoy the card pack and the wine cup and the stage play and the novel and the vulgar jest and the like, and alas! there is no charm to them in heavenly things. It's all a bore.

Chickens Come Home to Roost.

HOWEVER the chickens scatter about or wander away during the day, they come back home in the evening to the old roost. Even when they stray off from home, sometimes for several days, they will come back if not caught by the hawk or the fox or the two-legged thief. Occasionally they never get back, but as a rule they will return; and the stray man or the stray boy is very much like the stray chicken. When wandering he becomes satisfied or dissatisfied, the wanderer hunts again the old family tree to rest or roost in. After all, "there's no place like home," and it is generally the case that the rooster, whether older or younger, can always find a hospitable welcome back under the old roof, however deserted or dishonored. It is not often true of the stray hen or the erring pullet. The wife or the daughter who leaves a home disgraced rarely wants to return, and even if she would she seldom finds a welcome. The discrimination between male and female immorality seems arbitrary and cruel, but it is based upon the social estimate of female virtue and character essential to social purity and stability. Jesus alone made no difference, and nothing but the grace of God—not even woman herself—can restore the wandering woman to lost honor and position. How often we hear sung that touching hymn:

"Oh! where is my wandering boy to-night?"

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.



But we never hear it rendered:

"Oh! where is my wandering girl to-night?"

The prodigal son is a fine illustration of the truth of this old proverb: "Chickens come home to roost." It is a fine thing, a young fellow thinks, to get away from the old parental roost, to shift from the familiar scenes of early life, to see something of the world, to form new acquaintances, enjoy himself, spend his money, and have a good time; and the straying spirit is not long in squandering every resource of manhood and character. It is only a question of time when such motives and such a course will bring him to want and degradation in a land of friendless famine; and when all is lost and he comes to himself, the pinch of poverty and helplessness will naturally turn his heart back to the old family tree where he used to rest and roost. Perhaps disgrace and humiliation will have the effect of making a man of him as the better days of home and childhood crowd upon his memory, and repentance brings a flood of tears and resolutions. Imagination paints in one vivid and varied picture the life of the old homestead in the years gone by; and the irrepressible inspiration hastens his weary feet into the quickstep of return, and burns his quivering lips with the confession of sin. Yonder the prodigal goes back to the father's house; and with open and outstretched arms he is always received with boundless hospitality and love, he is feasted, and with every distinction and honor he is crowned. Blessed is the chicken who thus comes back home to roost—though sometimes he comes back home only to wander again and finally go to ruin.

The backslider is a chicken that sometimes comes home to roost. Church chickens often stray away from the gospel roost; and the prodigal is a fit type of many a Christian who drifts away from the Father's house. A sheep will sometimes wander away from the fold and from the care of the Good Shepherd; and the prodigal's return is a true picture of that blessed Shepherd who will leave the "ninety and nine" and bring back, at last, the wandering sheep through many trials and tears that none but the Shepherd and the erring sheep ever know. Alas! for the child of God who gets off into the mountains of sin, off among the foxes and the wolves, off into the meshes of worldly pleasure, business and vice! How miserable and wretched and hungry and ragged and naked he gets in soul and sometimes in body! The backslider often reminds me of a poor, lame, one-eyed, ham-strung, flop-eared mule, feeding about on stubble and sticks, with the Devil's buzzards sitting about and watching for him to die. "Here's your mule!" It is wonderful, too, to see him come back and get cured up, and feed and fatten and kick again under the fostering care and culture of grace. Poor old chicken! how pitiful you look away from the Lord's roost where once you roosted and fed in the gospel coops! How good is God to love and chasten back his wandering children, sometimes with many a stroke and stripe before it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness! David and Peter were a couple of those chickens restored to the joy of their salvation.

But there is another sense in which the old proverb has gained a meaning. The chickens will

come home to roost under the form of retribution for sin. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." As a rule, our wrongs fall at last back upon our own heads, if not always in this, yet in the world to come. It is the part of crime to work out, in some way, its own punishment upon the soul of its perpetrator. He that sins against God or man wrongs his own soul. The atheistic Voltaire even had to confess that life resembled the banquet of Damocles, above whom there was suspended a sword in the midst of the feast. God's enemies have ever had to lick the dust from their own feet. "Nemesis," it has been well said, "is one of God's handmaids." "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein;" and, after all, crime is in conspiracy with the law to bring the criminal to justice. "Heaven," as a writer well observes, "often regulates effects by their causes, and pays the wicked what they have deserved." Yes indeed, the chickens we have hatched in evil, how far soever they may seem to have wandered away from us, will come back home to roost upon our own heads and hearts and destinies.

I believe in the supremacy of justice—the reign of law and order—under the imperial sway of truth and righteousness. As Chapin said: "The essence of justice is mercy. Making a child suffer for wrong doing is merciful to the child. There is no mercy in letting the child have its own will, plunging headlong to destruction with the bits in its mouth. There is no mercy to society nor to the criminal if the wrong is not repressed and the right vindicated. We injure the culprit who comes up to take his proper doom at the bar of justice, if we do not make him feel that he

has done wrong." It was the position of Socrates that a man was happier and better off even in himself by suffering for his crime than if he should escape punishment; and if justice is mercy to the wrong-doer, it is certainly mercy to society. So God and society have always taught and practiced. "Society," said Dr. David Thomas, "is like the echoing hills. It gives back to the speaker his words; groan for groan, song for song. Wouldst thou have thy social scenes to resound with music? Then speak ever in the melodious strains of truth and love: 'With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again'." The greatest thieves and scoundrels ride in triumph along our streets every day, while negroes and poor white men go punished, but society must pay the penalty of every unpunished crime, especially when committed in high places.

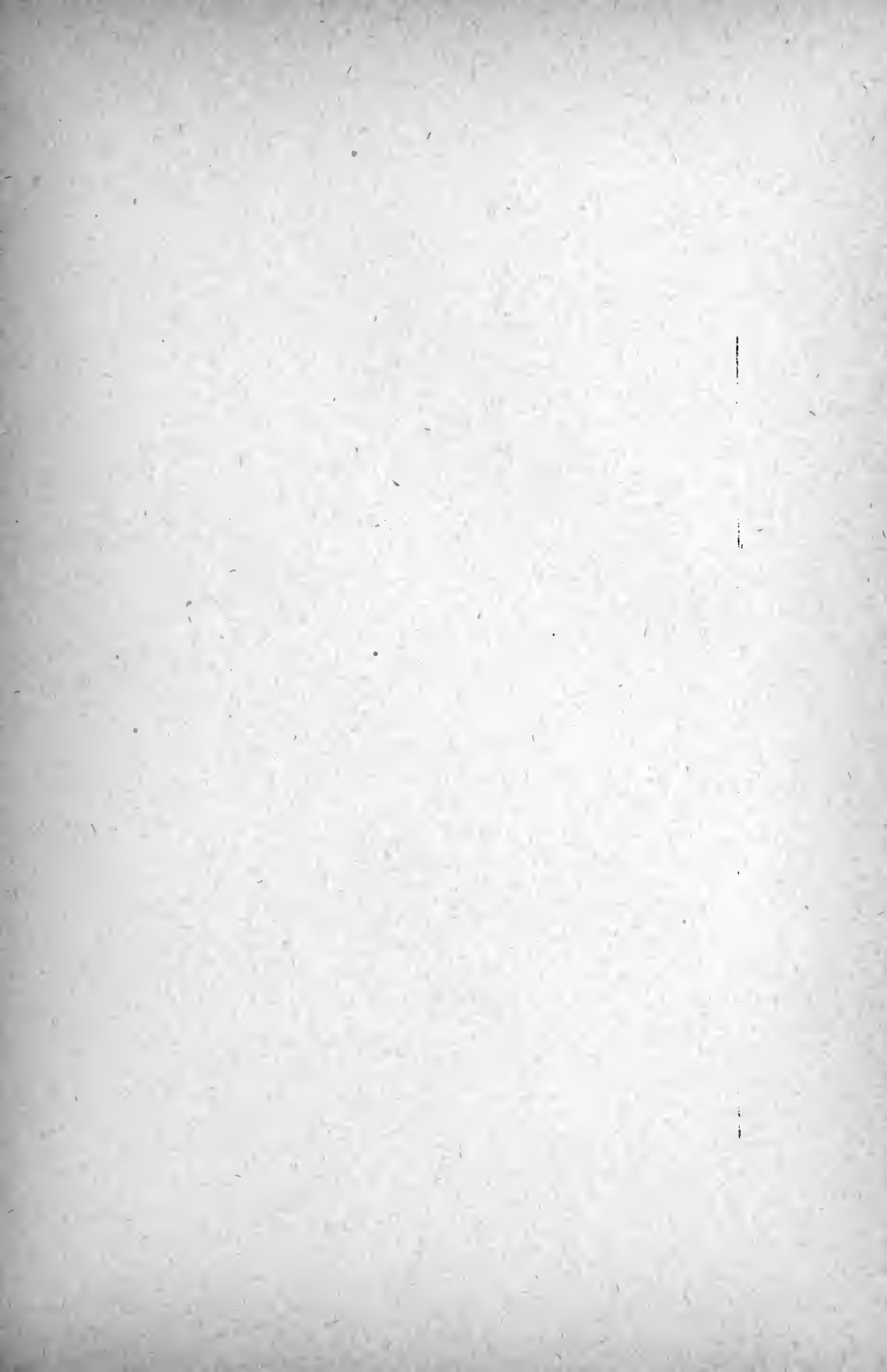
God is the author of the doctrine of retribution. He it is who hath doomed every guilty man to be his own hangman—that the chicken hatched in evil shall come back to roost upon the head of every evil doer. This law is wrought in the very nature of things, as well as written upon the pages of revelation, both upon men and nations. "God is a sure paymaster," said Anne of Austria to Richelieu. "He may not pay at the end of every week, or month, or year; but I charge you, remember that he pays in the end." Every nation that ever smote God's people is dead; and when Israel sinned, God sent him into captivity. The Jews to-day are a standing miracle of God's retributive justice and yet of his covenanted mercies. The nations that participated in the partition of Poland were scourged with the sword of Napoleon; and

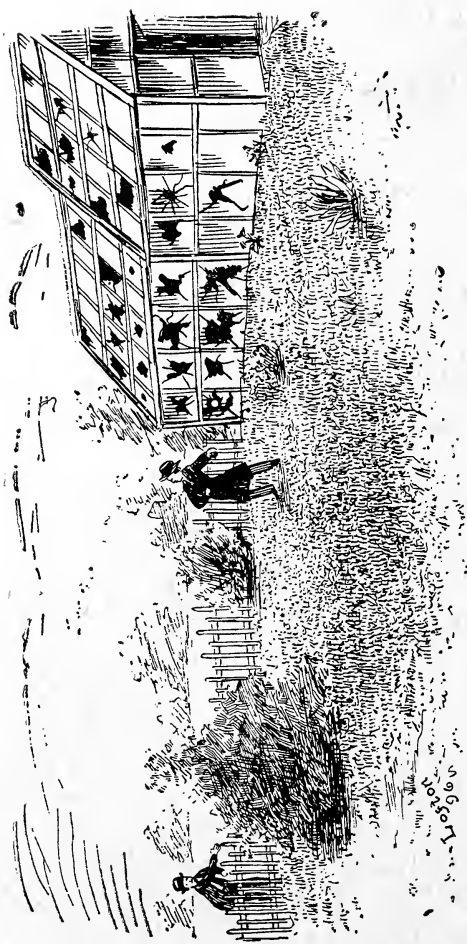
he beneath whose footsteps the earth trembled as with the throes of an earthquake—he who divorced Josephine—died an exile in the crater of an extinguished volcano. All of Napoleon's chickens came home to roost at St. Helena.

Some people oppose capital punishment even for murder, but the old law of God is plain that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed also." This was not a Jewish law, but a law set up after the flood under the covenant of peace and providence; and no age or development of civilization has a right to repeal it until civilization rises above the crime and commission of murder. "Murder will out" and murder—wilful murder—ought always to be punished with the forfeiture of the murderer's own life. It is said that the gospel abolishes the maxim of "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;" but I protest that Jesus was speaking to his disciples of personal conduct towards man, not to the courthouse. The Christian is to obey the "powers that be" which are "ordained of God," pray for and support "all that are in authority," and stand by the administration of justice; and while he may obey the law of non resistance personally as laid down by Christ, he is to relegate his wrongs to the courthouse for adjudication and for the good of society. Even the persecutor of the Christian, while the Christian may personally submit, is amenable to justice both human and divine; and there is nothing in the gospel to prove that the chickens of evil shall not come home to roost in justice upon every criminal's head according to law, both human and divine.

There is but one way to keep the chickens off the

soul that comes home to roost in eternal retribution. Repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ will keep off the chickens we have hatched in evil. Jesus paid the penalty of the believer's sins; and although he may not avert the consequences of retribution here, he is freely justified from the eternal condemnation of God's law. The wild oats we have sown will be sure to come up down here; but, thank God, Christ cuts off the crop from any growth or harvest in heaven. We cannot avoid the consequences of lust and drunkenness and lies and other sinful habits once formed in this life; but the chickens of judgment these vices have hatched for us here cannot crow at Peter's conscience up yonder. God's child may not escape consequential retribution in this life; but all shall be blotted out by the blood of Jesus for the life to come. More than this, Christianity ratifies the sense of retributive justice in the converted soul here below; and little Zaccheus, when he came down to Christ from the tree, felt like paying back four fold for all his wrongs and like giving half his goods to feed the poor. He called up all the old chickens he had hatched in evil not to roost over his roof, but to kill them off in doing good where he had done evil. This is a very true type of Christianity.





LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES.

Living in Glasshouses and Throwing Stones.

THIS sketch illustrates the fact that whoever lives in a glasshouse and throws stones at other people, will be sure to get his own crystal palace smashed. Glass makes a very thin, brittle and transparent wall to live behind; and it is the symbol of the characters of the faulty and the fault-finding fool who throws stones at other people, and at whom everybody else will return the compliment. It may be well enough to cast bowlders at sinners from behind a fortress. It is likely even then that the stone slinger may get picked off by some sharp-shooter in ambuscade; but the greatest ass and the meanest knave among the human family is he who stands behind a glass pane structure and slings cobbles at his neighbors.

The man who attempts to correct or characterize his neighbor's faults should be faultless; at least, he should be better in all respects than the man he stigmatizes. "Physician, heal thyself" is always the stone which is thrown back at the man who throws stones from a glasshouse; and along with this stone comes every other stone of stumbling and offense which the stone flinger's conduct and character have created. Every stone thus thrown is a boomerang to the man who is guilty of the sins he condemns in others. The kicking mule is the one of all others which gets kicked back. The biting dog has more scars upon

his body than any other dog. The fighting cock is the rooster from which the most feathers are plucked, and he seldom or never lives out half his days. If there is one instinct sharper than another it is to pay a man back in his own coin, however justly or unjustly he assails our life, or family, or friends. No matter how guilty we are of the charges preferred, we cannot brook rebuke or scandal at the hands of no one better than ourselves. We squirm and writhe under reproach from an angel—we are disposed to rebel against God when his Word holds the looking-glass before our sins—but the vilest wretch beneath the sun scorns the reproof of the Devil.

One of the mysteries of iniquity is that any man in a glasshouse should ever throw stones at other people. The pure and the spotless man most seldom deals in censure or criticism. He lets his life and example speak oftener and louder against us than his words; and when he does deal with our faults and infirmities he does it in the spirit of charity and forbearance and for our good, without any effort at exposure and scandal. There is something in virtue and integrity, especially in the absence of self-conceit and self-righteousness, which lifts us above the necessity of self-vindication; and this self-respect and independence of purity rather pities than scorns the failures and infirmities of our fellow man. Somehow it is oftenest the villain who wants to hurt the erring and the sinning as well as to drag down angels. It would seem, often, that a fellow-feeling would make the vicious and the criminal wondrous kind to each other; and so it does when vice and

crime are confederates for a common purpose. Ordinarily, however, where evil does not link together its forces for an object, it is worst at war with itself. It seems to hate its own. It is of the Devil, who not only wars against all that is good, but who must abhor himself and all that is like him; and who can only pretend a friendship when it pays by combination for evil ends.

I have seen many illustrations of this fact. I remember one day hearing two licentious women calling each other by the name of their vocation and character, in the most profane and denunciatory terms. One drunkard will talk about another drunkard as a disgrace to society; and one swindler or thief, in business, will most strenuously and persistently seek to expose and injure his own like in the most damaging terms. "Stone the thief" is oftenest the cry of the thief himself. It is impossible to surpass the vile gad-about and gossip in the slanderous castigation of those around her; and under all forms of society, high or low, we see people hurling at each other the sins of which both alike are guilty. The hypocrite especially deals in this glasshouse business of throwing stones; and the more unexposed he keeps himself—the longer he can hide his character—the more vicious and venomous his foul and wicked tongue.

I said that this spirit is of the Devil who abhors himself and abhors his own, and so it is; but there is another reason for this vile and inconsistent freak in human nature. Every scoundrel in the world wants to appear better than he is, and his chief idea in the elevation of himself in the estimation of men,

is to pull down everything else around and above him. No pure or lofty spirit ever sought to rise upon the ruin of other people, whether above or below it in character or virtue, but it is the invariable rule of the villain, if he cannot rise by dragging down his betters, to enter into the pusillanimous stratagem of denouncing and calumniating his equals and his like. He will do this before strangers who may be deceived by him; but he will do it in the presence of those who know him to be the villain that he is. Strange to say, too, there is something in human nature which, though undeceived, is persuaded into favor toward such a villain by his boldness and assumption of goodness; and every villain who is not a fool, well knows this weakness in the credulity of human nature and so plays and presses upon it for all it is worth. I know some of the worst men in the community who can pass well with many people by clever manners and loud protestations of virtue and vile denunciation of their fellows, even when these people know their villainy. We are often loth to believe our own eyes in the presence of pretending rascality; and sometimes in spite of conviction we are persuaded to believe some people better than we know they are.

There is no class of people the man in the glass-house takes more delight in throwing stones at than the inconsistent Christian. The stone slinger is always trying to smash church windows; and when Christians stumble or fall, how he makes the mud fly! It is most remarkable with what delight the vilest gainsayer of religion rolls the sweet morsel of slander and scandal under his tongue when a minister

happens to stray. It is truly astounding that the wicked so hate Christianity, the best evidence of which is the pleasure they feel at the failures and misfortunes of God's people. It is seen in the venomous sensations of the newspapers, the editors and managers of which are often the most corrupt of all who fling mud and sling stones. The most puerile and asinine performance, often, is a moral discourse in the form of a secular editorial in a daily newspaper, the most of whose space is given to the world, the flesh and the Devil, and much of which is devoted to the wreck and the ruin of human character.

I remember a scoundrel once who got hold of a sensation which involved the character of a good but unfortunate man; and when the wife of that man tearfully plead that he would spare her husband's character, he coolly and devilishly replied: "It is our business to break down character." This same editor subsequently eloped with another man's wife; and the last I heard of him he was behind the bars of a county jail awaiting trial for one of the highest crimes known to the law. He was a fair and famous specimen of the villain who lives in a glasshouse and throws stones at better people's reputations.

Unfortunately, too, sometimes the stone slinger is so low and little that he can't be hit back so as to be hurt. He can throw stones as well as any other slinger, but his glasshouse isn't worth throwing at. He can to some extent hurt you, but you can't hurt him. He has neither money nor reputation, much less honor or manhood; and all you have to do is to pay no attention to his slings, however bad he hurts

or annoys you. You have to treat him as David did Shimei, who threw stones and cast dust at him; and when you can't help yourself, and would do yourself no good if you could, the best thing to do is to let the worthless and the small slinger go. David was, worse than all, at one time the "song of drunkards" on the streets of Jerusalem; and about the most pitiable object in the world is a great and good man, fallen and disgraced, the object of ridicule and sarcasm at the hands of the base multitude, whose delight is to throw stones at nobility in the mud. Bad boys never throw stones at a living lion; but there never was one of these young imps of Satan that would not stone a dead one. Oh, what a blessed and beautiful thing it is never to give the groveling mob a handle to hit you over the head with! Of all the grinding conditions to a proud and lofty spirit, it is to be stoned by a man in a glass-house not worth throwing at. The best thing in the world is to so live as not to be stoned; and the next best thing is, if you have so lived as to be stoned, to be able to bear it as David did, and leave it all to the Lord to reckon with the mud flinger.

About the only congenial place for a man who lives in a glasshouse and stones his neighbor, is hell. If he never gets hit back, or gets his house smashed, in this world, his boomerang will reach him in the world to come. Chickens will come home to roost there. What a terrible scene at the judgment will it be for those whose business, here below, has been to judge their fellow being! "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged again," is the awful judgment of the Judge of judges. There are many

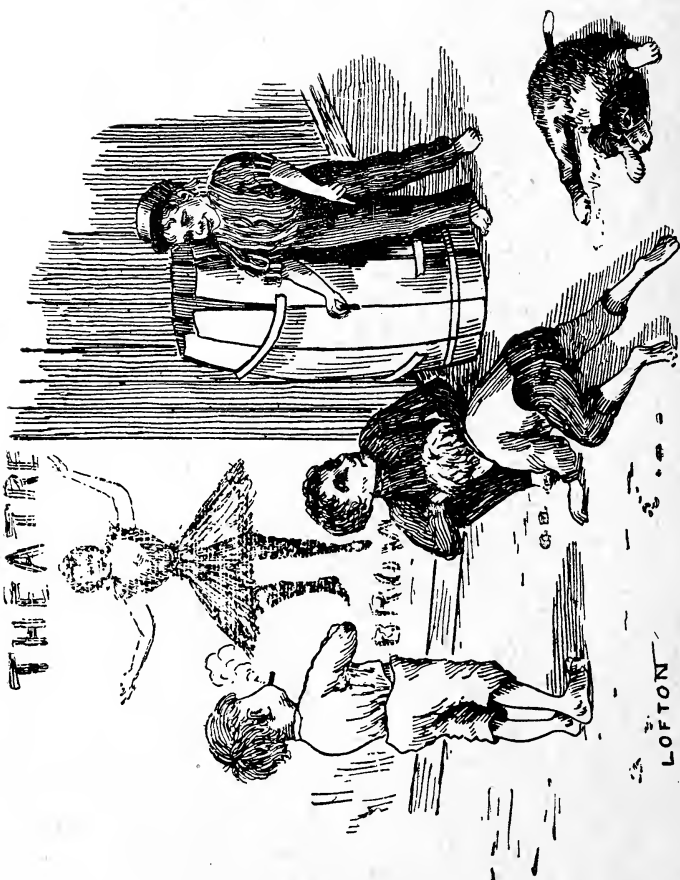
different and awful sins of which men are guilty in this world, but there is nothing much meaner or worse than the sin of judging harshly, or wrongfully, or unmercifully, our fellow man. The act of kicking a man when he is down, and especially when you are as guilty as he, is but the pronouncing of damnation upon your own head; and he who has shown no mercy to the sins of his fellow man will find none at the hands of God.

It is enough for us when pure ourselves, and in the line of duty, to preach righteousness and to denounce evil. It is our duty as good citizens, as faithful Christians, as ministers and members of the Church, to "cry aloud and spare not;" and yet, in every case, we are to show mercy and help the sinful and erring up to God and to heaven. In all the relations we sustain to law and order, to domestic peace and good government, to Church and State, it is our duty to vindicate justice and sustain morality; but in all we are to mingle mercy with justice and illustrate the spirit of Him who came to save and not destroy. If we throw stones they must be stones of truth, flung from the hand of character, and thrown to hurt only in order to heal. If true and consistent ourselves, we may consistently tell men of their sins, to help to cure and save them from evil; but no Christian, no good citizen, no honest man, though he live not in a glasshouse himself, can throw the stone of censure, or punishment, in the spirit of the glasshouse man. Love does throw stones, but they are the stones of a friend. He that loves everybody and everything, fears nobody and nothing, and though the boldest, bravest, and truest

man in the world, he never hits but to help. The stripes of a friend are always oily—the healing lashes of the lover. The mother whips the child with whose tears her own mingle; but the chastening of love like that of God alone, yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness.



THEATRE



LOFTON

THE GANG.

The Gang.

A CHARACTERISTIC boy is the most peculiar animal in the world. Even when he's a baby you can tell by his face and his actions that he isn't a girl; and from one to twenty he has none of the qualities or characteristics of the genus, man. Before the age of ten he is in a chrysalis state—the June bug gradually developing from the grubworm, so to speak—and you can't tell anything about his future destiny until he passes this stage. Up to this time he is "Mamma's pet" and "Papa's boy," very smart, obedient and promising; and he is going to be a preacher, lawyer, doctor, engineer, or fireman, according to whatever strikes his fancy. He's never going to be bad nor run out o' nights; and the fond parent sees in him a saint or a president. He goes readily to school, to church and Sunday school, and will sit with his mother in the pew. He brings home tickets for good conduct, regular attendance and rapid progress in his studies; and if he is extraordinary, as he almost always is, he is the butt of ridicule and the object of persecution by all the larger boys. He's a "goody goody" tied to his mother's apron strings; and through this process of conflict and education he is finally prepared, as a rule, for his transition into the characteristic stage of the characteristic boy.

After ten, and sometimes a little before, according to precocity or depravity, he enters the June

bug state of existence fully developed; and from this point he begins to decline in goodness, smartness and obedience. He doesn't want to be smart or good; and he soon realizes that it does not comport with the dignity of boyhood to be obedient to superiors. He must go with the boys, do like the boys and keep away from home, school and church unless it is necessary to find congenial company there; and even then it would be against his principles to learn anything or try to be good. He hasn't much use for Pa and Ma now except for good clothes, something to eat and a bed to go to about midnight; and he doesn't want breakfast next morning till about eleven o'clock. He cares only for Tom Runaway, Bill Breakneck and Sam Hawkeye; and, for the present, he cares nothing for the girls except to torment their lives out of them. Home is a bore unless it can be a place of mischief and deviltry; and about the only thing he dreads is the "old man's cowhide." As for the "old woman," he can put his finger in her eye and say it isn't there and she will agree with him, although she may have shed a bushel of tears over the young scapegrace on the early road to ruin.

The habits of boys during this uncertain period are characteristic and peculiar. They go in "gangs" and have a leader by instinct just as wolves, crows and other animals and birds do; and they have their signals or signs and passwords by which to indicate distress or to come together; and when the whistle blows or peculiar sounds are made, nothing but barred doors or windows can keep them apart, even at midnight. They mew like cats, bark like dogs, crow like roosters, bleat like sheep and neigh like

horses; and anything in the way of devilment a gang together can't think of is not worth knowing. The Devil himself is the boss of a young gang; and the outcome of their growth in young villainy is but a demonstration of the doctrine of total depravity which they scarcely pretend to conceal. Old folks cover up their rascality, but boys openly let the cat of human nature out of the wallet. There is but one trick that mankind learns in practical depravity by degrees, and that is concealment. You can always get at the character of the "old folks at home" by what the children do and say. There is one thing they are always unintentionally honest in, and that is to let you know what they are and how they do at home.

Boys are very fond of fire as well as water; and they want the whole earth as well as all the air. It is remarkable to see a gang build a fire on the common on a hot summer day and all sit around it and talk and seem to take great comfort in their intensified warm surroundings; and it is not infrequently thus that the Lucifer match is suggested and applied to the outhouse or the stable in the alley, just to see a bigger blaze and the fire engines come out. You will catch the gang anywhere about the dark corners, or in the allies, or down the railroad, or in the river; and among the amusements, day or night, is throwing stones, breaking glass, killing cats and chickens, stealing fruit and watermelons, robbing bird's nests or otherwise damaging and destroying whatever comes in their reach. Here they learn to swear, lie, curse, steal, fight, drink and commit murder; and the only thing that ever terrifies or scatters

the gang is the "Cop," as they call him. Sunday is, especially in the country, the great day for their gathering or their depredations upon farms, orchards, isolated churches and schoolhouses and any other place where they can combine to do evil—tie a tin pan to your horse's or dog's tail, remove your gate or wagon wheel, or roll a log across your road. Cruelty to animals, inhumanity in general, and a total disregard for the rights of other people always characterize the gang's lawless and godless career.

There is one thing about these boys, if you can only turn it to good account, and that is, like all other wild animals, they are instinctively smart, if not smart in the way you want them; and if you know how to get at them you may tree and catch them just as you do rabbits and coons. Let them rnn into a hole like the fox that dodges you first with a score of tricks, and then you can get them if they do not get away from you. If ever you can get up with one of them once, win his attention and then get him interested with something good, you may reach his heart. A pack of wolves will stop and listen to a fiddle before they will eat you up; and so you may get at one of these boy's heads if you can only somewhere touch his heart. You needn't begin by flogging him, and keeping him in on Sunday, or by talking sense or religion to his head, after he has been trained in the gang. You must take him on the blind side of his inclinations and prejudices—steal unconsciously into his confidence—and then interest him in *his* way about *your* way.

A friend and I, with a couple of skiffs and a couple

of boys, once went a fishing upon a lake. We caught fish, but the boys got tired and obstreperous and wanted to go home. We could do nothing with them until we gave them one of the boats to go off to themselves and fish; and you never saw two boys more interested, energetic and delighted. How they caught fish, bragged, crowed, shouted and poked fun at us! After that you couldn't keep these boys away from us when we went fishing; and just so it is in matters of business, pleasure, home, school or religion, if you would get one of these bad boys away from his gang and out of his reckless course of life, you must get his confidence, touch his heart, and win his head along the line of his own way and upon the blind side of his own nature. In the Sunday school especially do you have the best chance to fish for these bad boys; for generally they will go to Sunday school because others go there and because the exercises are interesting and best adapted to their age and instincts. It takes the sagacity, patience, love and kindness of Paul who caught people by guile, and who was all things to all men that he might save some, to catch the gang, or a boy out of the gang; but it often proves the greatest catch that a fisher of men ever makes.

One thing, however, must always be accomplished, if the bad boy is ever converted or kept in the path of rectitude: You must get him out of the gang and keep him out, or else get the whole gang converted. Even if you should get the whole gang there is danger. The Devil usually has one kid left among the lambs, and this little goat will play havoc for a while with the flock. At all events no boy can

ever grow up and be a man in business, family, education, or religion, until he quits the Devil's gang and sticks to God's flock. The goats always try to get among the sheep; and if they can't do that they will try to draw the sheep off to herd with them. The goat invariably means mischief whether in the sheep fold, or wandering alone, or in his gang; and when a poor young sheep gets off with him, or allows him in his company, the goat will get the advantage every time. The sheep cannot go where the goat can without getting into trouble. The goat has a burr upon the bottom of his foot by which to climb fences, walk logs and go into by and forbidden places; and the poor, foolish sheep that tries to follow or keep company with him invariably comes to grief. The Devil understands this; and it is thus that young converts often appear worse after joining the Church than they did before. It is the hardest matter to keep Christian boys and girls in the right way; and the same plan of keeping them interested in religion after conversion is the same as getting them interested beforehand. You must let them have some kind of pleasure or work in their own way and along the line of their own ideas. You must let them fish a little in a boat by themselves, not far off, and under your eye and supervision in the Church.

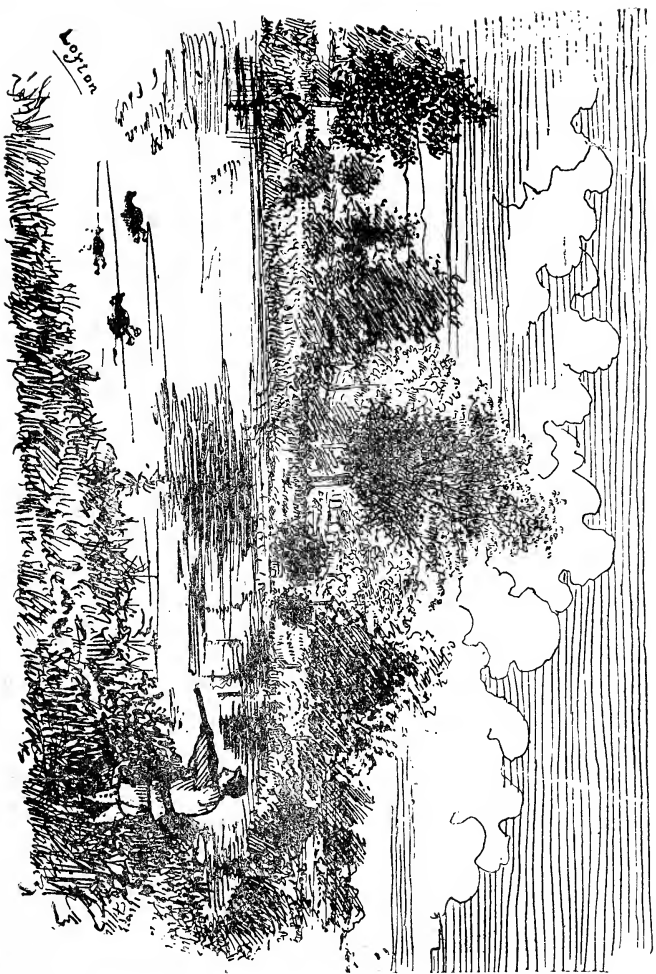
Alas! thousands of these boys continue as they have started in the gang. From ten to seventeen is the most dangerous period; and if a boy does not leave the gang before he is twenty-one, his destiny is usually fixed and his fate is sealed. After seventeen the gang hardens into criminals. Most of the

murders, thefts and other crimes of the day come from the gangs that you see about the drug stores, saloons and other lurking places in the city; and whenever a crime is committed and an arrest made you will find that the criminal had his "pals" and belonged to the older and more hardened gang that grew up from among the boys that first learned to herd together in mischief. Men are seldom alone in wickedness; and all the villainy of earth, nearly, originated in the gang. You seldom see an isolated bad boy; and what is true of the boy is true of the man. Whenever you look into a jail, or a penitentiary, or listen to the story of crime on the gallows, you will find, nine times out of ten, that bad company was the original cause of it. Oh! boys, quit the gang, and quit it now! Don't wait to quit it by and by; for the longer you run with it the less probability you will ever have of becoming disentangled from its chains of vice and villainy. Parents, preachers, and teachers, let us study especially the science and the art of getting the boys, and keeping the boys out of the gang. It would prove, if successful, the conversion of the world in which we live.

Shooting Dead Ducks.

IN the picture before us we see a man shooting dead ducks in a pond when he might be shooting live ducks in the air, and before they fly beyond the reach of his gun. It seems a very foolish performance, and yet it is a folly of which we have all, and perhaps often, been guilty.

The subject before us is but another phase of casting pearls before swine, feeding pigs on diamonds, already treated in another sketch; but it involves something more than that also useless performance. It implies all efforts where no good can be accomplished; and it includes not only that class of persons who violently resist your attempts to do good, but all upon whom your words and activities fall without effect. There is no sense in talking to, or working with dead men, or dead things, except to bury them out of sight. It is vain to sing Psalms to the dead horse, or to shoot straws at the wind, or to whistle to a locomotive running at the rate of forty miles an hour. We say a thousand things which are a waste of breath, and we do a thousand things which are a waste of energy, time and talent. Perhaps the saying and doing of useless things—the shooting of dead ducks—may have some effect in developing our faculties and functions; but we had better develop them in the wise and effective work of doing good, where something will be accomplished.



SHOOTING DEAD DUCKS.

The great difficulty is that we fight many a mock battle, shoot many a gun at random in the air and waste a magazine of ammunition. Like little boys among the crags, we are frequently shouting at the top of our voices, only to hear the echo, which is the only return of our eloquence. It does the voice good, I grant, but life is too short to be wasting eloquence upon echoes; and our voices, like our intellects and energies, would be better and more skillfully trained in doing good where effort will be fruitful. When the Jews at Antioch in Pisidia turned from the gospel and opposed the apostles, Paul and Barnabas dropped them and turned to the Gentiles; and here we learn the great lesson of letting useless effort go and of turning to something that will turn to good account without wasting further time and energy. When Jerusalem, over which Jesus wept with scalding tears for the last time, failed to recognize the day of her visitation, she was left to her desolation; and the Master turned to the work of saving the world which He came finally to redeem. When the sinner commits the unpardonable sin—passes, so to speak, the day of grace—God drops him forever. God and His Christ and apostles did not shoot at dead ducks. When Athens did not yield much fruit Paul went to Corinth; and there his mighty powers under God yielded the grandest work of his life in any given locality. Christ instructed His disciples, in some instances, not to preach the gospel in certain cities inasmuch as He did not have much people there; and it would have been a waste of time to shoot at the dead ducks of Nazareth and Gadara after His rejection among these Peoples.

Of course everything that seems dead may not be a dead duck to be shot at in vain. As long as there is life in a sinner, or a Church, or an enterprise, there is hope; but when hope is gone then duck shooting is useless. It is very hard to tell sometimes, when and where to stop; and often what seems a vain or hopeless effort only needs a few more words of love, a few more strokes of energy, and the work to be accomplished is done. The duck is not always dead when he is at rest. The opossum plays the dead act to perfection when he is about to be caught; and it is often so with the sinner—he is “playing ’possum” when often on the very verge of salvation. In matters of utility we must be very keen judges of men and circumstances; and then we must be so close to God that we may know His mind in the matter. Never give up as dead or hopeless what God has not given up; and in such a case we can only judge in the light of surroundings and indications coupled with the light of God’s Word and the promptings of God’s spirit. He who best knows God and His word is the discernor of spirits and of conditions in matters of religion; and the most successful Christian is he who never gives up anything till God gives it up. So Judson conquered Burmah after laboring six years to get but one single convert.

One thing this sketch suggests with intense significance and force: The dealing with living instead of dead issues. Some people are like vultures, who live solely upon the carrion of dead things. They never forget the things behind and never reach out to the things before them; and hence they never deal with anything but a dead issue. The war has been

over and slavery has been abolished in this country since 1865; and yet there are men upon both sides of the conflict who have been digging up the graves of our battle fields and waving the "bloody shirt" for these thirty odd years. Prejudice almost always lives in the past—has its eyes in the back of its head—and can never see an inch in the future. It is the grandchild of ignorance and the daughter of superstition; and what has been true politically with many people in this country for thirty years has always been true with religious bigotry and fanaticism. Persecution always emanated from a false and dead religion—behind the times; and what is true of religions, is true of all other persecution. In science, art, philosophy, discovery, invention, the man who gets ahead of his fellows has to pay the price of martyrdom. The man who shoots at dead ducks is a harmless fool; but the scene is shifted when Old Rip Van Winkle takes his stockless old rifle and shoots at live men and advanced issues. He is the universal impersonation of that long-eared ass who is always braying and kicking against human progress, when he himself is a dead duck at which nobody ought to shoot.

There are, however, a number of ideas and issues called dead in religion which are not dead, and at which, by way of ludicrous anachronism, the dead ducks themselves are trying to shoot. How often do we hear of the "obsolete," the "exploded," the "antiquated" dogmas of Christianity! The Inspiration of the Bible, the incarnation of the Trinity, the Substitutional Atonement of Christ, Salvation by Grace, Miracles, Hell and like doctrines are set down

as dead issues; and a hundred different free lances are being hurled at them. We are shot at as old fossilized fogies who believe that Moses and Christ made no "mistakes;" but we have the exquisite satisfaction of knowing that this old world has never yet got up with the Ten Commandments nor come in sight of the Sermon on the Mount, except at the hands of old fashioned Christianity. Moses and Job and Daniel and Joseph and Hezekiah and Paul and Peter and John have no parallels in science, philosophy or statesmanship; and about the most obsolete men of modern times are the infidels and rationalists, whose works on science and religion explode every ten years and must be shifted to meet the ever varying shades of dissatisfied theory and speculation. The deadest ducks I know are Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau, Renan, Paine, Ingersoll, *et id omne genus*; and it is really pitiful, though shameful, to look upon that ragged batch of little wrinkled, pale-faced hags like Theosophy, Spiritism, Christian Science, Unitarianism and the like, sneaking about and trying to stab the lofty genius of Orthodoxy in the back with their little half-truth daggers. I wish to say that after all a half-truth heresy is the most damnable and deceptive of all the religious delusions of the world. A merely human Christ is the most dangerous fraud ever perpetrated on Christianity.

We shoot a good deal at these dead ducks; but about the best thing to do is to preach and exemplify that old-fashioned gospel of Christ. The life and example of the true Christian are the best sermon that was ever preached. Christian character is an unanswerable argument, especially when there

is lots of it abroad in the world; and the great obstacle to our progress in the world is the dead duck that sits in so many pews or stands in so many pulpits of our common Christianity. Of all the dead ducks in the Churches it is the anti-missionary dead duck—the do-nothing, give-nothing, say-nothing, pray-nothing, read-nothing dead duck; and worse than all, it is that dead duck, and yet alive, which flops about in the saloon, the ball room, the theatre, the race track, the gambling hell, the bucket shop, and in bad company and bad business all over the land. He is dead to Christ but alive to the Devil, and we often shoot at these do-nothing and do-devil dead ducks in vain. They should get out of the Churches or do better; and if they will not roll out, or flop out, they ought to be shot out—the only kind of shooting that will do them or us any good. They won't die out to save your life, nor will they get far enough out of your way to do any good. Alas! it is always the live duck that dies, for a dead one can't die any deader, and he don't die the right way. Good Lord, have mercy on us for the bad sake of these dead ducks.

Let me say that much of our controversy on all subjects—especially when not in the right spirit and manner—is nothing more than dead duck shooting. Again, there is no use in shooting at the fellow that scoffs you, or quibbles with you, or asks you fool's questions, or who promises you everything and never does anything; or who, like the clown's horse, is hard to catch, and when you catch him he is good for nothing. There, too, is the gospel hardened sinner who has been bombproof against the appeals of

forty years; there is the prejudiced man, who, like a turtle, pulls his head in every time you touch his shell; there is the conceited fellow, who thinks he is condescending to your ignorance every time you talk to him; there is the self-righteous Pharisee that thanks God he's better than you or any of yours; there is the "peculiar" specimen of humanity who will perhaps do better by being let alone; there is the hypocrite upon whom the gospel falls as water on the dead duck's back; there is that little coterie of intellectual folks in your congregation for whom you specially prepare your sermon to be heard, and in which you shoot above all the live ducks; oh, there's many a dead duck you need not shoot at at all. Only shoot at live ducks, Luke, or give up your gun. In a sense every lost sinner is dead—dead to God and alive to sin—but it is gospel shooting that kills him to sin and quickens him to God. We never know when the arrow we shoot goes to the mark of a broken heart; and it is our duty to shoot until shooting does no good. The Word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword. It is the power of God unto salvation to every believer—the savor of life to faith; and it only becomes the savor of death to persistent and final unbelief. The sinner has to doubly die before he becomes too dead to shoot at.

I might say much more, but time fails me; and hoping these few lines will find their way to some of the dead ducks, I will draw my sketch to a conclusion.



DEATH IN THE POT.

Death in the Pot.

ELISHA came to Gilgal upon a certain occasion when there was a great dearth in the land of Israel. There was a kind of theological school there at the time, composed of "the sons of the prophets;" and as they were sitting before Elisha, perhaps during a session of instruction, he ordered his servant, Gehazi, I suppose, to "set on the great pot and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets." In the meantime "one went out into the field" and gathered a lap full of colocynthis from a vine—called wild gourds—and shred them into the pot of pottage. He seemed not to know what these green gourds were, taking them, no doubt, for some other vegetable; or else he must have thought the stomach of a poor, half fed theological student equal to any gastronomic emergency. If so, he was mistaken; for when the pottage was poured out to the boys and they began to eat, they cried out: "O man of God, death in the pot!" Elisha, however, was equal to the occasion; and above all the heads of the culinary department of any of our modern mess halls, he knew how to cure a bad dish and save the expense of throwing it away. He just took a hand full of meal and cast it into the pot and the bitter and poisonous pottage was made harmless and palatable. So he cast salt into the alkaline spring at Jericho which became sweet; and in both instances it was the work of a miracle wrought of God.

After all, the theological students of Elisha's time had some advantages over the same class of students in our day. The old prophet could teach and perform miracles too. He would make sweet the bad water the boys had to drink; render delicious the straightened economy of green gourds; and when the boys lost a borrowed axe in the Jordan he brought it to the surface with a stick. These students built their own house; and there were no large sums of money raised to erect and endow expensive colleges. The professor wasn't paid any salary; and it was not necessary for the boys to pay for tuition or board, since even in a drought and at the same time he instructed the boys, he not only transformed green gourds into palatable pottage, but fed a hundred men on twenty loaves of barley, brought by a man from Baal-shalisha. I judge, too that they had no library of any consequence except the Bible; and I shouldn't be surprised if those students could beat most of us preaching at this day. Our boys are not educated, housed and fed on that style now, and alas! if they should eat heartily of poisoned ice cream some Sunday they would have to send for the doctor of medicine instead of the doctor of divinity. Even the doctor might not be able to take death out of the pot.

Morally speaking there was no death in the theological pot, perhaps, out of which the students of Elisha ate, and this was another advantage of the sons of the prophets then over our day. The theological pot of this generation—seething with the pottage of many a poisonous error, is full of death; and it sits upon the fires kindled in some of our theological

schools. What is bad, if not worse, there is no Elisha to cast into it the curative meal of grace in order to heal the deadly dose which is administered to many of the students of this generation. We have, too, as many different theological pots as we have different kinds of pottage, green gourds, bitter and poisonous, and yet made sweet and palatable by the false Elishas who cover their false theology with the glamour and the gloss of fascinating culture and infidelity. "Higher criticism" seems to be the freshest and greenest gourd of the times; and so of all the new and variegated theologies which are all green gourds because they are young gourds. Thousands cry out: "Death in the pot!" but thousands go on eating the pottage just the same, sweetened with the delusive meal of the learned and the great teachers.

Thank God, into the conglomerated mess and mass of this theological pottage we have men and institutions pouring the meal of salvation by grace through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and in spite of a multitude of variant and heterogeneous heresies, a sinner may be saved by the Gospel. In some instances, alas! there is no meal of grace in the pot, and thousands are eating the green gourd pottage of the Devil without mixture. In much that is eaten there is no room for God to over-rule the evil for good, and we behold on every hand the straight out victims of Spiritualism, Christian Science, falsely so-called, and a score of like falsehoods posing even under the name of Christianity. What a deadly pot is that in which bald ritualism seethes pottage. How deadlier still is that cauldron of damnation into

which Ingersoll and Spencer and Huxley and the like cast the colicoquintida of agnosticism, pantheism and atheism. In much that is seethed of this hell-broth pottage of error, falsehood and infidelity it is impossible for God or prophet to cast in the leaven of transformation. What an age and what a country is this! and yet how many pots of death are boiling with destruction to immortal souls kindled by the fires of learning and piety at the hands of blind leaders of the blind! "O man of God, death in the pot!" Up, up ye men of God in the schools and in the ministry and in the Churches, and cast in the meal of truth and grace and life into the seething mass of the Devil's pottage.

"Death in the pot!" Well, there are a great many different kinds of pots in which there is death and from which men daily eat the pottage. "For one mess of pottage," and just this kind of pottage, morally speaking, Esau sold his birthright; and so thousands are making merchandise of immorality everywhere for the gratification of appetite, passion, pride ambition and avarice.

1. There is death in the wine cup when alcohol seethes the pottage of intoxication to drown the aspirations of the soul and to extinguish the torch of genius. There is scarcely even a ray of hope for the man who tampers with whiskey. I don't care how bad a young man is in all other respects, there is a chance for him if he will let liquor alone; and I don't care how good a young man may be in all other respects, there is no chance for him if he drinks from this cup of death. Every other vice can be cured easier than drunkenness; and then drunkenness is

the source and the fosterer of almost every other vice and crime in the world. Ten thousand devils glow and dance in the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, and at the last stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent.

2. There is death in the "poker pot," the symbol of the gambler's profession. Gambling is next to stealing and the lowest calling upon earth under the pretence of livelihood. It is getting something for nothing at the hazard of all you have, whether of money or manhood; and it is in the teeth of God's law, which says that man shall eat bread in the sweat of an honest face. The speculator in futures, the bucket shop loafer gets something for nothing or losses all he has; and often he corners the necessities of the poor to enrich the purse of a crime beside which the "poker pot" or the pool table is an innocent amusement. The cornerer deserves not only a corner in the penitentiary, but one of the hottest corners in Hades

3. There is death in the pot of lust—the licentious heart in which boils the passions which burn out manhood with debauchery. The very soul of some people seethe and stew down to a mess of putrid and concentrated corruption in the perpetual indulgence of libidinous dalliance and vice. I have seen some people out of whose eyes the light of virtue had faded, and which actually glowed with the baleful gleam of consuming depravity; and every lineament of purity had lost its trace in the vile countenance which even when it smiled wriggled with the contortions of turpitude. It is impossible to tell how low down in the scales of bestiality and pollution a man

or woman may sink who feeds upon the rotten pottage that seethes in the boiling cauldron of lust.

4. There is death in the pot of every worldly pleasure. Alas! for the thousands who feast upon the mess that seethes in this pot and forget God—even in the Churches. You need not drink, nor gamble, nor lust, in order to be damned in unbelief. Just neglect or forget God in fun and your soul may dance off, or play over, or wing its flight upon the pinions of fancy into the bottomless pit. Immortal hope in the light of lost opportunity and careless indifference is being extinguished every day in the oblivious lure of godless amusement. People otherwise pure and good and useful to society and business, daily quaff this intoxicating draught, which, while it may not pollute the heart, crystallizes and hardens it with a deadly indisposition toward God—a revolting distaste to anything like a spiritual or crucial religion.

5. There is death in the pot of avarice, pride, or ambition—the inordinate love of money, position, or fame. There are people who never indulge their animal passions or appetites—who care nothing for godless pleasures and amusements of life—whose god is not the God of Heaven, but whose god is money, or place, or honor. They want the earth either as a storehouse or treasure, or as a throne to sit upon, or an audience room to their praises. In business and profession, in politics and war, in science and art and literature, they are lost in the deification of self; and the sweetest cup ever drunk, the most delicious pottage they ever ate is the gratification of a yet insatiable pride and ambition which

never, never get enough of this world or its glory.
“O man of God! death in the pot!” Alas! “if a man
gain the whole world and lose his own soul what
shall it profit him? or what shall a man give in ex-
change for his soul?”



Laziness.

IT is said that there was a man in a certain community so lazy that his neighbors determined to take him to the grave-yard under pretense of burying him, in order to cure him of his malady. He indolently submitted to being put in a coffin and hauled away in a wagon towards the burial ground. On the way a neighbor observed the procession and inquired who was dead? "Nobody," replied the leader;" but we are going to bury Bill Jones because he is too lazy to work and support his family, which is upon starvation." "Why," said the generous neighbor, I will let him have a bushel of corn, if you will let him off." Bill Jones lazily lifted himself up in the coffin and asked: "Is it shelled?" "No," replied the neighbor. "Then drive on, boys," he said, and quietly laid back in the coffin.

This is quite an extravagant old story, but it is a fine illustration of a lazy church member, or of the man too indolent or indifferent to be aroused about the interests of his own soul. Thousands are too lazy to work for the body, or the family. It may be that there are some who would rather die, or be buried alive, than to shell the corn when it is given to them to feed the fleshly appetite. Be that as it may, there is no lazier man than the indolent church member. He declines to shell God's corn when He



LAZINESS.

gives it to him. He is too lazy even to eat the bread, or drink the water of life when God puts it to his mouth. Not only does he refuse to work or give, but he takes no pleasure in reading the Bible, and he has no disposition for prayer. To go to Church or Sunday school, or to prayer meeting, is a task too heavy, a bore too deep, an enterprise too sleepy, with hundreds who are too lazy to say grace at the table. The lazy fellow who nailed the Lord's prayer to the head of his bed, and who, upon retiring, was accustomed to say: "*Lord, them's my sentiments,*" is a true picture of that multitude of wretches in the Churches who are too indolent to worship, much less serve, the living God in any form or fashion. They do hope to get to heaven and to escape hell; but if salvation by grace is to be manifested or evidenced by human exertion or activity, piety or zeal, then, "drive on, boys!" They might stand the car of Juggernaut, or lie down to it, but they can't endure the ordeal of active service to God. They not only want God to make timber for them, but they want Him to make lumber; and even when God has shelled the corn of grace to them, they want Him to make meal and bake bread.

These people are not necessarily indolent, or lazy about anything else. Earnest, zealous and active in business, hearty and hale in appetite, sound and sonorous in sleep, vigorous in fun and frolic, yet in religion they are heartless sluggards ever folding their arms in languor and crying for a "little more slumber." They feast upon God's earthly bounties, roll and wallow in God's earthly bed, luxuriate in God's sunshine and dew and fatness, but they are

too lazy to open their mouths in God's worship, or lift their hands in God's service, or drag their feet to where they might draw some benefit or blessing from the example and devotion of others. The House of God gets to be a place of torture to the lazy Christian.

Laziness is one of the prominent sins of the Bible, and God has pronounced a curse upon it. "*Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion!*" Indolence is the paralysis of the soul—a curse within itself—and it is one of the hereditary forms of sin essential to human nature. He that indulges it destroys every good principle of his being; and he that overcomes it will not only be able to conquer every other sin, but to develop and make triumphant every grace and ennobling principle in his moral constitution. Laziness is the sleep of mind, not simply of the body; and hence God appeals to the soul when he warns the sluggard to "go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise." No wonder then that, in the Church, God pronounced a woe, objective as well as subjective, upon such a sin, since it is the mother of stupidity, incapacity and vice. The idle brain in religion is the Devil's workshop; and as in every other place, so in the Church, the Devil will be sure to find something for idle hands to do. Laziness in religion does not mean laziness in sin; for, not only is religious indolence a sin by negation to God, but it usually turns to devilment in the life of the Christian or the Church. A lazy Church is the Devil's storehouse, his laboratory, his arsenal of evil; and in such a Church may be found all the elements of vice and conflict sooner or later developed. Hence God's only

punishment and cure often of such a Church is division and strife, permitted in order to bring back life and zeal. Stagnation in Zion is like stagnation in the atmosphere; and the physical cyclone which cures the latter is but the figure of the moral cyclone which must cure the former.

It is sometimes amusing to be at a religious convocation when the Churches are represented and where reports are made of Church progress. The letters often include the expression: "We are at *peace* with one another;" and then the statistical table of the little dying band is read, as follows: "Baptized none, excluded none, died one; received none by letter, dismissed five." With regard to benevolence, missions and education the report reads: "Fifty cents for minutes, forty cents for missions," and nothing for anything else, except that, for the individual expense bill of the surviving membership, there might have been reported several thousand dollars worth of pork, beef, chickens, pies, tobacco, snuff and corn juice! But they are at "*peace*" for which they thank God and congratulate themselves, the same as being thankful and self-gratulatory for stagnation and death in the Church. The Ship of Zion here is like the vessel discovered in the Polar Sea. The captain, mate, steward, purser, pilot, crew and passengers were all on board and at their places—looking quite natural and easy—but they are all frozen to death; and so it is in many a Church "at ease in Zion"—dead preacher in the pulpit, dead deacons in the Amen corner, dead membership in the pews! No Sunday school, no prayer meeting, no contribution to missions, no work for

souls; and the lazy preacher stands in the pulpit to feed the lazy "little flock" on husks. Some of them are congratulating the sheep that they are a "*little flock*" to whom alone the kingdom belongs, as if Jesus had never intended that His once "little flock" should be any bigger than the original twelve apostles. Laziness and hardshellism are synonymous terms.

A preacher of the "primitive" type said, not long since: "They accuse us of sitting upon the 'stool of do-nothing.' True," he said, "but it's a mighty good stool. It never tilts over. It has three legs for its support, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost;" and so this antiquated old fossil thought he had made a splendid argument, by a false analogy, in establishing the doctrine that God is able to help himself, and that it is a dishonor to God and the doctrine of predestination to presume to make any effort to aid the cause of Christ beyond feeding the sheep upon the dry grass of fatalistic preaching. Be it known that the Trinity, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, is not the three legged "stool of do-nothing." God cries out to His people everywhere, and in all ages: "Come up to the help of the Lord, against the mighty." He confers upon His people the great honor, and lays upon them the sacred duty of sharing with Christ in the sublime co-operation of saving a perishing world.

There is one sin which makes even God sick. It is lukewarmness—the sin of the Laodicean Church. "I would thou wert either cold or hot," he said to this Church; and because they were "lukewarm," "neither cold nor hot," he said: "I will spew thee

out of my mouth." This was a large and flourishing Church, that is, "rich, and increased in goods, having need of nothing," in its own estimation; but spiritually it was "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked" as it rolled and fattened in the luxury of laziness and indifference. It was one of our fine, wealthy, fashionable, worldly, popular Churches—active and zealous in its own glorification and pretensions, but cold and dead in the frigid grasp of religious pride, indolence and stupidity—full of society and flirtation with the world and given over to formalism and display in the name of Christ. It vomited the Almighty! It was like taking tepid water on the stomach. It nauseated God! We can drink hot or cold water, but we can't keep down a draught of lukewarm water. It's as bad as ipecac. The figure here employed illustrates God's loathing and disgust of a proud but spiritually dead Church—a people at ease in Zion—doating upon their splendor in laziness and indifference, feeling no need of anything at God's hands, and absolutely regardless of the poor and the needy cause of the Redeemer, except perhaps by proxy. Ah! how God spews out of His mouth such Churches in this world! Alas! if not now and here, what a vomiting of such will there be at the judgment seat of Christ! Oh! big money and broad culture, silk and satin, pride and ambition, social display and high position, stained glass and cushioned pews, how often have ye killed the meekness and humility of God's House! How often filled it with the mimicry of mockery in worship! How often degenerated into the "ease of

Zion" and died of spiritual indolence and *ennui*, "in-occuous desuetude!"

God has no use for a lazy man or Church; and neither has the Devil when he cannot make any active or practical use of them. The Devil may tolerate such upon the principle that negation to God is positive service to him in the end; but such are not the Devil's highest ideals, so long as they are not in a state of actual devilment. His diabolical majesty must feel a contempt for anything too lazy to be of active service; and we have seen with what disgust God holds such men and Churches. Both God and Satan are active. God and good were impersonated and incarnated in the sacrificial activity and zeal and sympathy of Christ who was ever "about" and "doing good;" and all of God's true people and Churches have been characterized by the terms "peculiar" and "zealous." So, by contrast, of the Devil and his people ever in active conflict with God and good. The Devil and his own never slumber nor sleep; and the saloon and the brothel and the game table and the race track and the pleasure resort—the theatre, the club room, the dance hall and the like—never close doors or take vacations except when compelled. If the forces of good ever relax, the forces of evil never stop; and though Satan and his agencies fail under a thousand forms of evil, they assume a thousand other forms as fast as they fail. God in creation, providence and grace—in earth and heaven, and among all that multitudinous host of unseen intelligences at work for good—never stops; and the most marvelous phenomenon in the science and philosophy of religion—the most unaccountable—is a lazy Church

or Christian which declines to co-operate in the harmony and glory of divine activity, or who retards the sublime progress of divine work. How sad it is that the virgins, wise or foolish, ever sleep! How strange that the disciples slept at the gate of Gethsemane! Thank God, however, that there are the faithful in God's ranks who never stop; and thank God for the consolation that He who never sleeps nor slumbers shall not fail of His purpose against death, hell and the grave; and that He shall bring off His cause and His people more than conquerors through Christ who loves us and will keep us to the end.

There will be no laziness in heaven; and it is doubtful if any lazy man will ever go there. There will be no laziness in hell; and although the lazy man will get there, he will wake up to his hot reception and to a superinduced activity never realized before. There will be neither time nor place for laziness in Paradise or Tartarus; for on the one hand, heaven is a place of worship and service, night and day, forever; while on the other, hell is characterized as a place of torment, of cursing and weeping and wailing and of gnashing of teeth at God, day and night forever. I have heard of people too lazy and worthless to live—misfit for heaven and “not worth their room in perdition”—but this is a mistake so far as hell is concerned. If Satan has not been able to rouse up and use a lazy fellow in this world, he knows how to warm and wake him up and put him to activity in that country adapted to the purpose, where the climate is sulphurous but not soporific, and where a fiery energy is normal if not voluntary. Hell is

the punishment of that laziness which could not be cured even by grace, in this world; and if the lazy man ever gets there he will soon realize that while it is no place for a lazy man it is the place where laziness alone can be cured. May the lazy wake up now and go to work for God, and keep out of the lazy man's fiery and eternal infirmary.





HONEST SWEAT.

Honest Sweat.

THE old law of labor, like all the laws of God, has never been abrogated. It reads thus: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Of course, by the word "sweat" is meant *honest* perspiration. Since the enactment of this old law great changes have taken place in the realm of labor. Begging, gambling, lying, cheating, bloodshed for plunder have characterized the business and practical career of mankind. Men sweat for a thousand different reasons—for vice as well as for virtue, for rascality as well as for honesty—and hence the word "sweat" needs a specific definition. The burglar, the safe blower, the gambler, the thief, the drunkard and the liquor dealer all sweat. The guilty conscience, as well as the good conscience, makes a fellow sweat. A fellow sweats in the meshes of the law for evil as well as in the walks of piety for good; and it may be that the Devil sweats in his devilment as well as that Christ sweat great drops of blood amid the agonies and toils of redeeming love.

Sweat, however, was the curse put upon honest labor. If Adam had not fallen, perhaps he would not have had to sweat. There will be no sweat in heaven, where toil will be luxury and service bliss; and it is possible that in the Garden of Eden labor would have been without perspiration or tears in the

holy culture of that beautiful, genial place. To evil, however, sweat is not only the exhaustion of strength, but of virtue; but to the toil of honest sweat is the tonic of manhood and purity. The happiest and best man in the world is the man who labors righteously, who rests when he should, and who eats his bread in the sweat of an honest face; and that face is the sunniest and noblest that ever coruscates with the aureole of purity and dignity among men. The mastery of self and sin is found only in the man who labors for God and for good.

There are several kinds of people in the world who work and sweat and who don't work and sweat:

1. There are those who do nothing and produce nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—nothing from nothing comes. The idler, the bummer, the loungeur, the "dead beat," the good-for-nothing sluggard whom the Bible admonishes to visit the ant hill to learn wisdom, does nothing and sweats nothing to get nothing. He hasn't life and energy enough to sweat; and where there is no sweat there is no income. Such a man has no right to eat bread, according to the apostle Paul, who says we shall be "diligent in business," as well as "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" and he further declares that he who "provides not for his own household hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." Hence such a man is unfit for earth and misfit for heaven; and the vagrant law is the only one to which he is subject. Any man in good times ought to be put in the penitentiary, in a country like this, who does not follow an honest vocation and make an honest living; and I be-

lieve that laziness should be regarded as a crime by negation, especially when a man does not provide for his own. No human being, able to work, should be allowed to beg or lounge about the streets or enter an institution of charity; and it should be held as a crime against society for such a man or woman to be harbored in saloons, gambling hells and brothels—punishable by the laws of our country. No human being has a right to become a parasite upon society—a louse to feed upon another man's head—much less to become a leprous infection on the body politic.

2. There are those who do worse than nothing to get something from others. Those who live by means of the brothel, the saloon, the game table, the bucket shop, by all sorts of respectable thievery, to say nothing of the lower orders of robbery, are they who come under this head. These, if they sweat at all, sweat dishonestly in the business of getting something for nothing. The beer glass or the whiskey bottle, which takes the laborer's honest nickel, is a non-productive consumption of money, mind and morals and a pauperizer of the masses; and it is the same as "blood money" when it becomes robbery of women and children and the misery and damnation of countless thousands of souls. So of every dollar gained and lost upon the indulgence of lust or gambling or futures speculation, where the honest sweat of productive labor, or business, never sanctifies a dollar put into the pocket, and where one man is robbed to enrich another. Legitimate business or labor mutually benefits the buyer and the seller, the employer and employee, both parties

to the transaction; but in all species of gambling, or merchandise, or labor, where nothing is produced, only one party can be benefited while the other is robbed.

It does not signify anything good that in such transactions men tacitly agree to rob or be robbed, to debauch and be debauched, to ruin and be ruined. Mutual consent to suffer evil cannot abrogate moral law, and no civil government should allow men to harm each other by consent. Every man should be not only required to make an honest living in the sweat of an honest face, but no man or woman should be allowed to engage in any form of livelihood in which they produce nothing, or do worse than nothing, to make a living. If vagrancy is a crime, what must be said of living not only at the expense of other people, but at the expense of every principle which underlies the fabric of domestic, social and civil economy? Alas! for the glory of the age in which we live when the brothel, the saloon, the bucket shop, the pool room, gambling of any kind, any sort of labor, business or operation which enriches or benefits one man and robs and demoralizes another and debauches both, is not only allowed, but licensed and legalized.

3. There are those who legitimately do something to get something, who develop a productive production, who, in the sweat of an honest face, make an honest living. I refer now to a large and varied class of producers, creators and conservators of society, the agriculturist, the mechanic, the tradesman, the operator, the contractor and the laborer; and under this head may be arrayed every form of

business, profession and administration, the merchant and the manufacturer, the discoverer and the inventor, the lawyer, doctor, editor, educator, preacher and writer, the law maker and the executor of the law, all who labor in the sweat of an honest face not only to make a living, but to mutually benefit and bless their fellow-men in the production of that which is necessary to the existence and good of society. Here labor is honorable, the outcome legitimate, and without evil except as accidental and incidental to human ignorance, or weakness, and not inherent in the idea of producing nothing to get something or of doing worse than nothing to get what we are not entitled to.

But honest labor intensifies the sweating process when man ceases to be isolated and enters into the co-operative movements or enterprises which bring capital and labor into conflict. The two never seem to agree long at a time; and there seems to be no scientific solution to the problems which are involved in the periodical embroglios into which they are perpetually plunged. It seems that the man who chiefly works with his head and the man who works chiefly with his hands can never understand each other; and one difficulty in the way is selfishness, which takes shape in the "love of money," which is "the root of all evil," and which is chiefly lodged in the heart of the capitalist. He does the thinking, but he thinks mostly in the direction of his own interests; and the poor fellow who works chiefly with his hands has to take it out in striking. These immense monopolies, combines and trusts, which are among the billionaire developments of our day, have

not thought for the laborer nor done for him as they would have the laborer think and do for them; and hence the universal labor organizations and monster demonstrations which now characterize our time. Organization has to be met with organization; and fortunately for the laborer he has reached a day when universal education and information furnish him with the weapons of his defense. He is learning more and more to think for himself as well as sweat for himself; and if he will keep far away from socialism and anarchy and have as little to do with politics as possible (except at the ballot box) he will always be able to stand abreast with the colossal maneuvering of capital and combination.

Honest sweat should glow with religion. Jesus Christ is the laborer's friend. He was himself a carpenter. He not only sweat the honest drops of toil, but the bloody drops of sorrow and sympathy for the sinner, the oppressed and the poor; and his deepest curse rests upon the prostitution of capital which robs the laborer of his hire. Liberty and equality are the social and political outcome of the cross; and a wise and righteous regard for law and order, a vigilant and energetic exercise of the right of suffrage, with an intelligent and honest course of conduct, will keep the laborer's cause secure in a country like this. While the capitalist is lobbying with the Legislatures, let the laborer be sure to keep the ballot box under his control; and let him remember that the age in which he lives tenders him the sympathies and the assistance of the religionist, the philosopher and the philanthropist everywhere. Let capital learn to sweat honestly as well as labor; and

let labor never mingle the blood of violence with the perspiration of an honest face. Let both follow the golden rule; and with the modern advantages of education and organization, sanctified by religion and ruled by common sense, labor need never fear the supremacy of capital which hitherto has always ruled the world. Stick to honesty, religion and the ballot box.



Ignorance, Prejudice, Bigotry.

WE here picture three characters inseparably related to each other and following each other in the sequence of a natural offspring—Ignorance, Prejudice, Bigotry! Ignorance is the mother of prejudice and the grandmother of bigotry—the only son of the only daughter of the only mother that ever gives birth to such a progeny. The old grandmother leads the way in mental and moral blindness; the daughter follows after with a somber scowl and with a snub-nose contempt for all she disagrees with; and her son cleaves the wake with persecution, his foot against everything which crosses his path. Bigotry is the effect of a two-fold cause, the active result of two blended principles inherent in a common blood and stock—the child of prejudice born of ignorance; and most of the injustice and cruelty, and persecutions, which have made this old world weep in streams of blood, sprang from the gory hand of bigotry. Science and art, religion and liberty, righteousness and innocence, all have gone from scaffold to scaffold and from stake to stake at the instance of this hideous monster, armed with authority and wielding the sword of power. Especially have men had to suffer at his hands for religious convictions, a sphere in which he is most inclined to dogmatism and despotism, and yet a sphere in which moral certainty, in all points is least at-



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tainable. Worse than all, his cruelty has been displayed in "non-essentials" based upon human tradition, the badge and countersign of priestcraft, and the fiercest weapon ever put into the hands of kingcraft.

Bigotry has always dominated the world in that which was based upon ignorance and prejudice. Galileo recanted under the scepter of ignorance and prejudice which dogmatized his system, in the very light of a revolving universe, into heresy; and so through all the centuries has the progress of truth and freedom been obstructed by opposition born of darkness and hate towards everything that did not conform to the standard of error and falsehood enacted for every subject in every period of human history. No man ever got ahead of his day that did not pay the penalty of crucifixion for his originality. Slavery is averse to the sacrifice essential to liberty; and the master of serfdom seldom ever saw the light of freedom through the glamour of his power and the haze of self-interest in the property of even human chattels. Ignorance blinded by prejudice never desires to be enlightened amid the darkness of pet superstitions; and truth has never yet had to fight a battle except against the armed supremacy and domination of bigotry and persecution, born of ignorance and prejudice. Ambition, the pride of wealth and the love of power, originated the doctrines and the machinery of kingcraft and priestcraft, of slavery and subjugation; and in the beclouded atmosphere of these awful heresies against light and freedom, were born all the weird and hideous superstitions of ignorance and prejudice which have cursed the

world under the blighting rod of bigotry and persecution.

Christ was the great Liberator and Enlightener; and yet he paid the penalty of the cross at the hands of Jewish envy and Gentile ignorance. Moses before him emancipated Israel from the slavery of Egypt, and yet he would have been immolated upon the altar of persecution no less by the blindness and madness of Pharaoh than by the slavish stupidity of Israel, who, in the face of a remorseless bondage of "bricks without straw," would have stoned their leader for the gluttony of "leeks and onions" rather than endure the sacrifice of light and liberty. Oh, what would history since have been but for such men as Luther and Knox and Roger Williams—such men as Tell, Bruce and Washington—such men as Galileo, Harvey and Fulton—a host of such who have explored the heavens, fathomed the seas, probed the earth; discovered, invented, created, revolutionized, and upheaved the centuries and plowed their way through tears and blood to the glory of modern civilization! The blackest page in history—the most incongruous and inconsistent commentary upon the blindness and cruelty of human nature—is that which records bigotry and persecution in the name of Christ! The ten persecutions of Pagan Rome, under the malignity and blindness of idolatrous superstition, consign Nero and Domitian and Decius and Valerian and Diocletian and other emperors to the most infamous record of perfidy ever created by the abuse of power in the cruel days of ancient history; but all their monstrosities of innocent blood-letting are eclipsed in the awful shadows

of the inquisition of Spain, Italy and Portugal, the war of extermination against the Vaudois, the horrid massacres of France and the Netherlands, and the lurid fires of Smithfield. Bigotry, born of ignorance and prejudice, did it all; and while these awful charges are laid at the door of Pagan and Papal Rome, it is no less true and astounding that, in almost every country—even upon the free and virgin soil of America—some forms of Protestantism were once guided by the same spirit into the transaction of the same iniquities and atrocities.

Ignorance does not always consist in a lack of information and education, and seldom does it exist for the lack of chance at information and education. She is subject to fanaticism and zeal without knowledge when she might know better; and often she is willfully and persistently ignorant against light. There is no source of ignorance so profound, incurable and dangerous as that which grows out of traditional bias and culture; and early training on this line is seldom, if ever, overcome. After thousands of years of progress there are some whole nations to-day, to say nothing of individuals and churches, which are crystalized and barnacled all over with old effete social, religious and political ideas that should have died with the feudal and the dark ages. In the very blaze of the nineteenth century a thousand millions of heathens are in moral darkness; and hundreds of millions of nominal Christians still cling to the prejudices and cherish the spirit of a persecuting bigotry which belong to the benighted centuries of religious intolerance and cruelty. Tradition, and not the truth, is at the bottom of it; and

what is true from the standpoint of the ancient and hoary sources of bias and prejudice, in this respect, is true of all denominationalism, to a degree, however novel and young. Thousands of people are enthusiastic and zealous bigots in systems of religion not a century old; and they are bound to their systems far more closely by family tradition and denominational pride than from any intelligent convictions in the matter. Thank God, the sword of bigotry is sheathed and unwielded; but in thousands of cases it swings at the side of prejudice and is often brandished in the hands of inexcusable and culpable ignorance.

Not only so, but bigotry is not infrequent among those of us who, with an open Bible, make a full claim to having *all* the truth and liberty. Such bigotry does not arise from traditional ignorance and bias, but from partisan zeal based upon a prejudice born of that ignorance which will not see any good in others, and which is never able to see but one side of a question however studied. It is the result of controversial specialism, which is not only narrow and one-sided, but often full of ambition and self-seeking. It is mostly found in denominational leaders who wrap themselves up in the flag of a few denominational peculiarities and go about daring everybody to shoot at that flag; and their chief glory seems to be in creating a following, in winning notoriety and in selling their wares for profit among the more ignorant and unlearned of their brethren. The chief effect they produce in the churches is to make denominational game cocks; and they dry up the spirit of piety, missions, education and of denomina-

tional enterprise. Their religious conventicles are theological debating societies; and occasionally they send up fifty cents for Foreign Missions! Like priest, like people; and you see the partisan touch of the leader in the sterile spirit and practice of a partisan people who will not recognize a man casting out devils unless he follows with them. These people only sneeze when their leaders take snuff; and their theological cast is only found in the mould of their denominational master. In fact, they interpret the Bible and Christianity only after his likeness and image; and he is the denominational "cock of the walk" in all the realm of his territory.

It is the part of Christian manhood to hold convictions and to have the courage of them; but these convictions should be intelligently formed, prayerfully matured and charitably promulgated. However boldly we defend the faith, or assail error and falsehood, we should be sure to free our minds of all prejudice and bigotry. Let us recognize truth and righteousness wherever found. So far as we can agree with good people who differ from us, let us walk together with them; and where we disagree with them let us walk apart from them. Wherever I find the true and the good among God's people predominate over the false and the bad, I fellowship them; and wherever I find the false and the bad among them predominate over the true and the good, I refuse them recognition. At the same time I try to remember that those whom I so judge and discriminate against, have the same right to so judge and discriminate against me; and I try to remember that, however wise and good the best of us are, we are infinitely

short of perfection in wisdom and goodness. It is simply marvelous that men who know a hundred times as much as I, and are so much better than I, should differ with each other upon points which seem so plain to me; and I often come to the conclusion that I should tread humbly and cautiously, after all, upon ground where giants wrestle. In fact, I differ widely with those much more learned and pious than myself; and hence, while I earnestly and strenuously contend for the truth as I understand it, I feel tremblingly charitable towards those with whom I am in conflict. My ignorance, thank God, I know; and hence, I think I feel no prejudice. I may be deceived, but I am satisfied if I have any bigotry in my heart, I do not know it.

Let us all beware of bigotry; and let us remember the only way to kill it is to know and cure our ignorance, and to open the artery of prejudice in our bodies and let the dull, heavy blood drop out of it. There are all sorts of bigots—social, political, scientific, artistic, financial, literary, business and professional bigots—and often the man who boasts of having the least of it, has the most of it. The traditions of science, art, literature, infidelity and the like, are no less deeply grounded in bias and prejudice than those of religion; and not infrequently the worst form of ignorance out of which all prejudice and bigotry spring is *learned* ignorance, *cultivated* ignorance, *refined* ignorance, *infidel* ignorance! The biggest fool in the world is the atheist, the rationalist, the socialist; and with all their boasts of free thought, intelligence, liberty, they are the most prejudiced, intolerant, and bigoted set in the world.

The French Revolution demonstrated that liberty run riot and God ignored could excel the bigotry of false religion in the excesses of the wildest and maddest fanaticism and cruelty that ever blighted the world. Nothing but the conservative spirit can ever avoid bigotry. The extremes of radicalism and liberalism always meet in the like curses of despotism and anarchy, and prejudice and bigotry are the dominating spirit born of ignorance, and characteristic of both. Jesus alone knew nothing of this spirit. Love was the talisman of His power and the badge of His glory; and the golden rule is the only cure for human intolerance.



Stinginess.

AMONG the sins of God's people, to say nothing of the Devil's folks, stinginess is the meanest and most unprofitable. One of the best illustrations of this crime against God and humanity is a dream I once heard. A man dreamed that he had died and gone to the gate of Heaven. As he approached the Heavenly entrance he found an old neighbor, a member of the church of his community, and noted for his penuriousness, in waiting. The dreamer asked: "What are you waiting for?" "Waiting for a club," replied his old neighbor. "And why are you waiting for a club?" asked the dreamer again. "Why," said the old man; "The entrance fee here for single individuals is fifty cents, or twenty-five cents a head in clubs of six, and so I am waiting to make up a club."

Of course it was only a dream, but this dream is founded in the reality of much of the so-called giving of many of the so-called Christians we know. The liberality of thousands never goes beyond the grudging pittance paid as a sort of entrance fee into the Kingdom of Heaven; and the giver is always ready to commute the rates, if not dodge the fee altogether. Many of them would wait for club rates, if the fee of entrance was really fifty cents. Some give from a sheer sense of duty—others give under the pressure



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of public sentiment, and hate to do it beforehand—others give under the impulse of occasion and appeal and regret it afterwards—others give for their own glory and get their only reward here—few give from love to God and good to man. The freewill offering, according to ability is a rare and gracious act of divine worship. It all comes from stinginess and want of early training.

I never could comprehend stinginess, or a stingy man—much less a stingy Christian. I have heard of men who would steal oats from their own horses, after feeding them, or who would spit in their own fire, in order to economize coal. I have known some rich people too stingy to eat heartily; and of one it is said that he used the wart on the back of his neck for a collar button, as a matter of economy. We have all heard of those “as close as the bark on a hickory tree,” or who would “skin a flee for his hide and tallow,” or who would “squeeze a dollar until the eagle would scream.” Selfishness is like the Dead Sea into which everything runs, but from which nothing runs out; and I have observed a great many people whose sole object seemed to be to get everything out of everybody else, and to give nothing back. This is bad enough in worldly people whose sole god is the “Mammon of Unrighteousness;” but stinginess in a Christian is beyond the reach of imagination. How any man can believe in Christ who “loved us” and “gave Himself” for us, and who will “freely give us all things,” and yet be selfish and penurious with God is inexplicable. I had rather be a hog and grunt out a life of mudhole selfishness than be a stingy church member, whose greatest

economy lies in the stint of his liberality towards God and humanity; and it is impossible to believe that such church members can exercise any saving faith in Jesus Christ, or have any conception of redemptive grace. It is salvation by grace that makes the Christian an eternal debtor to God. We give to God because He gives to us. Those who pay God in order to be saved, pay liberally. I do not blame such people for munificence under such a false conception of salvation; but how much more liberal should love and gratitude make us who go and give because we are already saved by the grace of God!

The doctrine and duty of giving is most clearly defined in both the Old and the New Testament; and Paul classes "Liberality" as a distinguishing "*grace*" of the Christian. He exalts and praises this "*grace*" among the Macedonian Churches when out of "great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their *deep poverty* abounded unto the riches of their liberality;" and the very first church at Jerusalem "sold their possessions" and laid the price received "at the feet of the apostles." It is clear from these examples that the first Christians entered the work of Christ and began their career upon the plan of abundant liberality and of exalted sacrifice. They gave out of their "deep poverty" and their "trial of afflictions" what they had to benevolence and to the support of the gospel, both at home and abroad; and if there is anything clear in the history of primitive Christianity it is that the modern theory and practice of the anti-missionary have no sanction in the gospel. There is not a more damnable sin than ignorance of, or opposition to, the great

commission of Christ: "Go ye into *all* the world and preach the gospel to *every* creature." I lay down the unanswerable proposition that if the commission to "teach all nations" ended with the apostles, then the commission to "baptize" ended with them. The same commission which says "*disciple*" says "*baptize*."

Both the Old and the New Testaments lay down the fundamental principles of giving, both as relates to the giver and the object given to, in religion.

1. The two leading objects of giving in the Bible are embraced in the poor and in the support of the gospel. It is hardly necessary for me to discuss the duty of giving to the poor, the helping of the helpless, the care of the widow and the orphan. The word of God is so voluminous and positive upon this point, that even the most nominal Christianity does not mistake its meaning; and many of our greatest philanthropists are among rationalists and infidels, regardless of our orthodox views of religion. The support of the gospel and the gospel ministry, however, is subject to conflicting views among those who claim to be the orthodoxest of the orthodox; but both the law and the gospel are equally clear as to the principles upon which the duty of giving to the support of the gospel and the gospel ministry are based. In all the official or ministerial service rendered to God and his people the maxim is laid down that the "laborer is worthy of his hire;" and that those for whom the labor is performed must pay the "hire"—not, however, in the "hireling" sense. God also establishes the rational rule, that they who serve

Him are to be disentangled from the secular pursuits and callings of men; and hence the further maxim that "they who preach the gospel shall live of the gospel." "No man goeth a warfare at his own charges," says the apostle; and he says again that they who plant God's vineyard, eat the fruit thereof; and they who feed God's flock, drink the milk thereof. The ox that treads out the corn must not be muzzled; and the same apostle illustrated further that they who sow unto God's people spiritual things are entitled to reap of their carnal things. He brings up the analogy of service under the law, and he holds that, as in the temple those who ministered in holy things, or waited upon the altar, lived upon the things of the temple and partook of the altar, so God's ministry in the Churches of the New Testament, should thus "live of the gospel;" and it may be that the tithing system among the Jews for the support of the temple and altar service is here involved by implication in the support of God's ministry under the gospel dispensation. A systematic plan of benevolence is at least implied.

The principle holds good in missionary work beyond the pale of the Churches. Paul for reasons of policy among the heathen, never made his ministry a matter of "charge" to those for whom he immediately labored. He made tents in some places for a living; but in addition to his own self support in the founding of churches, he took wages from other churches already established, as at Corinth, Philippi and other places. So in benevolence he raised funds in the Churches of Macedonia, Galatia and Corinth, for the poor saints in Jerusalem; and he went so far

as to establish the rule of giving, or raising money, by laying it by in store on Sunday, or the "first day of the week"—the best rule that was ever set up for systematic beneficence—according as God prospers us. No anti-missionary consolation can be found in the teachings or practice of Paul who labored with his own hands for self support while he preached the gospel to others. In the ninth chapter of I. Corinthians, he expressly demands the support of the gospel ministry at the hands of the churches.

2. Again the Scriptures lay down the principles of giving as they affect the giver. They teach that it is an inestimable blessing and a source of infinite development to give; and they teach the awful curse of stinginess or illiberality, as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira. "Freely ye have received, freely give" said Christ to His disciples; and when Peter and John had neither gold nor silver to bestow upon the penny-begging cripple, they said: "Such as we have, we give unto thee"—and they lifted him up into the wholeness and happiness of life, temporal and eternal. Said Jesus to them again: "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosoms;" and Paul traditionally quotes Christ as having said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—all of which is Greek to a stingy soul. "God loves a cheerful giver;" and He says that "the liberal soul shall be made fat."

Not only does liberality bless and develop the soul and the life of the giver, but it affects his future and his circumstances. According to the very law of

God—in the very nature of things—this old maxim is true: “There is that scattereth and yet increaseth: there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and yet it tendeth to poverty.” Stinginess means subtraction by addition; liberality means multiplication by division. We sow to reap, go to grow, give to live, deny to die. “Bread cast upon the waters will return after many days.” No labor in God is in vain; no gift to God but comes back again. The nature of Christianity is to enrich by giving, to increase by exhaustion; and the law of its existence is extension or extinction. To keep the pot full you must keep it boiling over; and to keep the cow from going dry you must milk as well as feed her. The wicked may flourish for a season; but God’s children cannot be stingy and prosper. The best evidence that a professor is not a possessor of religion, is that he can be stingy and prosper—deny God and not starve—sin and not suffer.

Covetousness, in the New Testament, is “IDOL-ATRY;” and every Church member who cannot be otherwise cured of stinginess should be disciplined for the worship of Mammon. “The love of money is the root of all evil;” and avarice is one of the damning sins in the Churches—especially so in this age of millionaire grasp after the “almighty dollar.” Like adultery, murder, revelling and other grosser forms of sin, covetousness is subject to church discipline, irrespective of loss or gain; and the healthiest process to church life, to-day, would be to exclude from church relations many of our gold-god idolaters, in order that they might graze with the goats long enough to tell whether or not they were

the sheep of God's pasture. In a certain Church in Ohio there was a brother worth \$300,000, with a big income every year. He sat in a prominent pew, sang hymns of praise, listened to the gospel every Sunday, and gave his pastor *ten dollars a year!* The brethren could do nothing with his stinginess; and so they preferred the charge of covetousness against him, and excluded him from their fellowship. He staid out and pouted for a year; but discipline woke him up to his awful guilt, and he came back with repentance, confessed his stinginess and was restored. He subscribed \$300 a year to the church, besides giving to missions, benevolence and education; and although this did not cover his ability or duty, it was a great improvement over the past. It is said that he continued to grow in the grace of liberality until he died. Thank God for the Peabodys, Rockefellers and Vanderbilts; but, O Lord, lead them to do ten times more for the advancement of thy suffering cause.

I do not care for a man's closeness in business, if he is honest; and it does not matter how economical he is, if he is not stingy. I hate stinginess; and when I look out upon the millions who are robbing the cause of Christ, I ask: "How is it possible for these poor, shrivelled, stingy multitudes to 'see' or 'enter' the Kingdom of God? Can a camel go through the eye of a needle? I know that salvation is by grace; but how can a man be in possession of the riches of grace, or grow in the riches of faith, within the animalcular cell of a stingy soul?" No other grace can grow in the soil of the heart with illiberality overshadowing it; and whenever, in the

soil of the heart, illiberality flourishes every other weed of sin will grow and choke the soul.

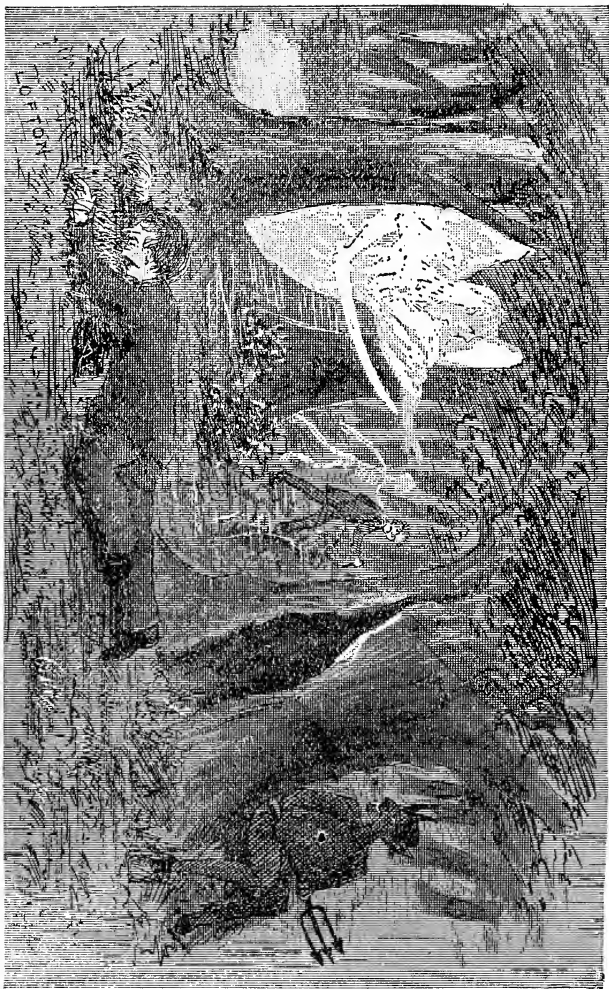
O man of God, flee this form of idolatry. Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth but in heaven, where the bank never breaks and where the cashier never steals. In the language of Christ, make unto yourself friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness—convert the world by means of your money—that when you fail in the stewardship of God's riches and mercies on earth these friends may welcome you into everlasting habitations. O, what a business to engage in! How rich the reward hereafter! How blind the stingy wretch who is rich toward himself and penurious with his God! How Jesus calls such a man "fool" in the parable of the rich farmer! God nor the Devil has any respect for a stingy man; and while God has nothing to do with him here or hereafter the Devil only uses him as a robber of God in this world. Hereafter he will treat him differently. If he has cheated the Devil, as he did his God, in the disuse of his means, he will have to pay up for it somehow in hell. If nothing more I imagine that the Devil will tack the placard of "FOOL" on his back, and send him all around and forever through hell, crying at every step: Fool! fool!! fool!!! God help us to escape the designation and the damnation of the "fool," rich toward himself and poor towards his God. Stinginess in any form is an abomination; but stinginess toward the good God—toward Christ—who loved us and gave himself for us—is the certain way to eternal shame and poverty. The horror of horrors is the robbery of God of any part of our time, talent, influence, opportunity, or money; and

the poorest wretch in eternity will be the man who had the most and gave the least to the cause of God and humanity. In the figurative language of Sam Jones, if some men should ever get to Heaven they would have to sleep with their pants under their head for a pillow. If stinginess could even get to Heaven this would be its doom; but there'll be no stinginess there.



Murder Will Out.

66 **B**E SURE your sin will find you out." The rule may have some exceptions so far as the detective power of man is concerned in the discovery of crime, but in general the rule holds good here below, and will have no exceptions in the world to come. But few crimes go undetected, however cunningly the criminal lays his plans or covers his tracks. When a crime is committed every eye and ear is open and on the alert, and the slightest indication or complication of guilt is discovered. Every man sets out upon the heels of the perpetrator, and when a hundred different minds are looking in a hundred different directions it is almost impossible for guilt to elude justice. Besides this the criminal, however hardened and schooled in villainy, will be inconsistent somewhere. He may overdo his effort to show innocence; his previous or subsequent steps in the details of his crime may not fit the scheme; the guilty conscience may turn coward; the chain of circumstances may draw around him the cordon of his guilt; the surroundings of his awful deed may be totally at variance with the vindication of his apparent innocence based upon *prima facie* evidence. Truth and virtue are always consistent—falsehood and vice are always in conflict—when put to the test of trial. Hence, even from earthly standpoints there is almost always a clue to crime somewhere, and hence the



MURDER WILL OUT.



general impossibility for crime to escape. "Murder will out." "Be sure your sin will find you out."

In the picture before us is a case of murder. The victim lies in his blood; and the murderer with clenched dagger is stalking away. He has dropped behind him his handkerchief—the detective left upon his track. Over the victim poises the angel of vengeance with a drawn sword pointing to the disappearing villain, the symbol of divine assurance that crime shall not escape punishment at the hands of God. "Where is thy brother?" asked the Almighty of Cain; and thus we see the purpose of God that no guilty man shall escape. Behind a tree in the distance stands the Devil who instigated the crime, and who now mocks the murderer as he points to the handkerchief, the evidence of his guilt; and by the side of the criminal walks the skeleton of conscience, and who will lie under his bed and stand behind his door the balance of his life. This is the fate of the murderer; and though he may escape the law of man, yet he cannot get away from God and conscience, himself nor the Devil. Conscience may sometimes or for awhile be dead; but even then there is a silent, sullen, and inert sense of despair which settles down upon the blood-stained and ruined soul. There may be no present or poignant regret, but there is no hope and no peace. The darkness and dread of midnight lowers forever upon the dead heart, even when conscience ceases to throb through its blood for a season. Often the murderer can sleep soundly after his crime, but it is the sleep of death.

Sometimes the murderer escapes detection, or else he flees beyond the power of arrest; and he seeks to

live out a life of apparent innocence by trying to stifle his secret in his own breast, and by trying to walk orderly before his fellow men. Or again he tries to drown the sense of his guilt in amusement, in travel, in dissipation, in many ways to divert himself from his awful deed. In such cases the effort proves vain. Sooner or later the secret must come out, and the criminal becomes his own detective. He goes back, after years of wandering, and unbosoms his guilt; or else he takes his life with a confession left behind; or if he lives to die upon his natural bed he tells the story at last. "Be sure your sin will find you out," if conscience has to wring the confession from your lips; and thus thousands of murderers have brought themselves to judgment. Every year "conscience money," by thousands of dollars, is sent to Washington in the mail to be returned to show who have been swindled or robbed, by those who can no longer keep the secret, or hold on to the burning evidence of their own guilt. In one of our States, a few years ago, five men murdered an old man for his money; and for a long while no clue could be found to the perpetrators of the crime. There was one of the five, however, whose conscience made him a coward. He was always alarmed, and would break and run from men whom he imagined were after him. "The guilty flee when no man pursueth." He started and shuddered at the breeze that rustled the leaves. Every sound sent a thrill of horror to his heart. One day a party of three men rode up behind him, and looking back he ran away as for his life; and arousing the suspicion of the horsemen, they pursued and caught him, when he confessed his crime and ex-

posed his confederates. All except himself were hanged and he only escaped hanging by turning State's evidence and was sent to the penitentiary for life. Hundreds thus are detected by a guilty conscience, or come to judgment by some unforeseen circumstance. In the celebrated case of Cluverius of Richmond, Va., a watch key dropped at the old reservoir led to conviction of murder. In a celebrated case in Alabama one man shot another in his own door at night, and next morning a neighbor picked up the wadding of the gun and putting the peices together he found that they made a scrap torn from an almanac. Going to the suspected murderer's home he found the almanac and fitted the scrap which had been torn out, and this convicted and hung the bloody fiend.

Generally there is something which so leads to the detection of crime. A track, a spot of blood, a dropped letter, previous remark, a suspicious act—something in the nature of things or in character of conduct, which leads to conviction. Few schemes are so well laid or so perfectly executed as to escape the detective's clue or the lawyer's acumen. Often circumstantial proof is the most striking and impressive upon the mind of a jury; and now and then the establishment of a well linked chain of circumstantial evidence constitutes the most masterly and sensational effort of the astute and wiley counsel at the bar.

Again the criminal bent on evil often convicts himself by the recklessness of his conduct. Men pursuing evil become blinded by desperation or infatuation; and a short career of successful evasion often

emboldens vice or crime so that it becomes an easy prey to detection. Sin without method is madness in a multitude of cases. Cautious at the start, it grows daring and reckless by degrees; and sometimes vice and crime are so infatuating as to become careless of exposure. Thousands when they come to themselves by detection or reformation wonder and shudder at their inadvertency and recklessness. It is only the cool-headed and cold-hearted villain who schools himself in plan and method by which he hopes to cover his tracks. Even then, as we have seen, crime proves oftenest its best detective, and the best laid plans of criminals will "gang aft aglee" upon the principle that falsehood and crime are never consistent at all points with themselves. Ariadne's clue of vengeance will follow them through the very labyrinth of their scheme of iniquity and find them out. More than this, the growth of detective education keeps pace with the skill of evil; and in no period of human history has it ever been harder for the criminal to escape than now. The only difficulty in the way of civilization in this country, at least upon this point, is the low sense of justice which refuses to convict often the highest crimes and inflict their just penalty; or when convicted, find their commutation or pardon at the hands of corrupt executives, whose only patriotism lies in party politics, or else in bribes.

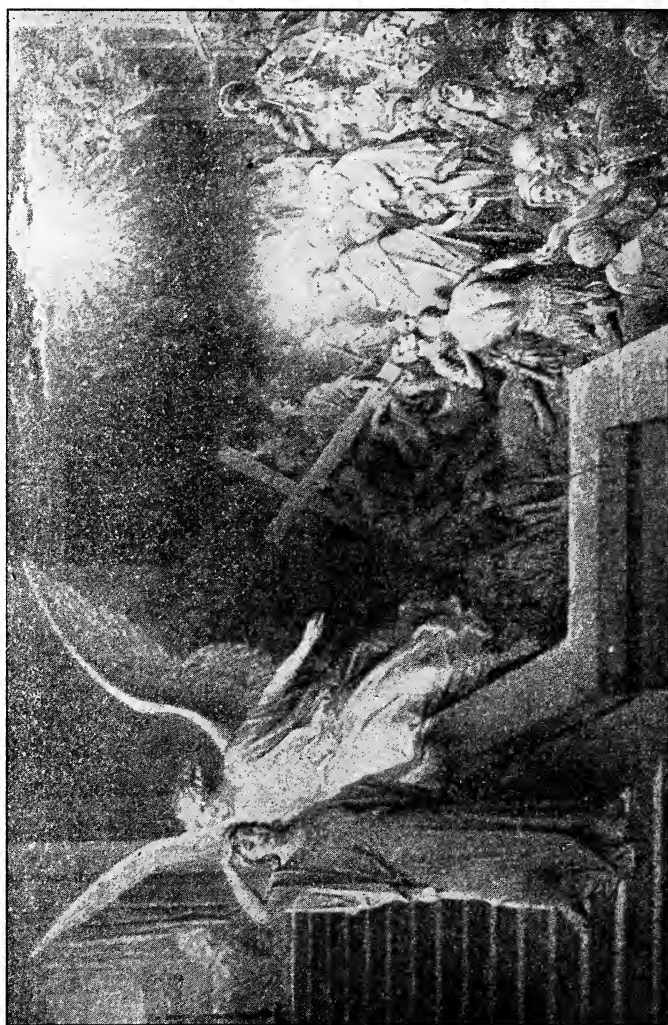
Above all this, there is a God who has written: "Be sure your sin will find you out." The angel of vengeance is ever on the track of blood—there is a demon that walks with every criminal—and God is certain to overtake him here or hereafter. Secrecy

may hide him from his fellows, but God will put his mark upon him in the handwriting of nature or conscience. Whiskey blooms on the face, lust rots in the heart, every vice fixes its furrows on the face and traces its lines upon the character. There is no escape from retribution under God's laws. The blight of health, the shriveled form, the haggard face, the ruin of fortune, the miseries of conscience—yea, our punishment in kind or kindred consequences—follow the law that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Often the furies of hell clutch the seducer, the robber, the slanderer, the drunkard, the murderer. In spite of escape from human detection, in spite of every device and skill to obviate the sword of justice here below, God's judgments follow men and nations in some way in this world. But few, if any, ever escape in the present life all the consequences of sin.

At least, sin will find us out at the final judgment. Murder will out there. The "deeds done in the body" will have no escape there. However much we may have crossed all the lines of human judgment in this world, or may have escaped both God and man, or may have hushed the conscience, if possible, we shall appear at a court where the facts in the case and the laws involved will be subject to no counter plea, except in the blood of Christ. Judicially the Christian's sins go beforehand to judgment, but the sins of the impenitent follow after. His iniquities will come trooping behind him like the howling pack of wolves on the prairie after their prey; and the guilty conscience, unpurged by redeeming blood, will stand "speechless" before God

—even at the great feast “without the wedding garment.” Great God! let me be forgiven and clothed in the robe of my Redeemer’s righteousness there, and let my own garments be “washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.” We cannot appear at the judgment seat of Christ with a spot on our clothes or a speck in our nature. We must be clean and whiter than snow. Heaven is a state of absolute perfection, for God is perfect; and nothing but perfection can meet perfection or go to perfection. The blood of Christ can make the foulest clean, can turn the crimson and the scarlet of iniquity white; and oh! murderer, luster, drinker, liar, robber, slanderer, reveler, go to “that fountain filled with blood” while you may, and wash, and be clean. “Be sure your sin will find you out.” “Murder will out”—but it had better out now, or be found out now in the confession of Christ and the washing of his blood, than to follow you to the judgment unforgiven, no matter what the earthly consequences might be.





PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM.

Wonders of Sleep.

MAN is fearfully and wonderfully made. "Know thyself" is a maxim written in vain, so far as comprehending the mystery of our being and attributes is concerned. Know what we may of self, and yet this *ego* is still an inexplicable mystery. Like God, in many respects, we are unthinkable and unknowable; but we know enough both of God and self to believe and act upon the duties, obligations and relationships of life, according to what we know in the light of intuition, reason and revelation.

One of the great wonders of our being is sleep, and all the phenomena which accompany it—especially the phenomena of dreams and somnambulism. In order, however, to get at the subject analytically, let us consider:

1. The wonders of sleep itself. What is sleep? All we know about it physically is that sleep is the exhaustion and rest of the nervous system, the relaxation of the muscular system, accompanied by a state of sensational unconsciousness. The nutritive or reproductive system, however, is just as active, if not more so, than ever. In other words, the blood circulates, the heart throbs on and life is just as vital as when awake; and although the will itself is in abeyance, just as sensational consciousness is absent, the mental faculties, such as reason, memory and imagination, seem to be in full play. The eyes

close, the ears stop, we neither taste, smell nor feel; and we lose ourselves, know not where we are; the *ego*, the we, is gone and we seem, from certain physical standpoints, all but dead. No wonder the poets have called sleep "the half-brother of death."

Sleep is a wonder in itself, but it is a gracious provision of God. Young said it was "Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep;" and the wretched Macbeth who "murdered sleep," when he murdered the sleeping Duncan, was made to beautifully say:

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death to each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

God "giveth his beloved sleep;" and when they die; he says they "fall on sleep." It gives respite to toil and often "shuts up sorrow's eyes;" and among all the blessings of this life I know of none sweeter and richer than the rest of sleep, and of the Sabbath day. The abuse of these blessings destroys the nervous system, wastes the muscular organism, enervates the mind, demoralizes the heart and disorganizes society; and the violation of these laws is accompanied with the awful penalty of God's punishment both upon men and nations. The sleep of the night and the rest of the Sabbath are akin in nature and effect. The virtue and the business of society recuperate, the wheels of wickedness stop, the world cools down, and while the lease of strength and life is lengthened and invigorated in the good, evil is curtailed and emasculated every time it stops and rests, and gives good an opportunity to correct and eradicate its influence. No nation, no man, can ever be

converted that does not sleep at night and keep the Sabbath day holy.

Then there are other advantages of sleep. How innocent and helpless does a man appear when he is asleep! However, mean or dangerous awake, you don't have to watch him when asleep. It cures him, too, for the time being, of the big-head. His *ego*, his me, is lost—the curl and scorn of his lip departs—and for once self-will and rebellion tire down and give out, and the wrinkled front of pride and ambition is smoothed down. A king is no more than an infant then; and the tiger and the lion are as harmless as kittens. Even villainy and iniquity put on an innocent air when asleep; and it would be a blessed thing if bad boys and wicked men could sleep most of the time. It would help mothers and fathers abundantly, and it would tend to shut up the courthouse and the jail. Alas! that while good people and churches sleep the Devil and his emissaries are awake! One thing is certain: God never anywhere made provision for his churches to go to sleep. “Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion.”

2. The wonder of dreams. What is a dream? It is mental action of which we are partially conscious and which we can perfectly or imperfectly remember. The mind like the heart, works when asleep as when we are awake, and if we are partially awake or conscious, mental action is usually incoherent, phantasmagorical and distorted in what is called dreams. The reason for this is that the will, by which thought and emotion may be governed and regulated, is in abeyance; and having no relation to time or space, self or surroundings, our imagination

has unlimited play without the guidance of judgment, or tangibility to what is natural and reasonable. Hence we can travel all around the world or live a year in a minute; and hence we may perceive as reality what is most grossly or fancifully unreal. The causes of dreams are ascribed to mental anxiety, physical disorders, the bent of talent, disposition, our waking trend or intensity of thought, overeating and the like; and it is generally true that the secret of most of our dreams can be found in the abnormal conditions or the influences by which we are affected.

Nevertheless there are some things in dreams not dreamed of in our philosophy. The Scriptures show that dreams were often supernatural; and I know some people to-day who consult God and are guided by their dreams. A gentleman in Nashville, has, on this subject, material for a book; and in spite of incredulity one is astounded at the results which have followed from this man's obedience to God in what he deems as guidance by dreams. It is a well known fact in mental philosophy that hundreds of dreams have been recorded which were premonitory, prophetic or so marvelously coincidental as to be beyond psychological explanation. Coincidence alone to which they have been referred by some of the best mental philosophers, has not been regarded as satisfactory in the light of facts. Others have tried to account for such dreams upon the theory of some unknown law of the nervous system, and so the mystery rests without explanation.

One thing dreams convince me of, and that is the mighty scope of the soul in capacity and the unfet-

tered relations it holds to time and space when let loose from the hindrances of the body and of its present surroundings. They prove to me the identity and independence of the soul over the body, of mind over matter, and when we enter the spiritual world a thousand years will be as a day, and the universe will be as the world in which we live. Discoveries and inventions, the solving of problems and the development of ideas, the awakening of the soul to new and grander life have transpired in dreams, when otherwise trammelled amid all the struggles of the soul guided by the senses, dominated by the will and aided by its surroundings. One of the wonders or mysteries of sleep is that the mind is still active and more mighty amid the slumbers of "unconscious cerebration" above the powers of its most wide-awake culture, but of this we shall speak more fully and confidently under another and a more mysterious head.

3. The wonders of somnambulism. This condition of the mind or body cannot be attributed to a state of imperfect sleep or partial consciousness, as in dreams. Whatever the somnambulist thinks, feels or does, he is absolutely asleep and totally unconscious of the fact. He wakes up with an otherwise insoluble problem solved; or he has thought out, or said, or done what in his waking hours, seemed impossible. He gets up out of his bed and dresses perfectly, or he goes off to the river and goes in swimming, or he runs across the rafters and down the ladder of a new framed house, or through a cellar and down a dark alley with the police after him, or he gets up on top of a building and walks the parapet where he could not have otherwise gotten, and down

from which you have to take him with a ladder; and yet in all these processes of action he is perfectly accurate and ordinarily safer than he would be awake. Not only this, but he can write articles, paint pictures and do work which is better than his conscious intellect and ability are capable of; and yet in all this he is fast asleep and in the dark, and never has the slightest recollection of what he has thought, felt, or done. I refer the reader to the instances given by Upham, Haven, Abercrombie and other mental philosophers upon this subject.

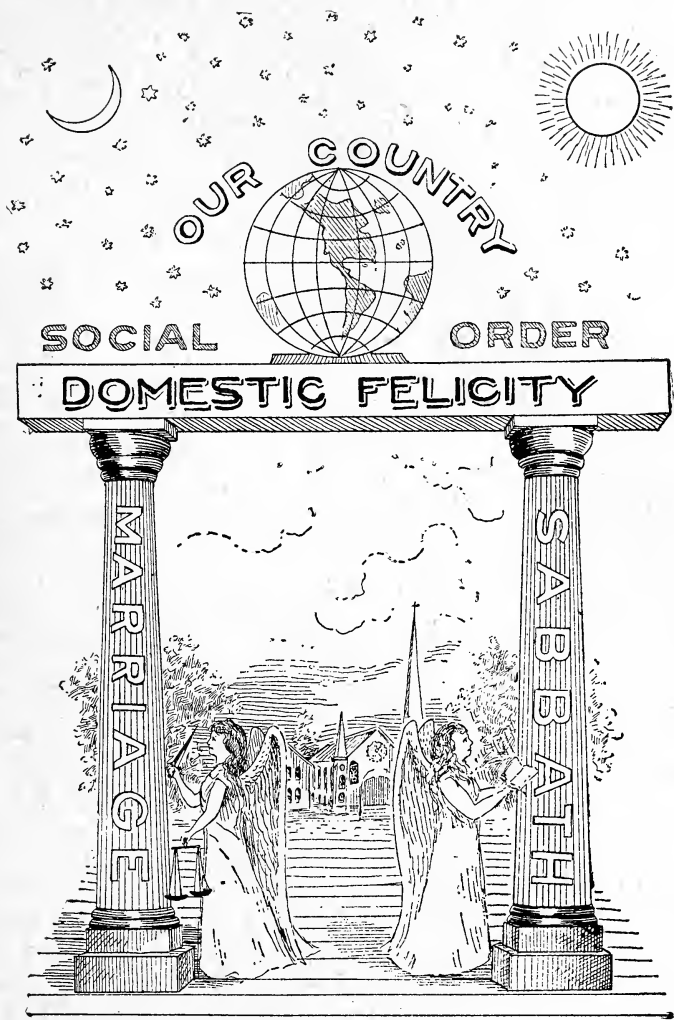
Somnambulism is what is called "unconscious cerebration;" that is, the brain of the somnambulist is active while his body is asleep in such a manner and to such an extent that he can think and do as if he were awake, only that, in some instances, wiser and better than in a state of cerebral consciousness. Of this wonder or mystery of sleep no satisfactory explanation can be given. The "automatic theory" of action in such a state accounts very well for much we think and do when awake, but not when we are unconsciously asleep and without eyes and in total darkness. The theory of a "general sense" into which the several "special senses" are resolved or absorbed looks plausible, but the explanation still does not explain how that a man dead asleep and with his eyes bandaged can, read, write, paint, run, think and act with clearer vision and nicer operation than possible to the man awake. The merely mental processes of the somnambulist are more obvious, since like dreams they may be the result of dominant thought and feeling unobstructed by the will and unhindered by our surroundings; but the physical ac-

tions of the somnambulist are unaccountable by any theory yet advanced, it seems to me.

Finally, let me recur to my closing thought under the last head. This wonder of sleep seems to teach that there is an inner consciousness and a hidden soul-life independent of all bodily organisms, and which sometimes under abnormal conditions manifests itself as in somnambulism; and the phenomena of this mystery goes to demonstrate that the soul in our present sinful and diseased and stupefied body is fettered in the manifestation of its capacities and powers. The vision and operation of the somnambulist are superior to his education and culture. The young lady who painted a picture for a prize in Paris was discovered painting it in her sleep; and what she did asleep was better than what she did awake. Yes, my soul is not only independent of my body, but greater than its best culture; and in its identity and independence it is not only separate and distinct from the body, but imperishable and immortal—breathed of God into our bodies as into the body of Adam. Let us take care of our bodies and subordinate them to the intellect so as to give the soul the best chance possible for development; but let us rejoice that one day, when both soul and body shall be spiritual and reunited in the resurrection, we shall enter into that glorious and unfettered sphere of existence where nothing short of God and the universe shall be greater and grander than our soul.

The Sabbath and Marriage.

THE two first great laws of God, as given to man, instituted and guarded the Sabbath Day and Marriage. They are the two pillars which stand beneath the fabric of the social world. Upon their observance depends every other law which involves social order, domestic felicity and good government; and without them in full force, there can be no reign of morality and religion. There can be no true progress or prosperity among men without them side by side, columns of strength and beauty beneath every institution which educates, exalts and advances the human family. They stand upon the earth, but they reach up to heaven; and upon their unseen top largely rest the destinies of eternity. The nations that never had them both are either extinct, or dead while they live; and no nation which has observed them both, however imperfectly, has ever died. Those countries where the Bible Sabbath and Bible marriage have been the closest observed, are the founders of modern civilization, and they wield the mightiest power among the nations of the earth. The open Bible, civil and religious liberty, the purest reign of the Christian religion, the feeblest hold of infidelity, the universal spread of education, the greatest progress of science, art, learning and labor, run parallel with the closest approach to the Scriptural Sabbath and Scriptural marriage.



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Take even the Christian nation with a corrupted Sabbath and marriage relation, and you find the most deteriorated forms of civilization; and where either one of these institutions is disregarded, the other is vitiated, as in France. Even where the continental Sabbath is observed, not only are superstition and infidelity most strangely commingled or in conflict, but woman is most helpless and degraded, and the marriage relation, however stringently guarded by law, is most corrupted, or misconceived in private life. Woman's highest and noblest exaltation is discovered alone in the land of the purest Sabbath and of marriage co-ordination, as in England, America and other countries of like character and constitution. Of course such countries as Turkey, Persia, China, India, Egypt and the like, where the Christian Sabbath and the Bible marriage relation are unknown, or ignored, are completely out of line with the modern march of education, religion, or political economy. Woman knows nothing there of her divinely ordained sphere, or position, in the government of God; and the only hope of redemption to such nations is the dissemination of religion and the law of Jesus Christ.

I have always observed that infidelity and licentiousness alike have aimed to destroy these two first institutions of God. Anarchy and socialism, in their natural fight against the Bible, seek first to destroy the Sabbath; and the whole tendency of their infidel and licentious principles is to convert love into lust and to degrade the marriage relation into the base ideal of free-love affinity. To kill the Sabbath is to kill marriage and *vice versa*; and to kill one is to kill

both. No people can hold to the one and not hold to the other; and no people can let loose the one, in its Scriptural sense, and not let loose the other. It may be said, in the beginning God joined them together; and whoever puts asunder what God has joined together, destroys both. These two institutions are as inseparable as the Siamese twins. They mutually support and embrace each other under the common capital and chapter of that exquisite workmanship which is basal to the social fabric of the world's order and harmony and glory among men; and in the midst of our modern civilization nothing but socialism and anarchy, infidelity and licentiousness would pull down these two columns of strength and beauty, both strong and both beautiful.

How is it that these two institutions are so essential to each other? Let me say that God's hebdomadal arrangement of human rest and worship seem to be constituted in the very nature of things; and not only so, but it is the day of all others best suited to the development of domestic and social relations among men. It takes the Sabbath to make a good religious family and a happy home; and it takes just such a home and family to appreciate and maintain the Sabbath. Besides this, without these two institutions in their combined force and relationship the Christian church and the conversion of the world are impossibilities. The very bulwarks of family, society, church and state, under any Christian conception of morality and religion, are the Sabbath and the marriage relation as set up in God's word; and without both, Christianity can nowhere live in the world. It takes them both to make the model home, and it

takes them both to make the model church; and without the model home and the model church, New Testament Christianity is an impossibility. Nay, moreover, without primitive Christianity, not only is the Christian Sabbath and Christian marriage impossible, but the highest and purest form of civilization is impossible in any age or country.

Again, these two institutions are jointly symbolic and prophetic of our spiritual and eternal conditions and relationships. The earthly Sabbath is the promise of that "rest which remaineth for the people of God;" and marriage is the figure of that union between Christ and his people, in which the "rest" is made possible both for time and eternity. The Sabbath in its earthly aspect is a permanent and unchanging symbol of the heavenly state; and marriage is a like figure of the heavenly relation. Our state and relationship in heaven are inseparably connected; and nothing could be a more criminal and blasphemous outrage upon the wisdom and law, the goodness and mercy of God, than to lay foul and sacrilegious hands upon these two sacred institutions, which together involve all that is blessed and holy of the highest ideals of salvation by grace through faith in Christ, in whom we rest and are united. Palsied be the foot that would trample them with unhallowed profanity in the dust of infidelity and licentiousness. The curse of God will forever rest upon the man or the nation or the world that attempts to destroy these two sacred and co-ordinate symbols of his rest for and his union with his people both in time and eternity.

This brings us to another important consideration

of our subject. These two institutions are moral and therefore permanent. They have some positive or arbitrary characteristics appended to them and some variations in form according to the different dispensations to which they have been related; but in all their fundamental and substantial significance they have never undergone any change. Hence, they are both incorporated in the Decalogue under the law which commands the keeping of the Sabbath holy and condemns the sin of adultery; and in the New Testament the Lord Jesus Christ claimed to be "Lord of the Sabbath," which was "made for man" and not the Jew only, and clearly defined and established the marriage relation. Not only is this true in the New Testament as to the literal fact and foundation of these two institutions, but also as to their symbolic import; and however changed the form and ceremonial of these two institutions under the gospel dispensation, still it is true that substantially and fundamentally we have the Christian Sabbath and Christian marriage as ordained of God in the beginning. We are still to rest and worship God one day in seven and then prefigure our heavenly state; and we are still to marry the one wife, and then prefigure our union with Christ. So teach Christ and Paul; and when God speaks let every man be a liar who speaks to the contrary.

Finally, let me plead that this great country, this land of free churches and happy homes, this land of law and liberty, of individual manhood and of collective equality, never, never disregard these two institutions, inseparable in their power to preserve the purity of national life, and indispensable to national

prosperity and perpetuity. This nation was rocked in the cradle of Christianity and born of Protestant principles, founded in the sanctions of the Christian Sabbath and Christian marriage; and with its Christian churches and Christian homes, these two pillars of strength and beauty stand beneath our Christian civilization, our civil and religious freedom, guarded otherwise by the best Constitution that ever buttressed the fabric of human government. Let us beware of Sabbath desecration and divorce laws which lay their ruthless and profane hands upon God's two first great institutions. Let the old world keep its Continental Sunday and its holiday superstitions to itself; and let us stamp out the anarchy of free-loveism and polygamy and of the Sunday picnic in general from our shores. Keep God's day and God's marriage law as he ordained them, and we shall keep the Church and the home pure; and society and government, free and permanent, will take care of themselves. When America proves false to the Christian Sabbath or to Christian marriage, her glory goes back as the sun on the dial of Ahaz. Beware of that Sunday opening of Expositions and places of amusement at the hands of a nation. It may yet write "Ichabod" upon the brow of American history.

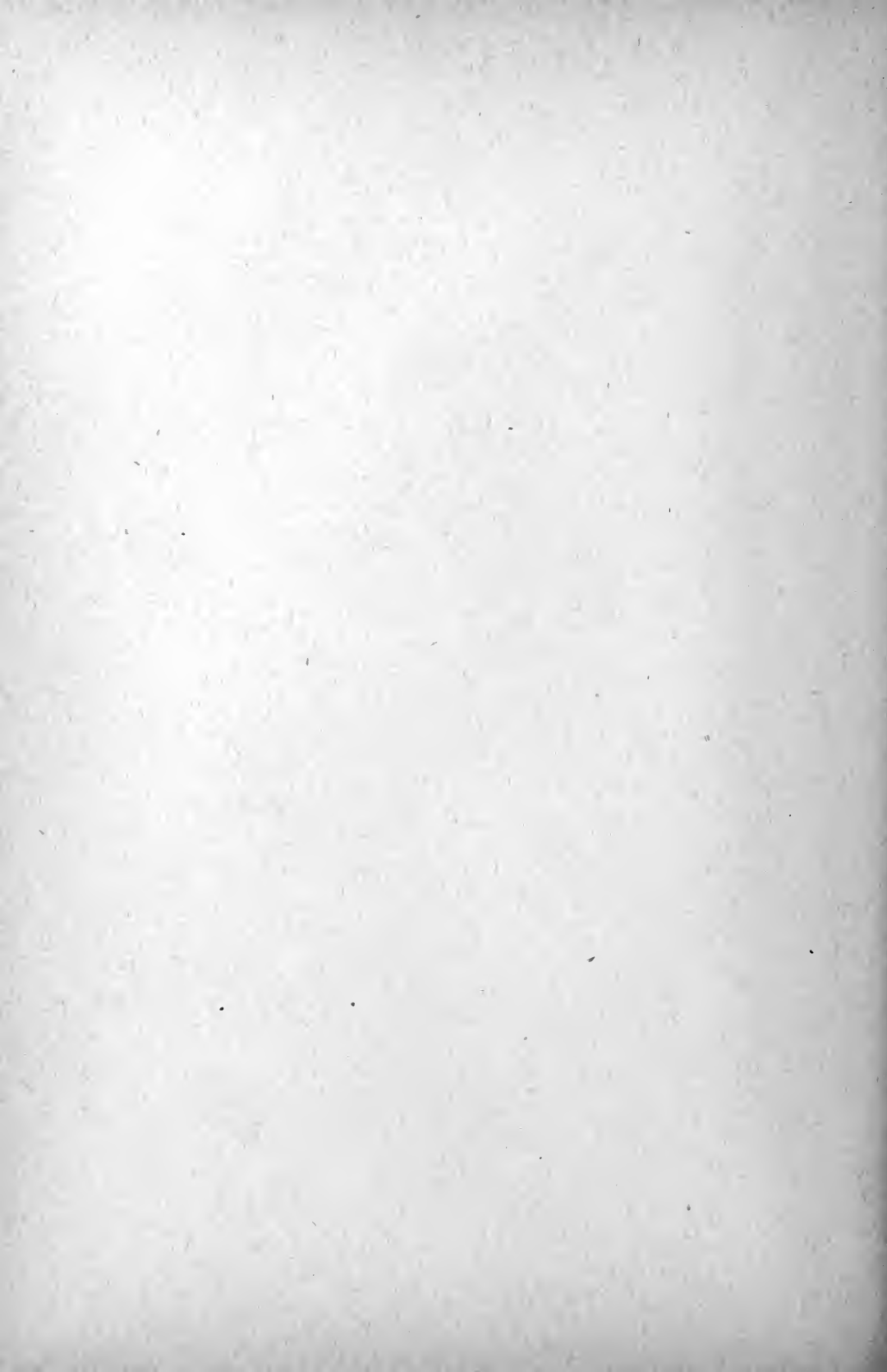
Feeding on Wind.

II SAW a boy upon a stormy day in March, when the wind was blowing about forty miles an hour, standing on the corner of a street and champing away with his mouth as if he were eating something. "What are you doing my son?" I asked, and he replied: "I am eating wind." Just like a boy, you know; and I then asked him how he liked it. "Oh," said he, "it is splendid," and I left him eating away with all his might and with all the appetite he had for his thin and rarefied breakfast. I began to reflect a little, and it made me think of what God said about Ephraim "feeding upon wind," and "following after the East wind," the meanest, sickliest and most devitalizing of all the winds that blow from any quarter. Yet it was the singular diet of Ephraim who, instead of trusting God in his dreadful straits, made covenant with the Egyptians and then with the Assyrians against his enemies, only to find in the end his vain hopes blighted. Assistance from man, when at variance with God, is feeding on wind; and trusting in bribes to your enemies to help you in time of trouble is following after desolation. Every false hope which lifts its delusive chalice to our lips, every flattering unction of evil which we lay to our hearts is a vain attempt to live on air.

Then I began to think of the thousands of people in the world who were trying to live upon the same



FEEDING ON WIND.



unsubstantial food of folly, a pabulum which never satisfies the hungerings of the immortal heart and which never develops any manhood, or fits us for any of the results of true life. Air is an excellent thing to breathe when pure and laden with oxygen and other vitalizing elements essential to the health of the body. It is the sole feeder of the lungs. Without it we could not live five minutes; but when we substitute it for bread, it becomes about the last thing we could live upon. Water is better, but Tanner, the faster, came near dying upon even that, in forty days. Even air and water combined are too thin a diet for anything but a fish; and even the finny tribes would soon starve without the presence of more solid substances found in the water which they consume. Better be a turtle, or a frog or a serpent, which in the winter time, at least, may enter a torpid state and live upon nothing, in the mud or in a hole. Some people would have a more valuable bill of fare, if not a more palatable one, if they could live like an alligator for awhile, instead of like a moth. Certainly they would live longer, and to a better purpose—for the alligator is good for his hide, if for nothing else.

Most people like good and substantial food for the body, and they vary it with all sorts of desserts for the palate and the taste; and yet they will indulge the starvation of luxuries with which to feed the soul. If the soul were the body with some people—if physical food was made of the same elements of vitality upon which to feed it—half the world would starve to death in ten minutes. It is simply astounding to think of the attenuated ether upon which many can

feed and yet seem to live. How vital the poor soul must be in all the essential qualities which defy annihilation! It is proof positive of the immortality of the soul from the standpoint, at least, that it cannot become essentially non-existent. The truth, however, is, that the souls of millions, from moral standpoints, are dead or dying daily. Multitudes fill the bill of the woman who liveth in pleasure—"she is dead," says James, "while she liveth." "Alive and yet dead," as the scriptures put the startling paradox. They "have a name to live and are dead," as it is framed in awful phraseology again. If they feed on nothing worse, they feed on wind. Some, of course, like vultures and ghouls, feed upon the carrion of vice—the rot of the graveyard—but it is only necessary to spiritual death that we try to live upon the empty air of nothingness. You need not kill the soul by subsisting upon the food of vice and iniquity; you can just let it starve to death on wind. Let me give a few illustrations:

1. Take the trashy novel reader. From an intellectual and moral standpoint the romance is the chief source of vitality. You see them when at home, on the cars, in the public library, feeding upon the froth of wind, fanciful and soul-killing fiction, which never has a sound moral, a practical end, much less a rational conception. The only object of life is the fascinating thrill of passion and imagination in the oblivious destruction of time. No other literary pabulum is palatable or relishable; and the Bible, history, poetry, philosophy, art, and science, biography—except the biography of pirates and highwaymen—have no attraction to the eater of windy

fiction, who has no taste even for the more elevated novel which has a moral basis and real life for its object. Celery with salt is a good relish along with substantial food, but he does'nt want even the celery of purer fiction by which he can at least eat himself hungry for something more substantial. He lives on the wind of intoxicating and demoralizing romance and story, which affect the soul about as rum and whisky do the body.

2. Notice the theater goer. The stage play, in general, breathes a lifeless and demoralizing atmosphere upon which multitudes of people feed. If the stage was characterized, as a rule, by anything highly intellectual, moral, or substantial, the theater would have to go out of business. Its object, like the novel, is to excite the passions, play upon an overwrought imagination and a vitiated fancy; and there is nothing in the ordinary drama which can elevate mind or heart or lead to any practical conception or result of real life. Men and women are made no wiser, better, or happier; and it is a fact that true piety and spirituality fade out of the very soul of the theater going church member. It is feeding on wind instead of God; and this is the best illustration of judging the theatrical tree by its fruit. To religion, to say nothing of mind and morals, it bears the apples of Sodom—the ashes of nothingness, starvation, death; and those who have any vital godliness, or who enjoy their spirituality, or do any good in winning souls, or who wield any religious influence, or who would be called for comfort or counsel to the dying bed of a lost sinner, never go to the theater.

3. Look at the ballroom. The dance, especially

the round dance, is another amusement which kills piety, destroys power, and annihilates Christian influence; and to say nothing of its demoralizing tendencies, it is feeding upon wind so far as any substantial good is concerned to intellectual or moral life. Cicero said that "they who dance have no brains," and it is certain, whether Cicero was true or not, that they who dance have no love nor relish for spiritual religion, or Christian duty; and it is more certain still that they have no spiritual influence over their fellows. Again, as in the novel and the stage play, you have to judge the tree by its fruits; and it is but simple history to say that these three trees have been the Bohun Upas under the deadly shades and poisoned atmosphere of which thousands of souls have starved to death by feeding upon the East wind of intoxicating pleasure for a season.

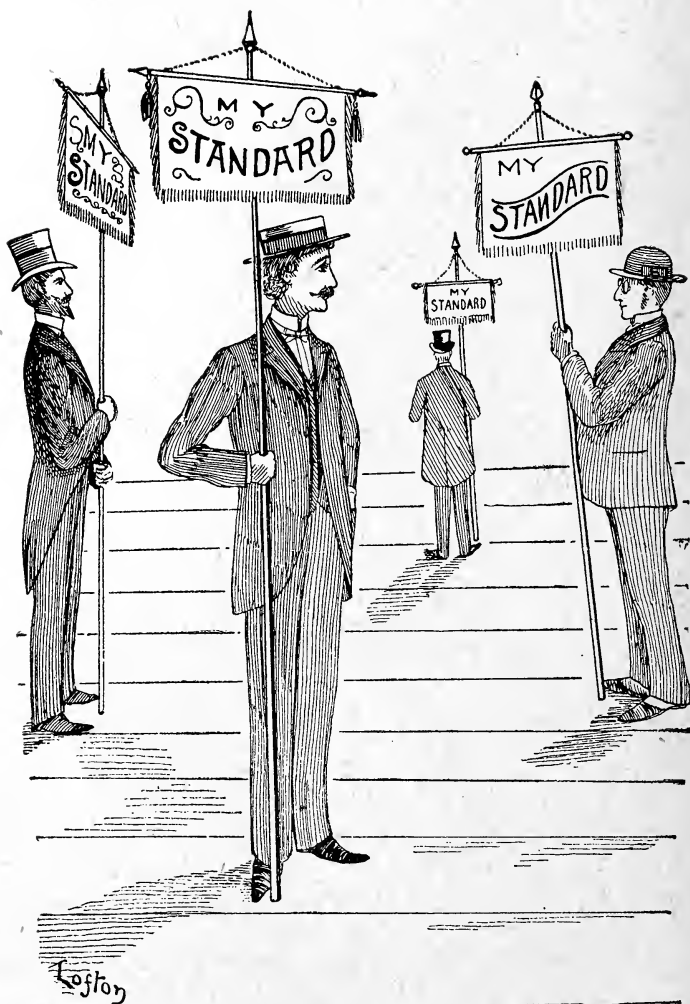
4. I might notice here all the airy and idle, not to say vitiated, life of what is called "society." Many of the rich, the refined, and fashionable people of the social world feed simply upon wind for a living. The costly equipage, the luxurious table, the splendid parlor, the sparkling jewels, and the richly ornamented dress (often not more than half a dress), the "swell occasion," the card table and the club, the wine cup and the wassail, the display of beauty and vanity, the indulgence of wit, humor, and pastime—all this at the expense of wealth, in the neglect of religion and in the starvation of the immortal soul—nay, in the cultivation of pride and contempt for all that is meek, humble, lowly, and Christlike—is but the little boy on the corner of the street eating the March wind. These people sometimes belong to

the church; but, alas, for the poor church that wanes and dies in spirituality under the shadow and in the atmosphere of worldliness and vanity sitting in high places! Many a church of Christ dies of starvation in trying to live on wind; and often the poor pastor has so to preach to his people as to feed them on the thin air of gospel nothingness.

5. But I must close with the most serious part of my sketch. Every false hope upon which a man builds for eternity is feeding his soul upon wind. Self-righteousness is the airy delusion of the moralist, or the Pharisee, seeking to work out his own salvation without Christ; and if ever there was a religious phantom upon which the soul starved itself here below and damned it for eternity, it is the doctrine that the best man ever born of Adam did not need the cleansing blood of the crucified Redeemer. All ritualism, too, is feeding upon wind—the effort to make the blood of Christ effective for salvation and sanctification through the medium of third persons, ceremonies, and organisms among men; and all rationalism is feeding upon wind—the effort to make the blood of Christ effective through the reason and culture of discursive belief, and without the power of the Holy Spirit. Both ritualism and rationalism make the blood of Christ of none effect; and any trust to rite, or reason, in any sense to save the soul, is to feed it upon the winds of the wildest delusion which ever took the shape of a Christian heresy. It is next to infidelity, which denies Christ altogether, and which is next to that last of all heresies, atheism, which denies a God altogether; but I am thankful that only a few of the human race ever reach the

awful crime of starving the soul upon the illusive folly of the "fooi," who alone hath said in his heart: "No God,!"

Every species of religious unbelief is wind which can only feed men to starvation and death. Even to procrastinate to a convenient season—to put off to the evil day—to trust to self, or to time, to begin the work of salvation, is the cultivation of a false hope more baseless than the fabric of vision. The heart will harden, the mind become indifferent, and the world, the flesh, and the devil will close in and conspire to crush out conviction and aspiration. Oh, poor lost sinner, thou art starving upon wind while you fatten for the day of slaughter upon false hopes and promises; and oh, Christian, thou too art feeding, like Ephraim, on the wind when you hope for good out of delayed efforts to save the perishing world about you!



My Standard.

YOU see here several men each with an uplifted standard of his own. The standard, in this instance, is the symbol of each man's opinion and course of conduct upon all lines of thought and action, according to conviction or predilection. Each man thinks and acts for himself, irrespective of the standards of other men.

Before coming to the idea of this sketch I wish to say that it is not only natural, but right, that men differ about many things in question. All questions have two or more sides to them, and he is a poor man who has no standard of his own where men differ. In politics a man is a democrat, or a republican, according to his convictions; and his standard of political integrity or character may legitimately differ from another's in some particulars, according to education or condition. Men are far apart upon the theory of practical politics; some hold that the millennium has not yet come, and that you must take things as you find them; while others abhor knavery in politics and reserve the right of bringing on the millennium, and of being independent of party lines and party lashes. So in things indifferent in which some things may be lawful and yet not expedient, or in which a thing may or may not be right according to our surroundings. One man thinks it is a great sin to smoke; another thinks it a legitimate pleasure;

and if there is no principle of right or wrong involved, then it is a matter of conscience according to one's conviction of pleasure or duty. Nevertheless, in all such matters we must never forget Paul's golden rule of charity: "If eating meat (or drinking wine) will offend a weak brother, I will eat no more meat (and drink no more wine) while the world standeth."

All this, however, does not cover the point I am driving at. One difficulty here lies in the fact that men have standards of their own in matters which are fixed by the standards of God, or of well established truth. Thousands of Christians, for instance, who accept God's word as truth and have recognized faith in Christ as essential to their salvation, set up a standard of their own in many things experimental and practical to religion. Christ teaches us most plainly that we are to do good for evil, bestow blessing for cursing; but there are just hundreds of Christians who claim the right to resent insult, or injury, with the same spirit of malice or malignity that the worldling does. Quite a number of church members will shoot you for a wrong quite as readily as the rowdy will; and some of them will challenge you for a duel, or accept a challenge, just as quick as the most consistent devotee of the code duello would. In spite of God's standard, they have a standard of their own. The New Testament teaches Christians how to settle their personal difficulties—positively forbids members of the same church to go to law with a brother—but thousands of Christians pay no attention to God at all, and pursue their own methods of settling difficulties and of securing their endangered legal

claims. They, too, say that the millennium has not yet arrived.

The same thing is true with other matters of opinion and conduct among God's people. Paul tells us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves as is the manner of some; and yet I have heard scores of Christians say that they could do just as well at home as to go to church. They can stay away from God's house Sabbath after Sabbath; and they feel no compunctions of conscience, from the fact that they have an opinion of their own, and they have accordingly established a course of conduct conformable to their self-made convictions. God tells us to give, and how to give, and to give as he prospers us—to lay aside our gifts for his cause on the first day of the week—and yet a man will subscribe a pittance at the beginning of the year and never make the slightest allowance for his increase in prosperity *per annum*. If, however, there is a decrease he will be pretty apt to retrench from his liberality and let his brethren bear the burden of responsibility. He has a standard of his own for giving; and if you say aught to him about it he will very severely remind you that he understands his own business! It is a pity *he* does so well understand *his* own as not to understand the business of his God better.

So it is with regard to amusements and other sins of worldliness which creep into the churches. Many Christians dance, or run to the theater, or drink in a saloon, and they will tell you that they do it conscientiously. In fact, some preachers tell their members that in such things they must be guided by conscience; and as a matter of course this is a *carte*

blanche to the great mass of professors to leave all their sins to a perverted or falsely educated conscience. The fact is that conscience alone and of itself is no guide. It always leans to the right; but the judgment and the feelings must be educated in what makes the right in order to a "good conscience" and the "answer" thereof "toward God." The gospel is the only guide to a Christian's conscience; but, if a man is going to set up his own standard of the gospel, even the gospel cannot be a sufficient guide to such a man. We are expressly told to walk orderly and circumspectly in this crooked and perverse world, to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, to abstain from the very appearance of evil, and that the cross of Christ crucifies us to the world and the world to us, and it is impossible for a Christian to adopt the gospel as a standard and so follow Christ and yet run with the world and indulge it its pleasures.

We see the same difficulty with multitudes of Christians in business. They have a standard of their own and run right into the teeth, fly right into the face of the gospel. God charges us to keep the Sabbath holy; and yet men tell us that the railroad, the street car, and such of the mercantile and manufacturing operations of the country, especially the daily newspapers, all are "the ox in the ditch," and must be attended to on the Sabbath. So with many of the methods of business. God tells us to be honest—not to lie, nor covet, nor steal—and yet men have their standard of business ethics and claim that they actually could not make a living upon gospel principles! They must falsely represent their goods.

They must make by cheating some, because they lose on others; they must vary in weights and measures, because they suffer shortage by wear and tear and other means of lossage. There is a whole lot of tricks and devices of trade which are acknowledged by men of business to be contrary to God's standard, but perfectly legitimate because recognized in business circles as a tacit agreement to take advantage not only of others, but of each other in all sorts of traffic. God's standard in many business circles is of no authority whatever; and what Mr. Ingalls said of politics is often true of commerce, that to the lines of business among men even the golden rule has no application.

Of course there are some things upon which almost all men would agree that God's standard was right and must be followed. If a man steals your pocket book you will fly to the principles of justice in order to get protection; and yet among lawyers often it is a maxim or standard that in the defense of their clients, however guilty, they must clear them if they can. Even in legislation and judgment the standards of God are violated upon principles of policy, and the standards of men are set up against every principle of divine ethics. Christ gives but one law for divorce; our laws fix a dozen unknown to the Scriptures; and just so our law-makers are the law breakers from the standpoint of almost every enactment under the code of Almighty God. In our Legislatures, in our National Congress, a large number of the representatives is composed of Christian men from every religious denomination of the country; and yet legislatively they set up stand-

ards on many lines totally at variance with God's standard of right and wrong.

Finally, there are many who follow the standards of other people instead of God's. They take second-hand theology from men instead of taking it first hand from God; and then they congratulate themselves upon the ground that anything will do for conscience which good and wise men set up for standards. Many a man has followed his mother or his father or his preacher instead of Christ, and to multitudes the word of God is only of secondary authority and importance. Even when you present what God says upon given lines, prejudice or preference closes the eye or shuts the ear of conviction from the light of argument or investigation, and a Sanhedrin of theologians couldn't turn an ignoramus thus afflicted. Nothing has ever set up so many human standards against the Bible as human preference and human prejudice. The little boy carried a stone in one end of his sack and corn in the other when he went to mill; and his reason for his nonsense was that his "daddy did that way." "My daddy was an ass, therefore I'll be one." Such nonsense may do for stones and corn in the same sack, but it will not answer the demands of reason and manhood in following God's truth, the world to the contrary notwithstanding. Let God be true and every man a liar. "To the law and to the testimony"—a "thus saith the Lord"—should be the motto of every honest and sensible man.



SAMSON'S SEVEN LOCKS.

Samson's Seven Locks.

WE have before us the sad spectacle of the mighty Samson asleep in the lap of Delilah. A Philistine is cutting off the seven locks of strength from his head; and, in imagination, you behold seven devils each with a lock, sporting about in the air above and holding a kind of a carnival over the victory achieved at last over God's once great and valorous servant. It was he who slew a lion with his own hand as if it had been a kid, slaughtered a thousand Philistines at one time with the jawbone of an ass, and carried off the gates of Gaza upon his shoulders. How are the mighty fallen! He beneath whose footsteps a nation trembled is caught and conquered, at last, dallying in the lap of a deceitful woman, who pretended to love him, stole the secret of his strength, and betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. Not only his seven locks are being shorn off, but he is to be bound with ropes, his eyes put out, and, with the hopelessness of a galley slave, he is to grind the balance of his life in the mills of the Philistine gods. Only at the last, when his light has been extinguished, his life useless, and his soul chastened, will God give him the greatest victory of all; but even then the temple of Gaza, which he is to pull down upon the Philistines, is to crush his own head, the fitting termination, crowned with God's gracious honors of a life otherwise miserable and worthless, yet redeemed.

Alas, for poor Samson, how we do pity the fate of one whose mighty possibilities were extinguished in the indulgence of weaknesses which became mightier than his possibilities! He was as petulant and passionate as a child—as freakish and whimsical—and lust and licentiousness betrayed him into by and forbidden paths, in which he, who was the strongest man on record, fell where a child might have stood. Extraordinary men, it is said, have extraordinary weaknesses, and so it proved in Samson's case, as in the history of many of the greatest men who have ever lived. The pride and conceit of power have been the weak spot in the fortress of many a gigantic character, breached and entered by the enemy of souls; and, as has been said again, a fortress is no stronger than its weakest point, at which the artful enemy always makes the strongest assault. How many a Samson blind, has, at last, pulled down the temple of manhood in ruin upon his own head, as well as upon the heads of others! “Let him that thinketh *he* standeth take heed lest he fall,” no matter how strong he is.

But we want to chalk-talk a little about the seven locks which were cut from Samson's head. We shall make those seven locks of strength symbolical of seven virtues, or graces, which would have made the manhood and character of Samson impregnable to the attacks of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and which will so fortify the manhood and character of any other man in the world:

1. Let us consider the lock of Truth, which the Philistines cut off and handed, so to speak, to one of the little devils that flitted away laughing and mock-

ing over the giant's ruin. Samson lost that lock, which is the first principle in manhood and the brightest jewel that sparkles upon the robe of character. He told Delilah several lies about wherein his strength lay; and he seemed perfectly reckless as to the several kinds of deception he practiced upon her and the Philistines. He must have gotten into the habit of lying, else he had not lied so rapidly and so easily; and herein we discover one of the fundamental weaknesses by which the Titan in strength fell. If Samson had not told several lies about the secret of his great strength to Delilah—if he had not lied at all—he would not finally have been cajoled and pressed into telling the truth to his ruin, and in order to get rid of her importunities. The truth ruined him at last in the folly of his infatuated delusion, in which he believed a lie to his destruction by trusting a false woman.

2. Notice the lock of Purity. Samson lost that, if not before, in the licentious debauch of Gaza, when, but for his strength, he would have been entrapped in the walls of the city. Not only was he a liar, but he was not virtuous; and when this quality, or grace, of manhood is gone, his integrity is so far destroyed that he is liable to just such a disaster as befell Samson in the lap of Delilah. Lust is the greatest emasculator of human strength, physical, mental, and moral, unless it be whisky. Thousands of the brightest and grandest geniuses which ever came into the world have withered and died under the clutches of this moral octopus which entwines and devours every fiber of man's moral nature. It ruined Pompey, as well as Samson, and changed the history

of the world as he fell under the blandishments and the charms of Cleopatra, that beautiful serpent of the Nile. How many thousands of our young men morally die every year under the razor of lust and licentiousness, which cuts off and casts away the beautiful lock of purity; and often it is cut from the head of beautiful and fair young womanhood, never again to grow back again!

3. The lock of Temperance. Samson had that cut off, too. He was a very intemperate man—not that he drank wine or strong drink, for he was a Nazarite—but that he gave way to his temper and his passions which had inordinate control over him. This fact reveals the source of much of his weakness; and it is always true that he who has no control over his temper and his passions, never controls any one else. It does not hurt to have a hot temper and strong passions. Mighty emotions are the steam power behind the great engine; but the steam must have the throttle and the governor to regulate and apply its efficiency, and the engineer must have his hand on the throttle and his eye upon the gauge, else the engine will run away, or break, or burst into fragments. Samson was a Corliss, a Mogul engine; but the steam power of temper and passion, without the will to control and the conscience to regulate and the virtue to guide, was unthrottled and without gauge, and dashed the giant to pieces at the end of his singular career.

4. Prudence. Samson lost that lock with the rest of the seven. He was an exceedingly unwise and imprudent man. He presumptuously dared his fate in almost every instance of history. He was so strong

that he thought himself always safe, and so he would have been if he had preserved all the other virtues of manhood; but left to himself and the force of his sinful impulses, his imprudence helped to ruin him. It would have destroyed him at Gaza, if God had not yet abode with him in the strength of his unshorn locks; but when this sin laid his head in the lap of Delilah God left him to himself and he was ruined. Alas, for the recklessness of sin which always couples itself with other elements of ruin when evil goes to seed!

5. Decision was a lock which Sampson also lost. Up to the time of his disaster this virtue had never forsaken him, even in evil; but when it came to the wiles and flatteries of his deceiver he yielded, at last, the strength of his manhood into the hands of his enemies. Dallying in the lap of lust leads to the surrender of that quality in manhood which may, in the loss of other qualities, lead to the redemption of character; but when from any cause a man's self-determination yields to sin, the fortress of his character is breached and entered. How many a young man and woman here, strong and immovable up to a certain point, give way at the decisive point; and when decision yields, all is lost, and often without recovery! Even when all else is lost, sometimes decision will save and restore the otherwise ruined soul.

6. Courage. This lock was cut of at last from the giant's head. Up to this time he was as brave as a lion, but when this lock was cut off his courage departed. He went out and shook himself as before, but his power was gone; and the man who had slaughtered an army was now bound hand and foot

by a couple of men no weaker than he. Oh, what an awful weakness it is to be unable to resist your captors in evil when once you could have hurled them like infants from their grasp upon your soul! Look around us at the captives who are chained to the stake of lust and drunkenness and avarice and gambling and a hundred other vices; and without a struggle now, like Samson bound and blind and grinding in the mill, they can offer no resistance! Courage is gone with the other lost virtues once inherent in manhood. This lock of strength, like the rest, has been clipped off with the sharp scissors of vice.

7. Finally, the lock of Perseverance was cut off and Sampson was shorn of the last vestige of power that belonged to his peculiar manhood. Amid strange and unaccountable inequalities of life, he went on in his strength until he went to sleep in the lap of ruin. It takes perseverance to keep awake and on the way to final success; and it is impossible to stop and win the goal of honor and reward. We must run with patience the race which is set before us, looking neither to the right nor to the left, conferring not with flesh nor blood, laying aside every weight and the easily besetting sin, and with our eye ever fixed upon Jesus Christ, the Author and Finisher of our faith. To stop or lie down, or go to sleep in the lap of Delilah, often ends the career of honor and glory; for when the grace of perseverance ends there the grave of success is dug in the life of every candidate for honors and crowns of victory. Oh, how many start and run well for a while; but alas, temptation or opposition frequently determine the stony-ground hearer and doer in failure.

So much for the lost seven locks of Samson. Cut either one of these graces out of a man's soul and the others will fail him for any good or great end of human existence. The figure seven is the symbol of perfection; and it took all these seven locks on Samson's head to bestow the combined powers of his perfect physical manhood. After all, the seven locks were but one lock—the hair of his head; and I suppose to have cut off one of them would have emasculated him of strength. As a Nazarite, a razor was not to touch his head at any point; and to have violated God's law in the cutting off of one lock would have been just the same as the cutting off of all. So with us morally. Take truth away and what will become of other virtues for good? or take purity away and what will be the force of all the rest? So of each of the other seven locks of moral manhood, which constitute a unity in the seven-fold strength of character. Young people you cannot afford to lose a single lock; and when you have lost one you either lose all the rest or paralyze the power of all the rest.

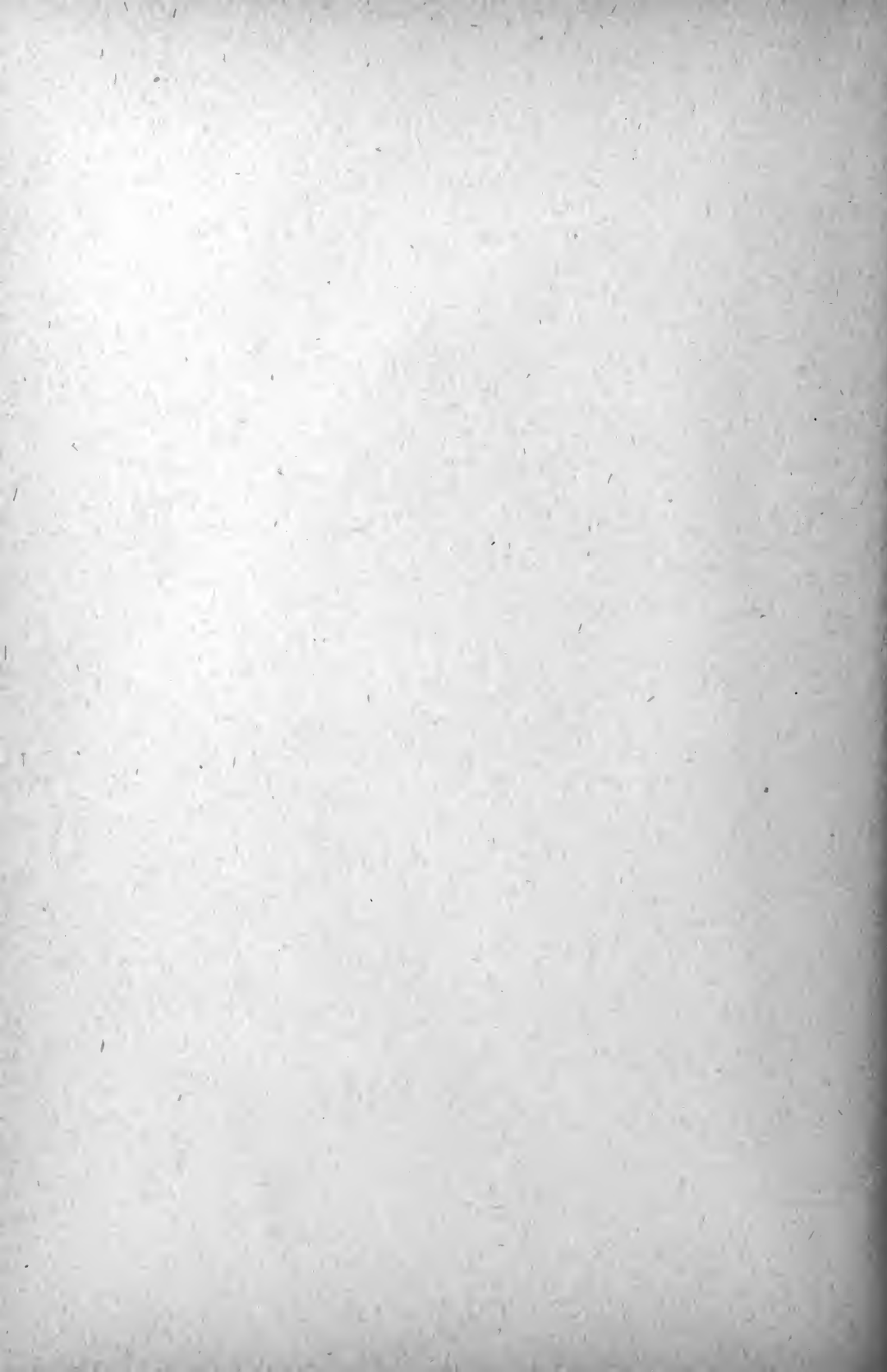
The Fool.

AMONG the things, most dreadful in life are insanity, imbecility, idiocy, ignorance—anything which makes a fool. Immorality or poverty or misfortune may be infinitely worse, but to be a fool, in some respects, is the next thing to being a knave. Ignorance, incorrigible and wilful ignorance, is the handmaid of iniquity; and out of our stupidity, as out of our wickedness, come many, if not most, of the follies and calamities of human existence. At the very best in man wisdom and virtue are short-sighted angels. In spite of learning and experience, with all our foresight of prudence and caution, we blunder along and fail in life to learn more from our mistakes and disappointments than from all our logic, wit, or sagacity; but after all the school of experience is only the school of the wise, in which the fool never learns anything to profit. Thousands both intellectually and morally are ever learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth, while thousands more never seem to try to learn anything or know and do any better than they have always known and done before.

Now there are all sorts of fools in the world. They are as varied and multiform as our temperaments and casts of mind; and they appear in every department and avenue of life. There are fools for different reasons, as from different motives; and



THE FOOL.



though characterized by the common traits of the same *genus*, yet they are classified according to species, as is the varied family of the horse, the fish, or the monkey. No two of them are exactly alike, as there are no two of anything alike; and yet they resemble each other as being very close kin in color, feature, expression, manner and conduct. There is a characteristic fool for every place, calling, or condition of man in the world; and you cannot go amiss for the species, even when you run up against yourself. In fact, we are all fools in some respects; and the greatest fool in the world is the man or woman who thinks everybody else is a fool except him or her. This discouraging fact, however, does not prevent us from analyzing a little, and of sifting out the most prominent specimens of the species of which every one of us is partly a whim.

1. There are fools for the sake of money. There are professional fools, such as the circus clown, who is a base imitation of the old time fool at the king's court; or the young "Smart Alex," who poses as the "phunny phellow" at the social gathering, and who is always invited for the purpose, irrespective of social standing or other qualification; or else it is the conceited humorist, who feels that he was born, called and ordained to make sport for his fellows at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, even at a funeral, at church, or in the presence of a tragedy as well as a comedy. Of course a funny fool is the most innocent of all the species. He amuses his fellows and never does any intentional harm, for he never has any intentions. His calling is not very lofty or laudable, but I rather like the

fool who can, when occasion requires, make us laugh and grow fat, even if we have to pay for it; and if this was the only kind of fool in the world the human race would be infinitely happy. The saddest thought about it all is that this sort of fool, like most other fools, may be a *lost* fool; and not being a fool for the lack of brains, he comes, under the fearful condemnation of a severer accountability.

2. There are fools for the want of sense. You can't blame an idiot, a lunatic, or an imbecile—of course you can't. The poor fellow who has no brains, or whose brains are exhausted or disordered, is to be pitied above all the misfortunes of life; but the man who has a chance to have sense and doesn't get it, ought to be put into the penitentiary instead of the asylum. The stupidity of the native born ass is excusable; but the mule, or the horse ought to have mule or horse sense. In a world with a thousand chances for education by observation and experience—especially in a land of schools, books, and newspapers—ignorance from neglect or incorrigibility is a crime; and if a man had never been anywhere, with all the facilities of travel we possess, he ought to resolve upon a little expense in order to learn, even if by sad experience, away from home. The "sucker" is often helped by the "confidence man," or the pick-pocket; and it would do a great many people good to encounter the mishaps and blunders of the "green-horn," while out in the world and among strangers.

3. There are fools by prejudice. This class of fools persist in darkness in spite of light. No reason or argument can reach a prejudiced mind, especially with a vicious heart, which makes a mountain out of

a mole hill, a tempest in a teapot, and can see a mosquito on top of a steeple and not see the steeple itself. Prejudice never has any use for a telescope except at the wrong end so as to see big things little. It's peculiar instrument for observation is the microscope, which makes little things look big, and by which you can't see anything big at all; and it always sees black as white and white as black, according to its convenience in the use of spectacles which are mostly green. So likewise to its tastes sweet is bitter and bitter is sweet with the keenest powers of perverted cultivation. Even when it knows the truth it holds to it in a partisan spirit; and when it clings to an error it would prefer to maintain willful ignorance of the truth rather than give up a preconceived opinion or surrender a prejudged notion of men, ideas, or things.

The prejudiced man deserves the fool-killer worse than any other man, and yet it would result in the wholesale slaughter of most of the human race. Unfortunately prejudice never sees itself as others see it; and there is no way to cure it except by striking it upon the blind side. It dreads irony or sarcasm or ridicule, but it is a stranger to logic; and about the only method of curing this deadly malady is to give it the pill of truth coated with sugar. You may snare it, but you can never run it down.

4. Fools from preference. A great many people know what right or wrong is, but they follow error or unrighteousness from preference, if it is convenient, popular, or profitable to do so. It suits taste and fancy; and because other people do it, that makes it sufficiently right to do likewise. A young lady is

dying daily from the use of the corset, but she prefers to die rather than be out of the fashion. Another says any sort of religion will do, so you satisfy the attenuated conscience of public opinion; and therefore you may put in brackets all those unpopular doctrines and practices of God's truth that do not comport with the liberalistic constructions of God's word. *Vox populi is vox dei*—do in Rome as Romans do; and so the blinded fool goes on down to death and the devil worshipping the god of his preference under the guise of conscientious policy, or propriety, which he loosely fits to the Bible according to the standards of rectitude among men. As in fashionable religion, so in dress, pleasure, business, profession, and all the affairs of life, the victim of his preferences is the fool who construes God and the Bible in the light of his inclinations.

5. The Devil's bald headed fools. "The fool hath said in his heart—NO GOD!" It is hardly worth while to talk about the fool agnostic, or the fool pantheist, or the fool atheist, or even the fool infidel in general. There is no time to waste on the eternal fool; but there is a class of fools under this head that a word of warning might reach. What a fool is the drunkard, who runs daily in the face of God's truth: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and he that is deceived thereby is not wise!" What an inconceivable fool is the victim of lust, who burns out his manhood in the indulgence of passion, in the light of God and experience which teach that happiness consists largely in the restraint of appetite and desire! How dreadful the life and fate of that fool who perpetually follows the phantoms of his pride

and his ambition—those glorious cheats by which the devil beguiles thousands into the forgetfulness of God and swindles the soul of its immortality and reward! How abject the base and materialistic slavery of that poor fool who bows always at the shrine of mammon, robs his God and forgets the curse laid upon the “fool,” who is rich toward himself and not rich towards his Creator and Redeemer! What a fool of fools is he who gains the whole world and loses his own soul!

There are a number of other fools too numerous to mention, but which could be easily classified and described if we had the time and space to do more than mention some of them. There is the self-righteous fool, who thinks himself better than other folks and congratulates the Lord that there isn't any more like him in the world; and the Pharisee is on a par with the self-conceited fool, who thinks he “knows it all” and that wisdom will die when he dies. The two greatest fools perhaps in the world are the *good* fool and the *wise* fool; and next to these two fools is the fool by infatuation—for instance, a fellow in love, especially an old widower, who when his last wife died, six months ago, insisted upon being buried with her at the cemetery and was hardly restrained by his friends from jumping into the grave. Again, there are vanity fools, who love to show themselves and swell in public and display their want of brains in extravagance of manner and personal decoration; and often the peculiar characteristics of such fools are seen in the haughty air, the lofty look, the curled lip, the upturned proboscis, the magnificent strut and the measured vocabulary with which they drawl

before the world in polite and high sounding asininity. (See picture.)

Perhaps there is no remedy, as a rule, for fools. The Bible speaks very hopelessly of fools; and yet we must believe, after all; that the Lord takes care of some fools. I am thankful that among the most awful maledictions of the Bible the fools are not called by name as are drunkards and liars and extortioners and the like; and yet I see no chance for most fools except upon the ground of hopeless or incorrigible ignorance. I would like very much to give a bit of advice to fools; but Solomon said, "Answer a fool according to his folly;" and then he said again, "Answer not a fool according to his folly." My friends, I leave the puzzle with you; and the only maxim I can lay down is this: Never make the same mistake twice; and, oh, fools, there is a chance for you.





TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

The Tripple Alliance.

THE illustration for this sketch presents three sisters, in symbols of vice and crime—drunkenness, Lewdness and Gambling—and they represent the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling hell. They are arm in arm forming a trinity, or a tripple alliance in evil, and are always inseparable in the work of damnation. In fact, if permitted, they always live in the same house—the saloon on the first floor, the brothel up stairs, and the gambling hell in the basement; but however separated as to walls, or space, they know where each other lives, and they regularly consort with each other, inseparable in sympathy and co-operation, and banded together by kindred ties and natural affinity. They are of the same blood and stock; and yet they do not love each other, nor is there any bond of friendship between them, except for the common purpose of evil. As in the picture, drunkenness is the victim of lewdness, and gambling will take the last nickel from either. Drunkenness carries the cup of intoxication and madness; lewdness holds the dagger of death and destruction; gambling presents the card pack of fate—the hazard of life and all its pleasures and treasures upon the cast of the die or the lot of venture and speculation. Put the three sisters and their symbols together and you have the synthesis of evil out of its worst forms combined; and while it may be true that

they often work death and damnation separately, yet it is in their co-operation that the most effective and deadly results upon society follow.

The truth is, if you kill one of these sisters you kill the other two. The same spirit of evil which sustains the one in power, or position, is that which maintains the other. Especially is it true that if you could kill drunkenness—destroy the saloon—you would ultimately destroy the other two, at least in their institutional or corporate form. A sober people will be a virtuous people; and a sober and virtuous people will not gamble. Drunkenness is not only the victim of lewdness and gambling, but she is the fosterer and promoter of both, as both are the fosterer and promoter of her; and if you could destroy the drink business in this country it would not be long before a brothel or gambling place of any kind would be unknown. Vice will always exist, but it cannot flourish except by the wine cup or the whisky bottle. The history of lewdness and gambling is inseparably connected with drunkenness, in every age and country; and the debaucheries and crimes which have cursed the human race have mostly been the offspring of this tripple alliance between these three sisters, born of the devil out of hell, and fired with the furious and hasty work of human damnation.

Why are these three sisters permitted to live, to dress up daily and walk the streets of our cities in the light of the civilization of the nineteenth century—nay, to have corporate and institutional existence and an abiding place in which to carry on business, either licensed or permitted, and protected, or winked at, by the laws of our country? This is the amazing

and startling question of the day; and its consideration and discussion constitute one of the issues of the nineteenth century, and at its very close.

The argument in favor of these three institutions of vice, symbolized by these three sisters of evil, is based upon the doctrine of "necessary evil;" and it is furthermore founded upon the theory that they must be licensed, or permitted, as a lesser evil to prevent a greater. It is better, it is held, to license and regulate these vices openly than to risk them in society, and depend on education, religion, and law for their cure and suppression. The argument is plausible, but I am satisfied it never emanated from the spirit of philanthropy or philosophy, and certainly not from religion. It comes from that wish in the wicked heart which is father to the thought of what is called "practical politics"—take things as you find them, and do the best you can under the existing conditions—but which is made the plea and the excuse for all the villainy perpetrated in the name of political economy. There are thousands of men in high places, on the bench, at the bar of justice, in the legislator's chair, occupying high and low official position, behind the counter, in business, in society, and in the church, respectable and influential enough, but too corrupt to inaugurate or enforce laws which militate against vices of which they are secretly guilty, or with which they sympathize, or about which they are indifferent, or which they regard as necessary to business, or political preferment, or "essential to a lively civilization!" That's what's the matter with our country!

Take the city of Nashville. It is needless to say

that a city of 100,000 people, with nearly a hundred churches, with five universities, six female colleges, fourteen public schools, a number of private schools, a host of benevolent societies, a number of scientific, artistic, and musical institutions and the like—it is useless to say that with all these intellectual and moral forces, coupled with good and sufficient laws, these three great institutions of vice could live here without the sanction, or the apathy, of men—I will not say women—in *high places*. Nobody believes that the vicious classes alone and unaided could sustain these institutions in Nashville, much less in the State of Tennessee. There are not a sufficient number of disreputable drunkards, libertines, and gamblers in Nashville, or anywhere else in our country, to maintain the saloon, the brothel, or any form of corporate gambling, if men in higher and more responsible places were not, directly or indirectly, the support of these vicious and damnable institutions. Surely it would be otherwise impossible for them to violate the Sunday laws and even the very laws which are made to make their existence possible and to protect them.

I am well aware, too, of those other arguments, or sophistries, which afford so many excuses to the elastic consciences of those who, while they do not directly espouse the cause of these three sisters and their tripple alliance, yet for the purposes of lust or policy, wink at or support them. They hold to the doctrine of “personal liberty” and of “personal responsibility,” of “self-sustaining character,” and that “every tub should stand on its own bottom.” “I am not my brother’s keeper,” they say; and this

maxim translated is, this: "Let every man take care of himself, and let the devil catch the hindmost." "O Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more!" It is the plea and the prayer of selfishness in which thousands excuse themselves from political and moral contests, and by which they keep away from the polls and from discussion and "attend to their own business!" Worse than all, they are constantly crying out: "David wasn't a saint by any means, Noah got drunk, and you can't run city government on Sunday school principles; they gambled over the Saviour's vesture," and so on. "The millennium," they say, "hasn't come;" and, like the devil, they quote Scripture for a purpose and suppose, in the light of God's word, their darkness and their delusion are turned into sunshine and reality, forgetting that they are only given over in their self-deception to believe the lie they cherish, and to be damned. Aye, they don't want the millennium to come. They are glad that David sinned and Noah got drunk; and they thank God in blasphemy that there was an example of gambling over the vesture of the agonizing Son of God! What awful blasphemy to use such arguments as an excuse for perpetuating and fostering these three monster institutions of vice and crime!

But now let me explode these so-called arguments, especially the one based upon the theory of "necessary evil," and that it is better to license and police an evil than to risk a greater evil upon society in the hope of suppressing it by education, religion, and law. Is the brothel which constantly recruits its victims from the ranks of society any protection to

society? Is the saloon which everywhere manufactures drunkards and drunkard's families any protection to society? Is the gambling hell, in any form, better for society than private gambling punishable by law? If this theory be true of these institutions of vice, why not thus regulate pistol carrying and thievery and murder and opium dens, counterfeiting and the like? Prohibition does not prohibit them, and why not let them all organize into gangs or clubs, have their well known places of abode, and put them under police surveillance and regulation in order to lessen and ameliorate their depredations upon society? These forms of vice and crime are not half so destructive to society as the saloon, the brothel, or the gambling hell, even under the form of the pool room, the bucket shop, the race track, and other similar ways of respectable and business-like robbery. Why not organize wolves and rattlesnakes into dens and gangs and restrict them so that they will only be allowed, under certain forms of public depredation, to devour your sheep and bite your children?

It is true that *petty* gambling is prohibited by law. The crap shooter and his like have no place of abode. Why? Because it interferes with *business*! It isn't a question of morals or society, of the immortal soul, of intellect or body, but of the pocket book interests of the community; and so soon as the bank or the store or the medicine shop makes a protest and demands a law against certain forms of gambling, why then the legislator and the judge and the police come to the rescue, at least apparently and occasionally! Not so with higher forms of gambling, however, which are regarded in the light of business,

but which are a thousand times worse than crap shooting. Not so with the saloon, which is held as a business and the headquarters of political partyism, and which, while it destroys the best moral and material interests of a community, is the convenient hole where the worst elements of society find a social resort and a place for baser purposes. Not so with the brothel or the lewd house which, while it is not licensed, is permitted to exist and winked at as a "necessary evil" for the protection of society against a greater evil which it is supposed would occur, but really, which could not live but for the sympathy or patronage of those who live in high places. I know of nobody in a city who has more friends than a prominent or popular bad woman; and I know of no one who can more readily evade the law and escape punishment at the hands of justice when guilty.

Finally, you ask me: "What is your remedy?" I say, never license an institution set up for evil, or which works evil. It is bad education to any rising generation to legalize vice and then try to punish it for crime; and I want to say that when you tax an evil to restrict it you take "blood money" and establish the sentiment and the spirit among the young that you may do evil that good may come and make a profit out of it. It is the base and ignominious idea of selling indulgence. My theory is to prohibit vice and crime of every dangerous form by law; and such a law is not only protection against evil, but it is in itself a good educator of every rising generation. Drive every monster vice which violates moral law and which damages society to hide its head out of

sight, and when it comes to the front in any form, chop it off with the ax of the law. You say that it takes public sentiment to make such laws and to execute them ; and I say that we have the sentiment if we would only wake it up and put it to work. Destroy the brothel and the assignation house and then legislate so as to hang the seducer and the abductor of virtue—just as you do the rapist and the murderer—and in the place of the evil institution set up the workhouse and the refuge for the fallen. Destroy the saloon, and then if men will make and drink whisky, punish drunkenness and its consequences as crimes against society, just as you do pistol carrying, thievery, and other forms of violence in the country. Destroy every form of gambling, of getting something for nothing, of robbery by consent, and require every man to make an honest livelihood in the sweat of his face ; and just as you punish vagrancy in the poor devil who has nothing and is nobody, so punish gambling, idleness, and rascality! Don't establish or permit institutions to set up for evil by law or license. This is my theory and remedy.



OX IN THE DITCH.

Ox in the Ditch.

SOME people put the ox in the ditch on Saturday in order to take him out on Sunday. There is lying to the Holy Ghost in more ways than one, and this ox-in-the-ditch business is but another specimen of that common sin of fooling yourself in trying to fool God. If God practiced among us now as he did with Ananias and Sapphira we would attend funerals every day, and our ranks would be decimated every year; for no sin is more frequent or plausible than that device by which multitudes of professors ditch the ox beforehand that they may pull him out when duty calls to the work of the Master on the holy Sabbath day, or at other times of appointed service.

This sin arises from the habit of making the service of God a secondary consideration instead of a matter of first importance. To make the kingdom of God and his righteousness "*first*"—paramount over every other consideration—is to reach a very rare development in grace; and the rule of most professors, in view of selfish and secular considerations, is to make God's cause about the thirteenth item of importance. This assumption may look somewhat extreme, but it does not fall very far short of the mark with what may be called church member profession. The handful of Christ's followers who are always on hand, and who bear the burden and heat

of the day, may be counted on your fingers in most churches; and if your fingers are too few for enumeration, just add your toes, and charity will prevent any stretch of the blanket of veracity. Upon the great average of fidelity and devotion to the cause of Christ, the prayer meeting is the gauge of religious interest in the church; and taking this as the standard of a "number one" concern for God's kingdom and righteousness, three-fourths of the professors of religion do not believe Matt. 6:33—which please read. The excuses rendered, the pretenses offered, for delinquency in Christian duty would make a perjurer blush in a modern court of justice where lying has become common; and up yonder in that court of justice where we all have to appear, it will be horrible if some professors have to view the cyclorama of their excuses and pretenses made in this world for short comings in duty. Among other things how often that old ox in the ditch will bob up as some have to take the periscope of past life! Better tell the truth now, or keep silent about your delinquencies than go up to the judgment of God from the church so full of lies that you will burst wide open at the touch of a cambrick needle, when God comes to puncture your religious record.

The ox in the ditch may have a wider application than the mere Sunday limits of this illimitable lie. The ox gets into the ditch on prayer meeting, or conference night; and so when it comes to family devotion, Bible reading, religious conversation, giving, or personal efforts for Christ, something gets in the way. We have not the time, to say nothing of the lack of gifts, abilities, and means, when duty calls;

and yet we have time, tongue, cheek, ability, and will for any and everything else we want to be or do. No matter how far it is, distance never gets in the way when we wish to go anywhere for personal pleasure or profit; but if the church is just across the street, it is like going to the North pole to get there, if our heart is not among the people of God. It is not far to the theater, or to the dance hall, or to the political meeting, or to the parade, or to business, though you have to walk a mile; but alas, the church, or the sick saint, or the lost sinner, though next door to you, had as well be in Guinea, if the love of God is not in your heart! Africa, China, and India are within a stone's throw of the missionary spirit; and the church, the sick neighbor, and the lost sinner are at the very door of your heart when the door is open. Dimes are always scarce and as big as dollars when you don't want to give; but when the soul is open to the cry of Christ's cause, dollars become dimes, and are as plentiful as blackberries in June. You are tongue-tied and lock-jawed when you have no heart for Christ; but when the heart is full, your tongue is loose at both ends, and your jaws vibrate with oily and irrepressible eloquence and energy. How loquacious and voluminous you are, brother, about politics, corn, cotton, dry goods, picnics, dogs, horses, or about the shortcomings and sins of your neighbors! Nothing gets in the way—the ox never gets in the ditch—when you are pleased, interested, or profited, in the affairs of this or the world to come.

This ox-in-the-ditch business takes a variety of shapes and phases, not only on Sunday, but upon every other day of the week.

1. There is the Sunday newspaper that must be taken and read every Sunday morning with its salacious repast of editorials and articles on all subjects, good, bad, and indifferent. Murders, suicides, disasters, scandals, and outrages; baseball, races, and theaters; society events, "cock and bull stories," and foreign wars; social, political, and religious events; and a vast and varied display of advertisements—all this bill of fare must be consumed by the reader of the Sunday newspaper. There is no time for the Bible, prayer, Sunday school, or church, with thousands who claim that they have no other time than Sunday for reading and information; and hence they plunge this ox in the ditch before breakfast and try to pull him out by dinner. Not infrequently the story paper, or the novel, or other literary trash, is added to this ox-in-the-ditch *menu*; and by the time this literary meal is served and eaten, there is neither time nor place for the spiritual feast of worship and service at God's house.

2. Then comes the big Sunday dinner, another ox in the ditch. By the time the Sunday ox ditcher gets through picking his intellectual teeth with his literary quill, he is prepared to ditch another ox into the capacious receptacle of his fleshly greed. By this time his physical appetite has been whetted by the exhaustive exertions of his intellectual maw. The children may have gone to Sunday school, but Sister Sallie had to stay at home to get dinner for his lordship, the head of the family, or else to superintend the servants who sweat and toil over the Sunday ox—the baking of pies and things, the freezing of ice cream, and so on. Brother John Thomas says that he works

hard all the week—has no other time to read, or eat good things—and that he is entitled to this big Sunday dinner. It is the ox in the ditch—that is, in the pot—and there is no getting around it on Sunday; and so he not only stays at home from church, when he might have gone as well, but keeps everybody else at home he can to cook his dinner ox-in-the ditch.

3. Now in the afternoon Brother John has another ox in the ditch. He is very tired and must have a nap; or he is very social and must have company; or else he is very restless and must have a ride to see his neighbors or his kinfolks in the country. He never has any other time for social or family life, even at church; and Sunday afternoon is the great occasion for the cultivation of his conversational and social powers. He can talk upon any subject but religion; and Sunday afternoon is an excellent time to discuss business, farming, politics, pleasure, and neighborhood gossip—perhaps debate about baptism—but never a word about missions, Sunday schools, prayer meetings, lost souls, or spiritual religion. The Sunday afternoon ox in the ditch, and Brother John Thomas takes until night to get him out. What a fine time our Sunday afternoons are for talking, courting, joking, laughing, gossiping, and blatherskiting! No time for the afternoon mission, or visiting the poor, or for other useful work in the service of Christ. Brother John Thomas leaves all this for the “good folks” in the church to do. He *must* have recreation.

4. Then Brother John Thomas has a Sunday night ox in the ditch. It is too hot or too cold, too wet or

too dry, to go to church; but, whether or not, he has no heart to visit God's house, unless perchance there is somewhere a song service, or a pragmatic exercise, or other Sunday night entertainment, gotten up in order to draw a congregation where the gospel has ceased to get a crowd. He is often at the theater, never misses a political meeting, always goes to the parade, is diligent in business, fervent at dinner, and loud in society; and it is possible to draw him to church at night once in a while, if he can be entertained. Otherwise Brother John is too utterly tired to worship God or be bored with the gospel on Sunday night. Sallie and the servants washed dishes till three o'clock; and by the time night comes they are ready for bed, unless company arrives to sit till bedtime, or until church is out. The cook is about the only one of the family who goes to church at night. The negroes never begin service until late; and, thank God, they seem never to get too tired, on Sunday or in the week, to go to church.

5. It is needless to say that Brother John Thomas always has a weekday ox in the ditch, especially on Wednesday night, when the prayer meeting is on hand. He may go to church for appearance sake, once a quarter, or semi-annually, on Sunday; but to the prayer, or business, meeting, never. Works too hard all day for that. Sallie and the children may go, but Brother John swallows his supper, reads the evening paper, and goes to bed—that is, if he doesn't go to the lodge, or the club, or to some other gathering which pleases him. He is a good Mason, Democrat, or business man. He could not afford to lose his place in the world, or among

his friends ; but he thinks that God and the brethren are able to take care of the church. So far as the conference or prayer meeting is concerned, he is too tired to go. In fact, Brother John Thomas has no time to pray in the week, for the business or pleasure ox is in the ditch.

6. Brother John Thomas also always has a financial ox in the ditch. Much or little, he always has some money for everything he wants, or is interested in. He pays his taxes, he keeps up his dues in the lodge, takes his family to the circus, but feels no obligation to pay his subscription to the church, or give anything to missions. The ox in the ditch takes the shape of *poverty*—horns, hoofs, and all—when it comes to the cause of Christ ; and this is one ox in the ditch which the good brother never gets out, although he appears to be pulling at his tail all the days of his life. He is down on missions, *foreign* missions, any way ; and he thinks the preacher, and his family, and his horse, ought to live on vinegar and shavings. Alas, poor Brother John Thomas ! How would he feel, if he should get to heaven, and wear a crown of gold, and sit upon a throne, and have a harp of a thousand strings put in his hands ?

7. When all other oxen fail, Brother John has one old long-horned, shaggy-tailed, scrawny ox which he has plunged into the ditch so often that he stays covered with mud all the time. His name is “Sickness”—sickness in the family, or sick himself ! He may have had to post his books, mend his harness, read the papers, visit his friends, look after the crop, or otherwise break the Sabbath—but when you see

him he was "*sick*," or somebody else was sick. When he goes North to buy goods he starts on Saturday night in order to save a day in business; but if his pastor were to meet him in New York Monday morning, he would swear that he was sick on Sunday. He is a healthy business man, but is very *bilious* toward religious duty; and though always sick on Sunday, he would put the ox of business into the ditch every Lord's day if the laws of the country allowed him—whatever the state of his health as to religion.

In conclusion, the tendency of the age is to purposely ditch the ox on Sunday. Railroads, street cars, excursions, saloons, theaters, huckster stands, barber shops, and many forms of business in manufacture and commerce, violate the sanctity of God's day under the specious plea of "necessity," and under the sanction of public sentiment and law. Our country presents the universal aspect of the Sunday ox in the ditch; and we have reached the day when a desecrated Sabbath is one of the perilous crimes of a great nation. It is enough to pull the ox out of the ditch when he falls in himself, but the infidel and sacreligious tendency of our country to put him in in order to take him out under the provisions of law is one of the most ominous indications of evil in the day we live. Christ is the "Lord of the Sabbath," which was "made for man"—for man's universal good—and we are commanded to reverence and keep it holy. We ought to be allowed a respectable legal Sabbath, at least; and when our government strikes down the Sabbath, she takes a long stride in educating the people to go further in ditching the Sunday

ox for themselves. Legislation is education in one of its most effective forms ; and every citizen in this great republic—especially the children and youth of every generation—are being taught to disregard the Lord's day under the specious and wicked plea of "necessity," set up by legislation in favor of certain privileged classes.

What remedy have we against the Sunday ox in the ditch? The only hope of a respectable Sabbath rests now with the people of God in this country. Let us who believe the Bible and follow Christ cease to put the ox in the ditch on Saturday in order to take him out on Sunday. Let God's people quit working and traveling and frolicking on Sunday. It is only through Christian example that God can speak to the world in the thunder tones of Sinai, or in the still, small voice of Calvary. It may be said that thousands of Christians are so employed as to be compelled to work on the Sabbath. The ox is in the ditch with them, and they cannot help themselves, except to quit business and starve. I do not wish to be considered ultra or austere in my views of the Sabbath, but I do not believe that God's children are compelled to enter any form of business in violation of God's law, in order to live. This is the argument of the saloonist and the follower of every bad or doubtful business ; but the people of God in all ages have been willing to submit to martyrdom rather than violate their conscience in violating "the faith delivered once for all to the saint." None of us are obliged to live, anyway ; and certainly none of us are obliged to live wrong.

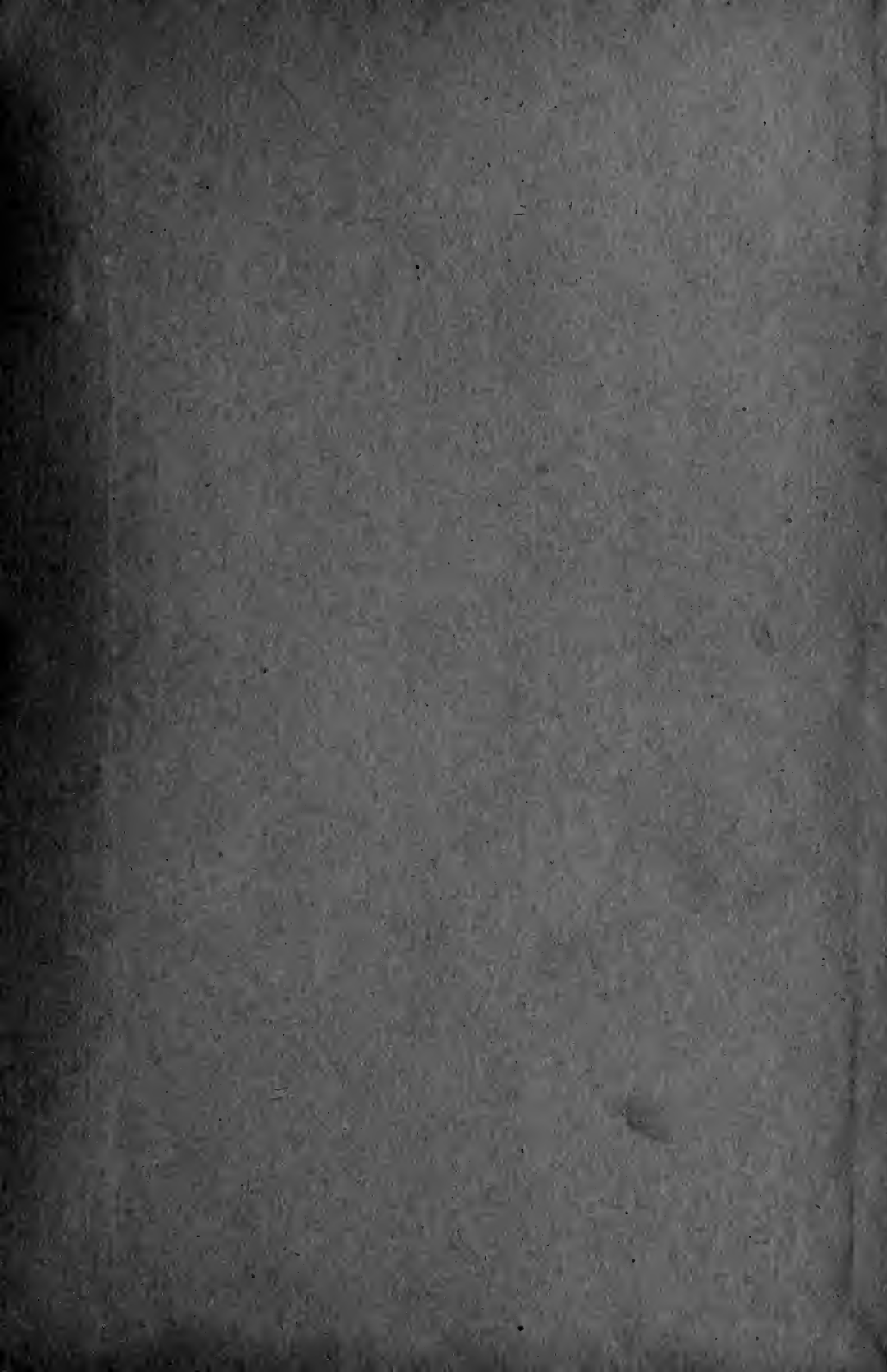
Again, I believe that if the people of God, undi-

vided in sentiment and united in purpose, would rise up and protest against a legally violated Sabbath, they could stop every Sunday train, and street car, and saloon, and open shop, and public amusement, which now desecrate God's holy day. How dare this, or any other nation, tolerate, much less legislate, this God defying, and race corrupting, and soul destroying crime ! In Toronto and other cities, the people fill the churches on Sunday. Not a wheel turns, not a saloon or huckster stand, or barber shop opens in these cities on the Sabbath. The law of the Sabbath, as a day of rest and worship, is legally observed ; and not a man, nor a beast, is compelled to work by merciless corporation or individual ; and cities like Toronto flourish and prosper as models of the very highest and most progressive civilization. If every wheel, and spindle, and furnace, and yard stick, on the continent should stop one day in seven, it would not set civilization back an inch, nor hurt business a farthing, nor deteriorate pleasure a jot or tittle. On the contrary, it would brighten the mind, rest the body, enhance morality, sweeten home, build the church, strengthen law and order, cool down machinery, lengthen life, increase wealth, bless and prosper our nation with a real and permanent development. Six days' work, and one day's rest, for all men is God's economy, allwise and perfect ; and when this economy is reversed by putting the Sunday ox in the ditch, we know not the ultimate outcome of inwrought evil and ruin which we blindly and gradually incorporate in the life of individuals and nations by the prostitution of God's law. The Sunday ox in the ditch under the theory of " public

necessity," whether as a nation or as individuals we manufacture it, is a great lie to God and a demoralizing deception to ourselves. We had better have no Sabbath at all than a universally prostituted Sabbath.







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